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# THE
# FOX TERRIER.



A

# HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION,

WITH

# REMINISCENCES,

OF THE

# FOX TERRIER.

BY

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THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WARDLE.

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# PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

THE THIRD EDITION of this volume having been out of print for some months, a fourth has been called for, which is evidence that the extreme popularity enjoyed by the fox terrier twenty years or more is not on the wane.

An endeavour, it is hoped a successful one, has been made to bring the present publication up to date by adding material that is considered new with regard to the variety, and by omitting such matter as may have become somewhat uninteresting. To be abreast with the times, four illustrations of notable fox terriers—smooth and wire-haired—of the day are added, they being Dreadnought and Duchess of Durham, and Go Bang with his good son, Hands Up. I believe, also, that the portrait of the late Rev. J. Russell with a favourite terrier, which appears as the frontispiece instead of "Jock, Tartar, and Grove Nettle," which had the place of honour in previous editions, will be appreciated. It may be noted that D'Orsay, illustrated at page 88, died on February 22nd, 1902.

RAWDON B. LEE.

BRIXTON,
*March*, 1902.

# PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

A VOLUME such as this purports to be, devoted to a variety of terrier, would twenty years ago have been considered altogether superfluous. Now, in 1889, so popular have dogs grown, and such attention is given them, that a book which in its entirety tells of the variety most popular of all—the Fox Terrier, as he has been and as he is—becomes, as it were, one of the necessities of the day. And so I was requested to do the best I could in the matter.

The result of my labours is given in the following pages, and if the reader fails to find any novelty therein, he will, at any rate, have a *résumé* of the history of the smooth-coated and wire-haired fox terriers, and some few trifling scraps of information that have not hitherto appeared in print.

That this little dog does actually possess a status in society may be inferred from the fact that, in addition to a monthly journal (*The Fox Terrier Chronicle*) to look after its interests, there are a number of special clubs to do likewise; a parent club with several minor institutions.

The Fox Terrier is now best known as a dog for exhibi-

tion purposes, and as a companion. This notwithstanding, I have not altogether lost sight of the purpose for which he was originally given to the world; and, believing in his courage, which I have often seen tested to the utmost by "flood and field," have endeavoured to maintain his character as a sporting dog.

The illustrations, from drawings by my friend Arthur Wardle, are, I think, thoroughly successful—the larger ones as portraits, the vignettes as ornamental and characteristic. With regard to the frontispiece, where those good old terriers, Grove Nettle, Jock, and Tartar, are depicted, the portraits are taken, in so far as the bitch is concerned, from a painting by Turner, kindly lent for the purpose by the Rev. C. T. Fisher; and with regard to the two dogs, from photographs issued at the time these celebrities were in the flesh and invincible on the show bench. Three thorough terriers in every respect, and if somewnat unlike in type, they combine all the essentials required to perpetuate and improve a variety.

BRIXTON, LONDON,
*April*, 1889.

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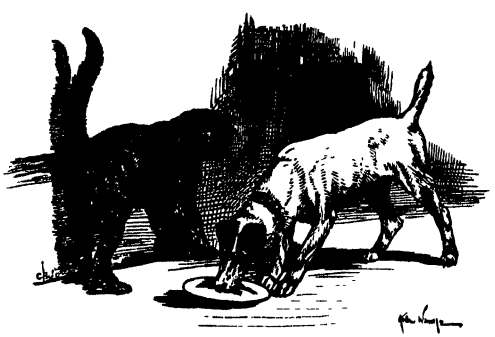
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# THE FOX TERRIER.

## CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—OLD WRITERS ON TERRIERS—"THE FOX TERRIER," 1806—THE VALUE OF TERRIERS A CENTURY AGO—COLOUR OF FOX TERRIERS—THEIR VARIETIES—MODERN COMPARISONS.



ITH the fashion changing in dogs pretty nearly as frequently as it does in dress, there is little wonder that the fox terrier of the present day has become a different animal in appearance from the one so regular an attendant with packs of hounds a century ago. Now, in nine cases out of ten, he is produced for his beauty alone, for his symmetry, for his graceful contour, for his endearing disposition. When our great grandfathers lived, and before they were born, the fox terrier, bred for use, was only considered an ornament when he went to ground well, was able to successfully battle with the fox or the badger, and kill single-handed the foulmart (or polecat) and other predaceous vermin. So the fox terrier must have a history; possibly, if he did not contain at any rate some little portion of blue blood, an aristocratic lineage, one of his charms as a smart and lively companion might be missing.

When the learned Dr. Caius, in the year 1570, wrote what he knew about a terrier, the little quadruped had his home in the kennels of those days, sheds, in fact, where his bed was often filthy straw, and his food any scraps he might filch from the more important hounds. The latter were fairly well fed, especially when a cow sickened and died, or a horse in the locality of the kennels broke a leg, but the little terrier had, in nine cases out of ten, to look out for himself, and usually bore a bad reputation. He was said to bite and be cantankerous, predisposed to mange, and only a fit companion for the stable-boy or the feeder. That he was not exterminated by the ill-treatment he had suffered for generations is surprising, and proof positive of his hardihood—a survival of the fittest indeed.

How the fox terrier came to be produced we have nothing but mere supposition to determine, though, further on, an interesting little bit of canine history more than suggests that Dick Burton, once first whip to the Burton (Lincolnshire) hounds, first formed the modern type of fox terrier. That there have been varieties of terriers of one kind and another for many hundreds of years no one doubts. The Chinese have had terriers possibly for a longer period than we in this country have possessed ours. The former had the credit of eating theirs; our forefathers preferred using them for a different purpose. However, if the Chinese gentry did prefer dogs as food, the neighbouring Tartars treated their terriers better; and, no doubt, amongst the five thousand "hounds," Marco Polo, writing in the thirteenth century, tells us the Grand Khan kept, there would be at least a few terriers, for this gigantic pack contained several varieties of the canine race. Even at that time many of the nobility in the East preferred to talk of their hounds

rather than of politics, just as is the case at the present day with some of our country squires. Small dogs as pets and companions were known amongst the Egyptians. Empresses caressed and fondled them long before Great Britain had become a mighty power in the world. Civilisation could afford to keep such luxuries which semi-barbarity could not. As our civilisation increased, the huge, savage dogs which our conquerors imported to the Roman arena were allowed to languish, and the fierce mastiff gave place to the more gentle hound, followed by the spaniel, and later by the pet dogs and little terriers. By selection the latter could easily be manufactured. Any person with the taste and inclination so to do, could produce a new variety of dog, say, in ten years. No wonder, then, that at the present time so many breeds and varieties are distributed throughout the universe. Possibly in England there are more than in any other country, not excepting even America, whose citizens have of late years emulated us by their admiration of these favoured little quadrupeds.

That gallant lady, Dame Juliana Berners, with whose quaint and early treatise on angling most devotees of Izaak Walton are well acquainted, discoursed with equal ability upon hunting and cognate subjects. In that portion of the "Book of St. Albans" dealing with venerie, and which was published in 1486, some ten years or so before the chapter on angling was added, the terrier is only casually alluded to, for the reason, no doubt, that the wild boar and the stag were far ahead in the estimation of the hunter than the fox—even the hare in those days receiving more attention as a quarry than reynard. One would very much like to have heard what the Abbess of Sopewell said of

her terriers—"teroures" they were called—and how she worked them.

Earlier, however, than the time of Dame Berners, an allusion to terriers is found in a fourteeenth century manuscript, quoted by Strutt in his "Sports and Pastimes," and from which he reproduces an engraving. This is an illustration of three men, who, assisted by a dog and spades, are "unearthing a fox." The colour of the dog is not ascertainable, nor can I make sure that it has been underground, for the fox is only in part out of the hole, and the terrier (or whatever variety the dog may be) is springing on to his prey from a little rising ground immediately behind. Possibly a second terrier is out of sight in the earth. Two of the hunters are in the act of digging, whilst the third is vigorously blowing a horn. It may be interesting to state that in the original engraving this terrier possesses a long, narrow head, not unlike that of the greyhound in shape, his tail is long and uncut, he is smooth-coated and has erect ears. Blaine in his "Rural Sports" reproduces the picture, and, with a liberty that is quite inexcusable, converts the terrier into a wire-haired or long-coated one, white in colour and with a dark patch over one eye. He also attempts to make the original manuscript of greater antiquity than is actually the case by describing the picture as "Saxons bolting a fox."

No doubt, at any rate so far as the British Isles are concerned, this record, which the learned Strutt has given us, is the oldest upon which any reliance can be placed. Some may say that the dog given is not a terrier, but I believe that the picture is intended to represent such a terrier as might be the common dog at that time. It is little bigger than the fox upon which it would like to seize,

and the general surroundings of the quaint picture are altogether in favour of my supposition.

We must now, hunter-like, jump over all obstacles, and many years, until the time when Dr. Caius wrote, nearly a century later than Juliana Berners. He, "a doctor of Phisicke in the Universitie of Cambridge" and a man "exceeding skilled and sagacious in the investigation of recondite matters," wrote the first book on "Englishe Dogges" in Latin, and one Abraham Fleming made the translation, which he dedicated to the Dean of Ely. Rychard Johnes printed the same in 1576, and sold it "over against St. Sepulchres Church without Newgate." In 1880 Mr. L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, London, reprinted the scarce volume in modern form, and such no doubt is the reason why "A Treatisse of Englishe Dogges" has so often been quoted.

After informing us that all English dogs "be either of a gentle kind, serving the game, a homely kind, apt for sundry necessary uses, a currish kind, meet for many toys," Dr. Caius describes the varieties of hounds as known in his day, and then proceeds to tell us of the class with which we have at present to do. This is "of a dogge called terrar, in Latin Terrarius." Of him the old writer says, "Another sorte there is which hunteth the Fox and the Badger or Greye onely, whom we call Terrars, because they (after the manner and custome of ferrets in searching for Connyes) creep into the grounde, and by that meanes make afrayde, nyppe and bite the Foxe and the Badger in such sorte that eyther they teare them in pieces with theyr teeth, beyng in the bosome of the earth, or else hayle and pull them perforce out of theyr lurking angles, darke dongeons, and close caues; or at the least through

cocened feare drive them out of theire hollow harbours, in so much that they are compelled to prepare speedie flyte, and, being desirous of the next (albeit not the safest) refuge, are otherwise taken and intrapped with snayres, and nettes layde over holes to the same purpose. But these be the least in that kynde called Sagax." Here, though in quaint writing, is a description of the use a fox terrier ought to be put to at the present day, although setting nets before a fox earth would scarcely be called legitimate sport in the twentieth century. Still, if a net is not used for foxes, its equivalent in a big sack is often enough, even now, found useful when the "badger or greye" be sought.

What Gervase Markham wrote about terriers early in 1600 is not of much account, for, however learned that great man might be, he was, after all, a mere bookmaker, as the numerous works he wrote plainly testify. Not satisfied with giving us eloquent disquisitions on hunting, archery and other sports, he wrote and filled volume after volume on military tactics, housewifery, heraldry, &c., and wound up by composing poems, and posing as a dramatist.

Nicholas Cox's well-known volume, "The Gentleman's Recreation," published in 1667, provides less information about the terriers of that day than one would have expected. He describes them as of two sorts—one with legs more or less crooked, with short coats; the other, straighter on their legs, and with long jackets. Possibly the first-named were the ordinary turnspits, or, may be, some bold breeder of the Dandie Dinmont will lay claim to them as the original progenitors of that variety of vermin terrier. Anyhow, whatever these crooked-legged dogs were, the long-coated ones "with shaggy hair," like water spaniels, were

said to be the best workers, because they could both chase their game above ground and drive it from the earths, as occasion required. Useful dogs, no doubt, to possess, and it seems almost a pity we have not the variety with us now. Other authors have followed much in the same strain; indeed, the general description of the terrier about this time appears to have been copied by one writer after another without acknowledgment, and without taking any trouble to ascertain the truth of the original statement. Master Cox, especially, seems to have been a great offender in this respect—not only where he deals with dogs, but where he treats of the fishes likewise. Thus, whether it be worth while to allude to him and contemporary writers is quite a matter of opinion. Hugh Dalziel, in his book "British Dogs," says that Cox plagiarised his descriptions from early French writers, and if he did, and Mr. Dalziel gives reasonable proofs of the truth of his assertion, it is likely enough that some of the terriers described by Nicholas Cox were either a variety of dachshund or of basset hound, various strains of which, of almost all sizes, shapes, colours, and textures of coat, have for centuries been common enough on the continent.

The writer who suggested that terriers could be obtained by breeding between a "mongrel mastiff and a beagle" was Blome, who, following the example of Cox, some years after the latter's publication—viz., in 1686—rendered himself famous by the appearance of his "The Gentleman's Recreation." Whether a man who would suggest the production of suitable terriers by such a cross as the above was the proper person to deal with sport and dogs from a practical point of view, is surely to be doubted. He bore

but a sorry character in his lifetime, for it was said he "was esteemed as a most impudent person; . . . he gets a livelihood by bold practices . . . originally a ruler of books and paper, who had since practiced for divers years progging tricks, in employing necessitous persons to write in several arts." Blome's description may, however, be interesting to the curious, so here it is: "The terrier is a very small dog, used for hunting the fox and the badger, his business being to go into the earths and bay them—that is, to keep them in an angle (a fox's earth having divers) whilst they are dug out, for by their baying or barking is known whereabouts the fox is, that he may be the better dug out. And for this use the terrier is very serviceable, being of an admirable scent to find out. A couple of terriers are commonly used, in order that a fresh one may be put in to relieve that which first went under ground." There is nothing particularly wrong in the above, nor is there in the following extract from the same author: "Everybody that is a fox hunter is of opinion that he hath a good breed, and some will say that the terrier is a peculiar species of itself. I shall not say anything to the affirmative or negative of the point." Blome concludes by saying that the cross already mentioned "generally proves good; the result thereof hath courage and a thick skin as participating of the cur, and is mouthed for the beagle."

Whatever was the case during the seventeenth century, there is no doubt that now the "terrier is a peculiar species of itself," careful and judicious selection through a series of generations having made it as much so as any other dog we possess. A thick skin is quite as useful a commodity in the canine as it is in the human race, but the old writer

is scarcely complimentary when he attributes that quality as a distinctive feature of the "cur." The latter must not be taken as the collie or sheep dog, by which name the latter is known at the present time in many parts of the country, but rather as a cross-bred, hardy animal, one not to be dismayed by hard bites or blows and the bitterness of the elements. Nor of necessity need such dogs be mongrels, the latter, no doubt, coming under the application of "dunghill dogs," as used by Dame Juliana Berners in her "Book of St. Albans."

In the "Compleate Sportsman" (1718), Jacobs mentions two sorts of terriers, which he describes pretty much as Nicholas Cox had done before him, so a repetition thereof need not be made here; and, although one modern writer believes that the fox terrier was manufactured within half a century or so, no further proof need be given than has so far appeared in these pages, that such terriers have been common in England for, at any rate, ten times forty years. In fact, with the country overrun, as it was in those days, with four-footed vermin of all kinds, which destroyed the poultry and played sad havoc with the flocks, dogs of one sort or another to keep down the marauders were simply a necessity. And a terrier small enough to drag the fox from his earth, or kill him therein, was found the most useful for the purpose. So long as he could do this, appearance and colour were not taken into consideration to any great extent.

About 1760, Daniel, in his "Field Sports," goes a little out of the beaten track in writing on the terriers of his day, and his description must be taken as correct, made from the animals themselves, of which it has been said that author kept a considerable number. "There

are two sorts of terriers," said he, "the one rough, short-legged, long-backed, very strong, and most commonly of a black or yellowish colour, mixed with white; the other is smooth-haired and beautifully formed, having a shorter body and more sprightly appearance, is generally of a reddish-brown colour, or black with tanned legs. Both these sorts are the determined foe of all the vermin kind, and in their encounters with the badger very frequently meet with severe treatment, which they sustain with great courage, and a thoroughbred, well-trained terrier often proves more than a match for his opponent." Here we have terriers written of as thoroughbred, so, although they are not particularly mentioned in connection with the fox, there is little doubt that they were oftener used in his earths than in the badger's den.

Perhaps, as a matter of completeness, before dealing, as it were, collectively, with the authorities, and the various sporting publications which saw the light during the first fifteen years of the last century, attention may specially be given to the "Cynographia Britannica," written by Sydenham Edwards, and published in 1800. He describes our terriers more fully than previous writers, but much in the same strain. His note about the so-called "Tumbler" is specially interesting and valuable.

Edwards writes, "That from the evidence of Ossian's poems, the terrier appears to have been an original native of this island. Linnæus says it was introduced upon the continent so late as the reign of Frederick I. (this would be towards the end of the seventeenth century). It is doubtless the Vertagris or Tumbler of Raii and others. Raii says it used stratagem in taking its prey, some say tumbling and playing until it came near enough to seize."

This supposititious quality, so natural to the cat race, when applied to the dog I consider a mere fable; but it has led to a strange error—later naturalists having, from Raii's description, concluded that a variety of the dog possessing most extraordinary properties had become extinct. Sydenham Edwards continues, "the most distinct varieties are the crooked-legged and straight-legged; their colours generally black, with tanned legs and muzzles, a spot of the same colour over each eye; though they are sometimes reddish fallow or white and pied. The white kind have been in request of late years. The ears are short, some erect, others pendulous; these and part of the tail are usually cut off; some rough and some smooth-haired. Many sportsmen prefer the wire-haired, supposing them to be the harder biters, but this is not always the case. . . . The terrier is querulous, fretful, and irascible, high spirited and alert when brought into action; if he has not unsubdued perseverance like the bull-dog, he has rapidity of attack, managed with art and sustained with spirit; it is not what he will bear, but what he will inflict. His action protects himself, and his bite carries death to his opponents; he dashes into the hole of the fox, drives him from his recesses, or tears him to pieces in his stronghold; and he forces the reluctant, stubborn badger into light. As his courage is great, so is his genius extensive; he will trace with the foxhounds, hunt with the beagle, find for the greyhound, or beat with the spaniel. Of wild cats, martens, polecats, weasels, and rats, he is the vigilant and determined enemy; he drives the otter from the rocky clefts on the banks of the rivers, nor declines the combat in a new element." Here is an excellent character, and no wonder with such a one the fox terrier was, even in

1800, on the highway to the extraordinary popularity he enjoys at the present time.

As the fox terrier was known then and a couple of centuries earlier, the reader must not expect him to have been a shapely, handsomely marked animal like the one of the present day. Possibly any little dog that "Caius, the profound clerk and ravenous devourer of learning," had running at his heels was black or brown coloured, long-bodied, on short legs, the latter perhaps more or less crooked; and, if he were produced by a cross between "the mongrel mastiff and the beagle," his weight might be nearer 40lb. than 15lb., the latter no doubt the most useful size for underground purposes. But old pictures of terriers dating back 300 years illustrate mongrel-looking creatures, some of them bearing more or less the distinctive characteristic of the turnspit. Others show a considerable trace of hound blood, but not one, so far as the writer has come across, is hound marked, or bears any more white than is usually found on the chest or feet of any dog. Mr. J. A. Doyle, a well-known admirer of the fox terrier, and who contributed the article thereon to "The Book of the Dog" first published in 1881, says that when in Vienna he noticed a painting of fruit, flowers, &c., with a dog in the foreground, which, to all intents and purposes, was a specimen of the fox terrier of the present day, both in colour and general shape. The artist whose work the painting was, bears the somewhat English name of Hamilton, and flourished about a century and three-quarters ago. The dictionaries, however, say he was a Dutch painter. No earlier picture than this has been found containing anything approaching the white and hound marked fox terrier of to-day.

The Earl of Monteith over 200 years since had an excellent strain of terriers, good at vermin of all kinds, but especially useful as fox killers. It has been said that James I. possessed some of these little dogs. That this sometimes called "most unkingly of monarchs" kept hounds is a matter of history, but whether he worked the terriers to assist them we are not told. Long before James's time, as already alluded to, dogs had been found useful in conjunction with nets for the purpose of catching foxes, also to kill them as vermin, and possibly terriers were first used as fox terriers under such circumstances. The wardrobe accounts of Edward I. show the following entries: "Anno 1299 and 1300. Paid to William de Foxhunte the King's huntsman of foxes in divers forests and parks for his own wages, and the wages of his two boys to take care of the dogs, £9 3s." "Paid to the same for the keep of 12 dogs belonging to the King," &c. "Paid to the same for the expense of a horse to carry the nets."

However, perhaps more to the purpose than this extract, is the copy of an old engraving which lies before me at the present time, entitled "James I., Hawking." Fawning at the feet of the monarch are four dogs, evidently terriers, though some persons might consider them beagles. They are certainly terrier-shaped in heads and sterns, though the dog most distinctly shown is hound marked, and possesses larger ears than the others. One in the corner, evidently almost or quite white, possesses what at the present time would be called a "well-shaped, terrier-like head," and, although one ear is carried rather wide from the skull, the other drops nicely. From these four dogs a clever man could even then have produced a fair specimen of the modern fox terrier. Although so-

drawn as above, James, no doubt, preferred hunting to hawking, and could not always have been the elaborately dressed creature as he appears in the engraving mentioned, for there is a story told that whilst with the hounds at Bury St. Edmunds, the Sovereign's attention was attracted by the gaudy apparel worn by one of the hunters. "Who is that?" said the king "Sire," was the answer, "that man is named Lamb" "Ahem," replied the royal joker, "his name may be Lamb, and an appropriate one it be, for surely he has gotten a fleece upon his back"

With the commencement of the past century and towards the close of the previous one, more was written about terriers, and, as useful little dogs, they were gradually becoming appreciated Beckford alludes to black or white terriers, and from these two varieties white ones with black marks could easily be produced. The same author mentions a strain of terriers so like a fox in colour that awkward people frequently mistake the one for the other, and proceeds to say that "If you prefer Terriers to run with the pack, large ones at times are extremely useful, but in an earth they do little good, as they cannot always get up to their fox" He, no doubt, valued them at their full worth, and, in his "Thoughts on Hunting," laments the loss of the whole of those connected with his pack of hounds whilst attempting to swim the Stower during a flood.

Between the years 1800 and 1805 an unusually large number of sporting books and works on hunting and dogs were published, all of which dealt more or less with terriers. "The Sporting Dictionary," 1803, says, "Terriers of even the best blood are now bred of all colours—red, black with tan faces, flanks, feet, and legs; brindled, sandy, some few



brown pied, white pied, and pure white; as well as one sort of each colour rough and wire-haired, the other soft and smooth; and, what is rather more extraordinary, the latter not much deficient in courage to the former, but the rough breed must be acknowledged the most severe and invincible biter of the two. Since foxhunting is so deservedly and universally popular in every country where it can be enjoyed, these faithful little animals have become so exceedingly fashionable that few stables of the independent are seen without them. Four and five guineas is no great price for a handsome, well-bred terrier."

Here we have a description of the terrier very much as he still remains. There are the red or fawn ones which may be represented to-day by the Irish variety; the black with tan faces, &c., by the so-called Welsh terrier; and the white and white pied whose individuality may be found in the modern fox terrier. The latter, the handsomest, became the most popular, though there is little doubt that ninety years ago the fox terrier proper was a black and tan dog S. Elmer draws us such a one in Daniel's "Rural Sports," where a good-looking dog in every way is going to a fox whose head is just peeping out from an earth. And, as additional proof of what a fox terrier was in 1806, we reproduce here an engraving from a mezzotint of "The Fox Terrier," from an original picture by De Wilde, published August 4, 1806, by Laurie and Whittle, 53, Fleet-street, London.

This is undoubtedly a black and tan dog, somewhat ragged in his coat, which, though inclined to be wavy, must in reality have been as free from actual roughness as many of the smooth-coated variety we see to-day. He has drop ears; after the orthodox fashion of the

present time, a docked tail, "good straight fore legs, fair feet, and nice bone." A terrier, about 18lb. in weight, lacking character somewhat, but bearing, in all but colour, a resemblance to the present-time dog. In some of the Buffet strains we have repeatedly seen animals very much of the shape and style of this terrier, as De Wilde has drawn him. The engraving, a rare one, indeed I have seen or heard of only one other copy besides that which is in the writer's possession, will no doubt do something to assist us in arriving at a satisfactory decision as to the original colour of the real fox terrier.

Still against this we have the evidence of the late Captain Keene, one of the most popular members of the Kennel Club, who only a short time before his untimely death in May, 1896, discovered two interesting paintings by Francis Sartorius, dated 1796. The one represents a black and white or black, white, and tan marked dog, called Viper, looking at a fox whose face is discernible at the top of a tree stump. The second picture is a couple of terriers, one white, the other with a black patch on one side and a black and tan patch round the right eye. Another painting by Sartorius is at Steepleton, formerly the residence of Peter Beckford and still occupied by his descendants. This is four of the crack hounds belonging to the great authority on hunting, and in the background are two terriers—one black and tan, the other evidently of a lighter colour, brown or fawn—they both, however, appear to be more or less wire-haired. These pictures form proof that fox terriers before they became fashionable were not unusually black and tan, but at the same time there were white ones, and generally they were of greater variety in their hues than we are accustomed to see now. Colonel Thornton towards the

close of the eighteenth century had a strain of white terriers, of which one writer said that, from his dog Pitch all the white terriers in the country were descended.

In Bingley's "Memoirs of British Quadrupeds" (1809) two terriers are beautifully etched by Howitt. In a copy of this excellent work, now lying on my library table, the plates are coloured. One of the dogs, wire-haired, is a sort of dark blue and tan in hue, with semi-prick ears and an uncut tail; the other, with erect ears, is smooth coated and black and tan, both rich in colour, less than 20lb. in weight, and likely enough from their appearance to kill either fox, rat, or weasel. As a fact, the wired-haired terrier has just given the finishing shakes which have extinguished the last sparks of life in a foulmart, whilst the smooth dog, more in the background, is evidently growling and snarling at his mate for having had the little bit of work all to himself. The admired author of the book says:

"This dog has its name of terrier or terrarius from its usually subterraneous employment in forcing foxes and other beasts of prey out of their dens, and, in former times, driving rabbits from their burrows (*sic*). It is generally an attendant upon every pack of foxhounds, and is the determined enemy of all kinds of vermin—such as weasels, foulmarts, rats, &c. The terrier is a fierce, keen, and hardy animal, and will encounter even the badger, from which he sometimes meets with very severe treatment. A well-trained and veteran dog, however, frequently proves more than a match for that powerful animal. Some terriers are rough, and others smooth haired. They are generally reddish brown or black, of a long form, short legged, and strongly bristled about the muzzle."

For some unaccountable reason this letterpress description does not tally with the illustration, and, although either of the couple of terriers might account for a fox, or even a badger, neither would be likely to drive a rabbit out of its burrow. Terriers to do the latter would be few and far between, for, given dogs even small enough to enter an ordinary rabbit hole, they would be so weak and puny that a strong buck rabbit might prove more than a match for them.

The Rev. William Daniel tells us little about fox terriers, though he recommends that when young they should not be entered to the badger, "for," he says, "they do not understand shifting like old ones, and, if good for anything, would probably go boldly up to the badger and be terribly bitten; for this reason, if possible, they should be entered to young foxes. . . . With respect to the digging of foxes which hounds run to ground, if the hole be straight and earth slight, follow it, and in following the hole, by keeping below its level, it cannot be lost; but in a strong earth it is best to let the terrier fix the fox in an angle of it, and a pit be then sunk as near to him as can be. A terrier should always be kept at the fox, who otherwise may move, and in loose ground dig himself further in; in digging keep plenty of room, and take care to throw the earth where it may not have to be moved again. Huntsmen, when near the fox, will sometimes put a hound into the earth to draw him; this answers no other purpose than to cause the dog a bad bite, which a few minutes' more labour would render unnecessary; or, if the fox must be drawn by a hound, first introduce a whip, which the fox will seize, and the hound will then draw him out more readily."

One would scarcely think such elaborate instructions were required to tell us how to make a fox bolt. A terrier for the purpose should, without any to-do, go right in to his game, and bark at and it worry until "red rover" finds his apartment underground too uncomfortable for occupation. There is always considerable danger in digging a fox out when the terrier is with him, especially in large earths, for rocks may be displaced, roll upon and crush the dog, or the entrance may be blocked up by stones and fallen earth, to the suffocation of everything underneath.

Although the terrier is a natural and inveterate enemy to the fox, there are times when the two will live together and feed from the same dish, and "Stonehenge" gives particulars of the two breeding together. As to how a terrier bitch suckled a vixen's cubs, Daniel gives a somewhat pathetic incident. On the last day of the season that author's hounds, hunting near Sudbury, had an extraordinary fast run of an hour, when the fox went to ground. The terriers, owing to the pace, were left far behind, and as the master wished to blood his hounds, a terrier bitch from the village was produced, and, with another dog, drove or killed the fox, which was thrown to the pack. Whilst the operation of breaking up was progressing, one of the terriers slipped back into the earth, and in due course a bitch fox was dug out and two cubs worried underground. The mother was allowed to escape, but her three other cubs were taken and put to the terrier which had killed the first brace. The bitch took kindly enough to the little things, and suckled and attended them equally as well as her own offspring, which had been born five weeks previously to the time she adopted her foster children.

The "Sportsman's Cabinet," published in two volumes in 1803-4, two years after the first volume of Daniel's "Rural Sports" appeared, contains an engraving by Scott from a spirited painting by Reinagle. Here we have three terriers, one of which is white, with marks on his head and a patch at the set on of stern. This is a wire-haired dog, with a docked tail and erect ears, showing traces of a bull-terrier cross from the shape of the skull and in his general character. Another, evidently a white dog, is disappearing from sight in an earth, whilst the third appears to be a dark coloured dog, with a broad white collar and white marks on his muzzle; his ears are likewise erect. All will pass muster as fox terriers, and if a little wide in chest for modern fancy and prevailing fashion, they are strong-jawed and appear eager for the fray.

The writer in the "Sportsman's Cabinet" (two handsome volumes, with tail pieces by Bewick, originally published at seven guineas), after alluding to the several strains of terriers, says: "The genuine and lesser breed of terrier is still preserved uncontaminate amongst the superior order of sportsmen, and constantly employed in a business in which his name, his size, his fortitude, persevering strength, and invincible ardour, all become so characteristically and truly subservient, that he may justly be said 'to labour cheerfully in his vocation;' this is in his emulous and exulting attendance upon the foxhounds, where, like the most dignified and exulting personage in a public procession, though last, he is not the least in consequence."

The same writer goes on to say that the white pied bitch (already described) is the dam of a wonderful progeny, most of which have been sold at high prices, "seven

recently for one and twenty guineas, and these are as true a breed of the small sort as any in England."

A pleasing, if rather ponderous, eulogy on the fox terrier, and one which most members of the fox terrier clubs at the present day should fully appreciate, though they would scarcely consider their choicest puppies well sold at three guineas apiece.

Still, in their lines, our terrier had admirers possibly as ardent ninety or a hundred years ago as is the case now. Then masters of foxhounds were extremely particular in their selection, requiring in their terriers at the same time strength, intelligence, and gameness. Another author, about that period, tells us that the black, and black and tanned, or rough wire-haired pied are preferred, as those inclining to a reddish colour are sometimes in the clamour of the chase taken for the fox, and halloaed to as such.

Although I have mentioned at length so many writers on terriers, allusion must again be made to Mr. Delabere Blaine, who, in 1840, published his "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports," which no doubt gave Mr. J. H. Walsh his idea of his "Rural Sports," which followed some fifteen years later. Blaine provides much nice reading and useful information in his immense volume, and, amongst other illustrations, gives us a team of terriers attacking a badger. Some of these little dogs are white with markings, others being whole coloured, dark pepper and salts, or black and tans. This writer, thus early, laments that "the occupation of the fox terrier is almost gone, for the fox is less frequently dug out than formerly, and it was thus only that the terrier was of use, either to draw the fox or to inform the digger by his baying of his whereabouts. So, his occupation being gone, he is dispensed with by most masters of hounds of

the new school." Blaine proceeds to say that there are two prominent varieties of the terrier, rough and smooth, the first named appear to have been more common in Scotland and the north, "the rigours of a more severe climate being favourable to a crisp and curled coat." One of Blaine's terriers is neither more nor less than a bull terrier, bearing the orthodox brindled or brown patch on one eye, and its ears are cut.

Others, too, copied the statements made by Blaine, or at any rate made similar ones, just as Taplin, in his "Sporting Dictionary," and the author of the "Sportsman's Repository," had done those of writers who preceded them.

The reasons hold good now that were so admirably set forth then, but even fewer terriers are used with packs of hounds than when Blaine wrote, and, unless under exceptional circumstances, a master is contented to leave his fox, which has contrived to get safely to ground, with his mask safe and his brush intact, if a little bedraggled. That, with an increasing love of hunting, so apparent during the past century, it is not surprising that the terrier came to have consideration with some men little inferior to that bestowed on the hound himself. Pretty nearly each hunting country held its own particular strain, and that these were for the most part dark in colour (usually black and tan), that which has been read in these introductory pages, I think, forms fair evidence. That three varieties were common, large, medium, and small in size, too, is apparent, and that such were both smooth and rough or wire-haired; but how they were originally produced there is no evidence to show.

The early-time terriers were bred for work and not for ornament, and, unless they would go to ground after the manner of the ferret, their heads would not be kept long

out of the huge butt of water in the stableyard. Rats they had to kill, and, unfortunately, often enough cats too; but fox terriers were less seldom used to work as spaniels or retrievers than is the case to-day. Our ancestors believed in each dog having its own vocation: the setter to set, the pointer to point, the spaniel to beat the coverts, and the terrier to make pilgrimages underground. Nor did they condescend to train the latter to run after rabbits, as in coursing matches; and they took for the most part the bull terrier to bait the badger and perform in the rat pit.

"A dash of bulldog blood" was always said to improve the pluck of a terrier (it certainly does not add to his elegance of form), and so no doubt came the brindle marks on some few of the modern fox terriers. Careful crossing has almost effaced the first-named, now considered a blemish, and in its place the rich tan and black, or hound markings, have been introduced. Originally these gaudy colours were produced by some beagle cross, which, I fancy, was introduced between fifty and sixty years ago. The large, flapping, almost hound-like, ears which still occasionally crop up, and were excessively common twenty-five years back, likewise suggest this beagle cross, and I have no doubt, from a modern black and tan terrier and a hound-marked, pure beagle, careful selection would in very few generations produce a fox terrier with a black and tan head and a patch at the root of the stern. Of a whilom champion a well-known admirer of the variety was wont to declare, "she had ears like a blacksmith's apron."

An excessive size of the aural appendages is not an attribute of the terrier proper, any more than are the hound markings. I am inclined to believe that if ever there was an original terrier he had semi-prick ears, which,

standing quite erect at times, were, when their owner came to be at work, thrown back into the hair of the neck, which for purposes of protection Nature provided stronger and more profuse there than on any other part of the body. To a great extent fancy has outdone Nature in this respect, and few of the terriers seen winning on the benches now have that strong, muscular, hair-protected neck required by thorough workers. Smartness and quality are sought. In nine cases out of ten when a dog-show man possesses a fox terrier with a greater profusion of hair on the neck than elsewhere on the body, it will be pulled off in order that a neatness and cleanness there would better attract the admiration of the judge.

Still there are some modern strains of the fox terrier which are not anything like so smooth in their jackets as they might be; longish and open in coat, and with sterns which would not make bad illustrations as bottle brushes. These longish jackets were mostly introduced immediately following a period when coats were wrong in quite the opposite direction, being almost glossy and anything but weather resisting. It was ever thus, and will, I suppose, always be the custom to run to extremes, especially so far as the general public are concerned. Thus a reason became apparent for the variety in type seen now as compared with that which was the case in our terriers forty or fifty years ago.

Our old terriers, before the era of dog shows, were strong and healthy, perhaps even more so than now; at any rate they were not pampered pets, as many modern show and house dogs are; originally they were kept only because they were muscular, hardy, and game. The delicate and puny were consigned to the water barrel, the river, or

to the tan pit; there was no demand for them because of their long pedigree and aristocratic connections, for they had neither. Nowadays, so long as a terrier is elegant in form, pleasant in face, and well-bred, he is worth keeping; and, however delicate his constitution may be, should he prove good enough to win prizes, he is used at the stud, and so transmits his "blue blood" and may-be delicacy to further generations. The former is well enough, the latter bad enough, and it is because of this carelessness in mating that so few modern terriers are as hardy in appearance as the two ferocious-looking mongrels in the "tail-piece" below.





## CHAPTER II.

INCREASING POPULARITY—EARLY SHOWS—GOOD CLASSES—OLD JOCK, PARTICULARS OF HIS PURCHASE—TARTAR, OLD TRAP, AND GROVE NETTLE—NOTABLE KENNELS—BLACK AND TAN HEADS—GROWING DISUSE OF THE FOX TERRIER WITH HOUNDS—EXCEPTIONS.

THE present popularity of the Fox Terrier commenced some thirty-five years or so ago, and during the decade which immediately followed that period the progress it made in the estimation of the people was phenomenal. Nothing of the kind had previously occurred in relation to any quadruped whatever, and if fortunes were not actually made by trading and dealing in fox terriers, fair incomes were provided, and there became a demand for "keepers" who understood the breed, or, at any rate, said they did so, and knew how to look after the inmates of the kennel. Those days are still spoken of as the "good old times," when really tip-top terriers were in few hands, and in those of men who knew their value and were able to obtain it. So long as a dog was white, with a patch of black, or brown, or tan on him—even brindled

was considered not amiss—and weighed anything between 12lb. and 30lb., he was called a fox terrier and sold as such. He had a pedigree, made for the occasion perhaps. And why! if his ears were too big, they could be sliced down, as they sometimes were, and if they stood up erect instead of dropping, they could be cut underneath, and often were, and made to hang in the orthodox fashion.

The British public had not then learned to distinguish between one dog and another, long heads, straight legs, round feet, and other important essentials were considered secondary considerations when placed against an evenly-marked "black and tan" head—"tortoiseshell headed" a clerical friend called my little terrier, and he thought he had made a good joke, too. With the multitude came, for once at least, wisdom, and when Tom, Bill, and Harry kept fox terriers, those who had possessed them before required a better article. The youngsters studied from their elders, hob-nobbed with fanciers, and so by degrees obtained an inkling as to the requirement and appearance of a perfect terrier, or one as nearly perfect as possible. Any kind of rubbish almost could have been palmed off as the genuine article thirty years ago; but a difference prevails now. Go to a dog show to-morrow, and eighteen out of every twenty persons you meet—not excepting the "new woman," who is making herself as great a power at the dog show as she has done in the County Council—will argue with you as to the relative merits of this dog and about the defects of that one. They wonder at your presumption, perhaps, as you give your opinion against theirs. They will even talk to the judge himself, and tell him where he has done wrong, and how that terrier ought to have won and the actual winner only been placed

third. Further inquiry might elicit the fact that the person so laying down the law was an interested party, and had shown a dog (in the same class as that in which he was criticising the awards) as long on the legs and as defective in ribs and loins as a whippet, and was highly indignant that it had not won the cup. Some modern dog showers are too clever by half, they have kept terriers a few months, won a prize or two with such as they have purchased, and the next stage sees them figuring in the judging ring.

Once upon a time a dog judge was believed to be a man of lengthened experience—one who had bred, worked, and shown such varieties as were his particular fancy. I have known a man pose as a judge of fox terriers who had never bred one in his life, had never seen a fox in front of hounds, had never seen a terrier go to ground, had never seen either otter, weasel, or foulmart outside the glass case in which they rested on the wall in a bar parlour, and had not even seen a terrier chase a rabbit. His slight experience of working a terrier had been had at a surreptitious badger bait in the stable of a common beerhouse, and a violent attack on a dozen mangy rats by a mongrel terrier in an improvised pit in the bed-room of the landlord of the same hostel. However, matters may be better managed now in this respect, for in nine cases out of ten a man must be a member of a fox terrier club before he is asked to "judge," though the qualification consists only in payment of his entrance fee and annual subscription. Still, the popularity of the fox terrier has not yet begun to wane, though less respect for pretty colour is apparent, and the fashion as to his shape and a general appearance has changed somewhat.

As I have said, a commencement of the extraordinarily popular career of the modern fox terrier was made about thirty-five years since. At that time few dog shows had been held, the first one of all in 1859 at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when Mr. J. H. Walsh ("Stonehenge"), whose works on dogs generally will be alluded to further on, was one of the judges. Needless is it to say that there was not a class for fox terriers then, nor was there at Birmingham, Leeds, and Manchester, following in successive years. Of course, in the variety class for terriers, a few that had run with hounds were entered, but the first class ever arranged in which they were to compete only with their own variety was instituted at the North of England second exhibition of sporting and other dogs, held in Islington Agricultural Hall, June, 1862. Here a division for fox terriers headed the catalogue; there were twenty entries, and the winner of the first prize was Trimmer, a dog without pedigree, and shown by the late Mr. Harvey Bayly, then of Ickwell House, Biggleswade, later master of the Rufford. If we mistake not, this was a coarsish-looking, workmanlike dog, hound tan and black marked, whose strain was that of the Oakley terriers, the kennels of which were not far away from Mr. Bayly's residence.

Not, however, through a London show came the public attention to the fox terrier; Birmingham must have the credit thereof. In 1862, when what is now the National Exhibition was held at the Old Wharf in Broad Street, there was a class for "White and Other Smooth-haired English Terriers, except Black and Tan." Here several fox terriers were exhibited, and out of a class of dogs containing twenty-four entries, all the prizes went to the then so-called new variety; the leading honour being taken by

Jock, exhibited by Mr. Thomas Wootton, of Nottingham, Mr. Bayly being second with Trap, whilst Mr. Stevenson (Chester) was third with Jack. In bitches, Mr. Wootton was second with Venom, and a Mrs. Mawes first with a white bitch called Pepper, that afterwards went to Lieutenant-Colonel Clowes, of Worcester.

Thus did our fox terriers first attract public attention, and so much was this the case that the following year, viz., 1863, the Birmingham Committee provided two classes for them, though a similar thing had been done at a couple of London shows held in March and May, also in 1863.

At that time there was an opening for a popular dog, the swell of the period was becoming a little less effeminate than he had been, and was tired of lolloping my lady's toy spaniel on his knees. He had tasted and enjoyed the Tom and Jerry days in the rat pit, at the public-house dog show, and in the occasional baiting of a semi-domesticated badger. Many of the ladies themselves had grown discontented with the continued snortings of their over-fed pets, and the unodoriferous smells which sprung from obese King Charles and Blenheim spaniels. The Yorkshire terrier was fairly well known in parts of the North of England and elsewhere, but his coat was troublesome, and the graceful Italian greyhound was far too delicate and fragile a creature for ordinary "comforting" purposes. The lovely Maltese, with his coat in texture and appearance like spun glass, was scarce, and an uncertain mother with her puppies, whilst the appearance of the often goggle-eyed, "apple-headed," black and tan toy terrier was not sufficiently aristocratic to tempt the conncisseur in such live stock. Besides, these black and tans were bred and reared in the East End of London, the

back streets of Birmingham and of other large towns, so they were too plebeian by half. Then the Dandie Dinmont and hard-haired Scottish terriers were scarcely known outside their home, which was on the other side of the border, and the Skye terrier with his long jacket carried too much dirt into the house. The white English terrier might have become popular had he not been so subject to chronic deafness, and no doubt the bull terrier and the black and tan terrier lost their chance of becoming public idols by reason that a barbarous custom had decided that their ears were to be in part amputated. The latter could only be done at considerable trouble and expense, and with inordinate suffering to the poor creatures themselves.

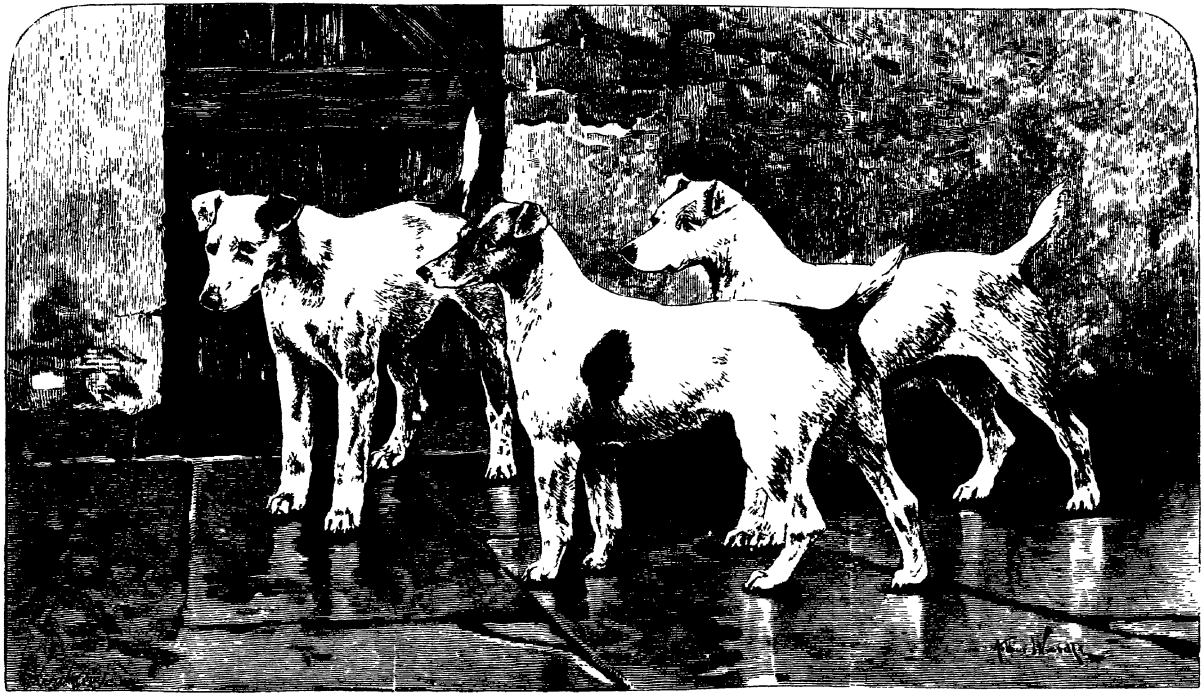
So here was the chance for the fox terrier; he availed himself of the opportunity, and the public gladly accepted his enterprise. The visitors to the dog-shows in 1862-3 noticed and made much of him. Mr. Wootton loved his handsome and sprightly dogs, knew how to advertise and so make the most of them, and he kept them clean and glossy in their coats; whilst Jock and others had that merry twinkle in their dark brown, almond-shaped eyes indicative of intelligence and gameness. Moreover, there was no superfluous jacket and hair hanging about their legs to carry dirt into the parlour and drawing-room, and when Lady So-and-So wished for a nice dog to take out for a walk in the country or a drive in the park, Lord So-and-So purchased a fox terrier puppy for her ladyship. The fox terrier has never socially looked behind him since. His position in society was attained as quickly, and perhaps with less difficulty, than is that of the millionaire railway king or successful speculator. The quadruped had but looks and manners to recommend him; possibly the biped had neither,

and was entirely dependent for his *entrée* to his sovereigns and bank notes.

I often imagine there must have been something peculiarly attractive about these early-time fox terriers. They were certainly handsome and smart, but neither Old Jock nor Tartar, the two acknowledged progenitors of the present stock, had a black and tan marked head to recommend him. Moreover, their parents had the credit of being somewhat common in their origin, and generally had been looked after by the stable boy or by the second or third whip. The huntsman himself was, as a rule, far too great a swell to leave a hound for a dog, though perhaps the master's little son when home from Eton or Harrow for the mid-summer holidays might beg a terrier puppy, and by bribes and coaxings obtain for it a corner in the scullery or in an empty stall in the stable. As I have said, the progress from the servant's hall to the drawing-room was rapid, and has evidently proved extremely satisfactory to all concerned.

At the Birmingham show already mentioned, Old Jock, Old Trap, and at the following one Old Tartar, then entered by Mr. H. J. Davenport (Warwickshire), formed a suitable trio from which to found a nucleus to take the world by storm, and the blood of one or other of them is to be found in all the best strains of the present day, though the three dogs themselves were so much different in appearance. Shall I describe them here?

Jock was said to be bred by Jack Morgan, who, when the dog was pupped some time during 1859, was first whip to the Grove when Tom Day hunted them and Sir Richard Sutton was the master. I have also heard it stated that Jock was born at the Quorn Kennels. The Kennel Club Stud Book gives the breeder as either Captain Percy



Williams, who was then master of the Rufford, or Jack Morgan; Mr. Wootton, the authority at that time, says Jack Morgan bred the dog; but the uncertainty of the month in which the terrier was born, and the little thought then given to terrier pedigrees, make me extremely sceptical as to Jock's breeding, as I am of most of the early stock terriers. Anyhow, Jock, who was purchased from Morgan by Mr. T. Wootton for £5, has left his mark behind him, and he has also been the means of handing down to posterity the names of his sire and dam, the former being another Jock (also Captain Williams's), and the latter, Grove Pepper, huntsman's terriers both of them, we may be sure. In show form Old Jock was just about 18lb. weight (Mr. Wootton when he advertised him at stud at the moderate fee of one guinea, afterwards raised to two guineas, called him 16lb. weight), standing a little high on his legs, which gave him an appearance of freedom in galloping. His colour was white, with a dun or mixed tan mark on one ear, and a black patch on the stern and at its root. He was not what one would at the present time call a "varmint-looking" dog, *i.e*, one with an unusual appearance of go and fire and gameness in him—he was a little deficient in terrier character. His ribs were well sprung, and his shoulders and neck nicely placed. When in thin condition he had the appearance of being a rib short; but his hind quarters and loins were strong and in unison with the other parts of his formation. To some modern tastes he would seem a little loaded at the shoulders; his fore legs, feet, and strength of bone were good, and his stifles strong and well turned. His ears, well placed, were neither too large nor too small, and he had good strong jaws. With increasing years he grew a little full in the cheeks. Yet he wore well, and in

1870 was placed second to Trimmer at one of the London shows amongst a greater lot of cracks than have ever been brought together since, unless their equal was to be found at the Fox Terrier Club's show at Derby in November, 1894. All round Jock was a symmetrical terrier, and no specimen of late years has reminded me so much of him as the dog Rattler, who did so much winning. Jock, who is said to have run two seasons with the Grove Hounds, had his tail cut, but the portion left on was longer than is usually seen at the present day, and I fancy Jock, docked as short as Mr Luke Turner's Spice, would have presented but a sorry spectacle.

Of old Jock and his breeding, Mr. Wootton wrote me as far back as Christmas 1895: "Jock's dam, Grove Pepper, was left in the kennel by Will Merry, the retiring huntsman. This bitch was given to me by Morgan; a white in colour with slight tan mark on her face, about 16lb. She was a wonder, with a hunting coat, and could go the pace and do the trick. She went blind; I well recollect, as if but yesterday, the poor old bitch feeling her way to get to the badger den, where a 30lb. one lived; not a semi-domesticated one, but a demon. I sent Pepper to Morgan, full of years, to die. Jock won many prizes for me, and I sold him upon several occasions. The first time I parted with him was to the Hon T. W. Fitzwilliam, Wentworth, who came with Lord Aboyne to see my terriers, when I lived at Mapperly House. The price was £35. In one of the very many letters I have, Mr. Fitzwilliam says, 'I was taking the terriers a walk in the park, and suddenly Jock went to ground and fought a vixen. It was some time before we could get him out;' and he adds, 'What will the jealous and unscrupulous say now of "the pluckless cur."'

I had a rat pit fixed by the late Jack Terry, and in his presence and that of Captain Hemsley we therein placed 30 rodents; Jock killing them in form. To my mind Jock was perfect in shape, with ears as thin as bank notes. Such a 'sort' to fill the eye of a hunting judge. I next sold him to Captain Kindersley, then quartered at Brompton Barracks, Chatham, for £100. The Captain was ordered abroad. I had Jock and eight other terriers back, which had been purchased from me. Afterwards he went to Mr. Cropper, of Minting House, Horncastle, for £50, and he re-sold the dog to Mr. Murchison, of London; the price I never knew. So good did my old friend, the Rev. John Russell, of Devonshire fame, think of him, he had the dog over twice to serve his wire-haired bitches."

Allusion has been made to the extraordinary class of dogs which appeared at the Crystal Palace show in 1870, where Old Jock, then eleven years old, came second to the black and tan headed Trimmer. This was the dog "champion" class of those days, the qualification being the win of a first prize. The competitors were Old Jock, Old Trap, Trimmer, and Rival, all shown by Mr. Murchison; Mr. W. J. Harrison's Jocko; Mr. F. Sale's Tyrant, Hornet, and Tartar; the Marquis of Huntly's Bounce, Messrs. Bewley and Carson's Quiz, and Mr. W. Gamon's Chance. Nor was the corresponding class of bitches much inferior, for it included the Durham bitch, Mr. Sarsfield's Fussy, who won; Grove Nettle, Bellona, and Themis, Mr. Murchison's; Mr. Pilgrim's Gem, the Marquis of Huntly's Mischief, Mr. J. Statter's Kate, Mr. F. Sale's Nectar, Mr. Gamon's Lively, and Mr. J. B. Nichols's Frisk. Grove Nettle was given reserve here, second honours falling to Themis, a com-

paratively poor specimen as compared with others in the group.

Poor old Jock! he died full of honours in 1871 whilst in the possession of Mr. J. H. Murchison, who had bought him from Mr. W. Cropper. S. W. Smith was at the time of the purchase in charge of Mr. Murchison's kennels, in Northamptonshire, and I will let him tell in his own words how he brought Jock to his new home. "Old Jock, like the others that had come from Mr. Cropper's, was not to be *sent*—I was to go and *fetch* him from Minting House, the residence of Mr. Cropper, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire, a long way from the kennels at Titchmarsh. The instructions I received respecting the old dog could not have been more explicit had I been going to escort a Prince of the Royal Blood. I was to take train to Horncastle, and then hire on to Minting, as there were no trains there. I was to lock the old dog up in a good box, and keep the key after I had got possession of the dog, and let no one have it. I was then to hire and come on by relays of horses and traps all the way from Minting to Titchmarsh. This I did, and arrived at the Great Northern Hotel, Peterborough, about one o'clock on the night of the first day. After refreshing the inner man and getting another horse and trap, off we started again, arriving at the kennels about six a.m., having had about enough. I had no sooner had a wash and breakfast than a stranger came riding up on his bicycle—the telegraph boy, with a message from Mr. Murchison asking if I had arrived safely, &c. I drove to Thrapston and wired back, and there I was kept nearly the whole of the day sending and receiving messages to and from Mr. Murchison. Next day Mr. Murchison came down, bringing some gentlemen friends with him to see the old

dog and other members of the kennels, and witness a bit of fun with some of the younger members and the 'old grey gentleman.'"

Tartar, a dog of quite a different stamp, was full of go and fire, a hardy-looking, strongly built terrier, and on the two occasions when he did beat his great rival the result was due to the better form in which he stood, and the determination he showed, as though perfectly willing, nay anxious, either to do or die, as he stood alongside his antagonist in the ring. Tartar, 17lb. in weight, was a pure white dog, excepting for a light patch of pale tan over one eye, unusually compact in build—a pocket Hercules in fact, with a back as muscular and strong as is the neck of a mighty Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestler. A little wide in front was the old dog, but straighter perhaps on the fore legs than Jock, and with better feet. The latter, far the longer and more terrier-like in head, was beaten in size of ears, their mode of carriage, and in neatness of hind quarters. Tartar was a peculiarly elegantly moulded dog behind, notwithstanding the amount of muscle he showed, and he stood neither too high on his legs nor the contrary. I cannot just now call to mind any terrier of the present generation like him in any respect. Possibly Richmond Jack resembled him somewhat; at any rate in shape of body and sprightliness.

Both Tartar and Jock had fair coats, that of the former, the harder and smoother, and no doubt he was much the gamer of the two. It is always the fate of success to make enemies, and at the time Jock was being shown so successfully, and later, I was repeatedly told that he would not kill a rat, and that his going to ground or doing the work of a fox terrier was altogether a myth.

How untrue this was can be gauged from Mr. Wootton's remarks on a previous page. Tartar's indomitable gameness has never been gainsaid, and he was always fond enough of a fight in the ring; though I have seen terriers furious in trying to get at an opponent when on the chain, that would have been as eager to go the other way had the collar been undone. Tartar's pedigree, as given in the first volume of the Stud Book, is open to great doubt, though it is said he was bred by Mr. Stevenson, of Chester, about 1862, from Weaver's Viper out of Donville Poole's Touch. I think there is little doubt that he was a cross-bred dog, for he was shown at Birmingham in 1863 pedigreeless, and had those who looked after him cared to determine his parentage (or if they possessed it to publish it), they could easily have done so at that time and not waited until the dog had gained a reputation.

In one of his characteristic articles in *Our Dogs*, Mr. T. Wootton, writing thus about Old Tartar, says, "This old-time terrier was not, to my mind, 'a fox terrier proper.' White in colour, with a pale lemon half-face, I claimed him at a Birmingham show at the catalogue price (£8), he being exhibited by Stevenson, of Chester. He was by Weaver's Viper out of Donville Poole's Touch. This bitch I had of the squire, a remarkably neat one, barely 14lb., marked like Tartar, all a 'Tarrier,' game—my word for it, or she would not have eaten the squire's good food. But I had the pleasure of selling him once for £35 to Mr. Harry Herbert, of Nottingham, who soon got tired of his plaything. My next sale of Tartar was to Mr. T. W. Fitzwilliam, for £30; then to Captain Kindersley, Brompton Barracks, Chatham; and to Mr. Gorse, of Radcliffe, near Nottingham. I really forget

where he went to at last; I know I sold him to Captain White, in Yorkshire. I had at that time a badger, not a semi-domesticated chap, 33lb. weight, that took some doing. Tartar was a ripper at a badger—a good 'un, and no mistake, and as silent as the badger himself, but a very nervous dog, and if there was any shouting he trembled; some thought it cowardice—once to my sorrow. A tradesman in Nottingham had a dog he thought a rat killer. I matched Tartar for £10, the loser to pay all expenses. And at the Rose and Thistle, Parliament Street, Nottingham, this match came off, at fifty rats, Tartar to give the other dog fifteen. Jack Terry handled my dog, and Andrew Marsden, who had fought for the pugilistic championship, the other dog. My dog was winning in a common trot, but the roughs began to shout, and out of the pit jumped Tartar, he ran into the street, and before I caught him lost the match. I could say to Tartar, 'Kill that cat,' and it was done at once; he was a terrible enemy to the feline race He once went up my kitchen chimney after one, when a good fire was burning."

The following letter, written by the late Rev. J. Russell to Mr. Wootton, as to the gameness of Jock and Tartar, may not be without interest—"Dennington, Barnstaple, March 13th, 1867. My Dear Sir,—I have put one bitch to Jock, and shall put another, though she is only nine months old—a rather precocious young lady, you will say—to-morrow or next day; and Lord Portsmouth's huntsman will send one to him on Saturday. I gave him this bitch—she is seven years old—and of my purest blood, and I hope she may not miss. I never saw a sweeter animal than Jock, so perfect in shape, with so much

quality. He is as near perfection as we poor mortals are ever allowed to feast our eyes upon. His temper is so beautiful, and his pluck undeniable, for I choked him off a dog fox. You will naturally ask how I came to know about his pluck? I will tell you. Since they came here I have kept both Tartar and Jock chained up in two separate horse boxes, because they are warmer than the kennels. Yesterday morning I gave Jock a run before I went to meet the hounds, and after my return from hunting I did the same kind office for Tartar. He went with me very kindly, as he had very frequently done before; indeed, they both recognised my voice, and were mad to come to me whenever they heard it; when suddenly, without the least provocation, he started away, and ran back full tilt to the stable, the door of which was open, and in one moment fastened upon Jock. I caught hold of him instantly, put his foot into my mouth, and bit it with all my force, choking him with my left hand at the same time; and no harm—or very little—would have happened had not Jock resented the insult, and had him across the nose. This enabled Tartar, when I had freed him from Jock's fore leg, to seize his hind leg. But I soon released him, and took Jock in my arms. Tartar fastened on my servant, and bit him severely. The whole thing has annoyed me dreadfully, that I am sure you will readily believe jealousy is the cause of this mischief."

Alas! for blue blood and terriers; our remaining support of the past generation likewise possesses but a doubtful parentage. There has always been a hesitancy about this, and so Old Trap's pedigree has been the source of perpetual correspondence, poor old dog! Here is what

the Kennel Club's not always correct volume says of him: "Mr. J. H. D. Bayly, already mentioned, purchased him of Mr. Cockayne, then kennelman to the Oakley Hounds, and later at the Tickham kennels. Mr. Cockayne bought him from a groom of Mr. Isted's, well known in the Pytchley Hunt." The late Mr. Luke Turner, of Leicester, believed Trap's sire was a dog called Tip, owned by Mr. Hitchcock, a miller in Leicester. This dog bore a reputation for extraordinary gameness, and was the favourite sire used by all the sporting characters in the district. The coachman of Col. Arkwright, then Master of the Oakley, put a bitch to this dog Tip, and the result of the alliance was Trap.

I have already proved, I think satisfactorily, that there was an original fox terrier, black and tan in colour, with possibly a little white on his chest and feet; but, so far as Trap was concerned, there has always been a belief that either his sire or dam was a black and tan terrier pure and simple. Mr. J. A. Doyle states that Mr. Bayly himself told him such was the case. On the contrary, the late Rev. T. O'Grady informed the writer that Trap's dam was a heavily marked fox terrier—*i.e.*, one with an unusual amount of black and tan colour on her body and head. All who have bred fox terriers know that in most strains these heavily marked puppies keep appearing, and Mr. F. Burbidge showed one in 1889, named Hunton Baron, which a few generations ago would have been called a black and tan terrier, and it was as well bred and good looking a fox terrier of the modern type as any man need desire to possess. There have been many others similarly marked—Mr. Procter's Patch and Mr. A. Hargreaves' Dane Gallantry to wit.

The above statement by Mr. O'Grady is corroborated by Mr. S. W. Smith, who says that Col. Arkwright, master of the Oakley, told him that Trap was by a kennel terrier of his out of a black and tan bitch in the village. Trap had a pale or mealy black and tan-coloured head, and a black mark on one side down the "saddle"; this originated the expression "Trap marked," used to denote similar markings when they appeared on other dogs. His head was terrier-like, and of unusual length from the eyes to the nose, whilst his upper jaw was peculiarly powerful. His expression and brightness were much improved by his beautifully placed and perfectly coloured eyes. The ears, small in size, were nicely shaped, and sometimes, not always, well carried, for he had the habit of throwing them backwards, a peculiarity inherited by some of his descendants even as far as the third and fourth generations. He was a little too long in the body, and not nearly so elegantly formed in ribs, neck, hind quarters, shoulders, and elsewhere as either of the terriers previously mentioned. His fore legs and feet were fairly good, he had more than an inclination to be cow-hocked, and his coat was a trifle long and at times rather too open, though generally of good texture. Trap was not shown more than half-a-dozen times, his best performance being at Birmingham in 1862, when he was second to Jock, as alluded to earlier on. Old Trap, said to be about eleven years old, who died whilst in the possession of Mr. Murchison in April, 1871, was about 17lb. in weight, and what remains of the old dog—his stuffed head—is now in the possession of Mr. Francis Redmond, at Totteridge, but it bears no resemblance whatever to Trap's head when in the flesh.

Such are descriptions of these three notable terriers from

personal recollections, and the very first of their kind to command a fancy price on account of their appearance alone. Old Jock had been sold for 100*l.*, and Mr. Wootton himself paid 8*l.* for Tartar, "because," as his purchaser said, "he nicks well with light, leggy, delicate bitches, and puts steam into the young ones; and another thing," Mr. Wootton goes on to say, "he was always second to Old Jock except when he twice beat him. Certain judges gave their awards in this way, so contrary to reason and common sense; for if Jock was right Tartar must be wrong, for the two dogs differ so much in appearance." Old Trap did not command so much money, about 25*l.* being the highest figure he reached, and this was when he had fallen into the sere and yellow, just before coming into the possession of Mr. J. H. Murchison, by whom the old dog was highly esteemed. Their stud fees varied from 1*l.* to 2*l.* apiece—a miserable sum compared with the 5*l.* and 10*l* obtained for the use of the notable fox terriers in this year of grace 1902.

I think, with the mystery which surrounds the birth and pedigree of these three late lamented and excellent terriers, any attempt of mine to solve the difficulty would be useless. There is nothing but hearsay upon which to dilate; they performed their duty well in that particular sphere in which they were called to work, and so I say let them rest in peace. Both Tartar and Old Jock, well nigh invincible on the show bench, had little check in their careers, which extended in the case of the former over eight years, and in that of the latter through four years only, whilst I believe Trap was not shown more than half-a-dozen times, his best performance being when he came second to Jock at Birmingham in 1862.

Grove Nettle should be mentioned here, for to her, quite as much as to any one of the couple and a half of terriers already named, is due a share in the present production. Bred in 1862 by Jack Morgan, there does not appear to be any mystery as to her pedigree, she being by the Grove Tartar from the Rev. W. Handley's Sting. Nettle was a prettily-shaped, tan-headed bitch, with a black mark on her side, a rather long, wavy coat, almost inclined to be broken-haired. The Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam, her owner, said "the difficulty was to keep her above ground." Another good judge said "there was not a more useful animal in the show when she was exhibited in the champion class at Birmingham in 1868," and he further described her as rather long in the body, and, although possessing immense bone, not losing one iota in quality. In the possession of the Kennel Club, may be seen all that remains of this grand bitch, for she is set up in a case, looking as hideous and unlike that which she was in nature as "stuffed" dogs do nine times out of ten.

"This famous bitch," Mr. Wootton wrote in *Our Dogs*, "a kennel terrier of the first class, was bred in 1862 by Jack Morgan (not Will Merry), the then huntsman to the Grove Foxhounds, near Retford, Notts. There is no mystery about her pedigree or her goodness. I gave Morgan £5 for her when nine months old. She had a broken leg at the time, caused by a hack in a horse-box, where the bitch was housed. She was nearly well, and when, in a week afterwards, she was fit to travel I fetched her away. This was when I lived at my Daybrook Cottage home She always carried her leg up. This was before dog shows became the fashion. She was certainly a remarkable bitch for beauty and goodness, and won special prizes; never very high in

the list, but at that time some of the judges knew no more of the practical working of fox terriers than a cow did of a new shilling! She was by Grove Tartar, a white dog; dam, the Rev. W. Handley's Sting. Very fond of a hard terrier was Mr. Handley. Sting came from Stevenson, of Chester. I frequently went to see Mr. Handley's terriers tried at Winthorpe, Notts. I took Grove Nettle to my Mapperly home, and eventually sold her to the Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam, Wentworth, for £25. When she was sixteen months old she went to ground to a fox at his place, and got the back of her neck bitten a good deal; she was dug out, but went to ground again before she could be caught up. Mr. Fitzwilliam wished me to have her back again, and I gave £20 for her back. She used to lie under my bed when I possessed her previously, and although so long away, the night she got back she went as usual to her old place. I at last sold her to Mr. Murchison for a long price. He put her to a dog, and she whelped five puppies. He unwisely took the puppies off her, with the result that milk fever set in and she died. This bitch was a desperate favourite of mine—my companion through fields and towns in many a rough adventure. She was a very good made one, a 'sort' a judge could not get away from; she had no pretensions to be wire-haired, neither had she a wavy coat, but a hunting coat of the best, right in texture; she had a Belvoir tan head, large black mark on near side, and setting on of tail; she was 16lb. in weight. I sold Nettle a second time to Captain Kindersley, Brompton Barracks, Chatham, prior to the Murchison purchase."

In recalling these earlier recollections, there is no terrier of a past generation that appeals to me with greater power than Tyrant, also known as Old Tyrant and White Tyrant.

Mr. Harry Adams (Beverley) had, in 1865, the honour of breeding him, though the Kennel Club Stud Book throws a doubt on the matter by mixing the name of a Mr. John Leighton therewith; whilst the Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam, the Marquis of Huntly, the Rev. T. O'Grady, Mr. Hopkinson of Grantham, the Rev. W. J. Mellor, Mr. G. Booth, Mr. T. Lloyd-Edwards (near Lampeter), and Mr. T. Wootton had the pleasure of Tyrant's ownership and exhibition at various times. The latter had him longest of all, and from stud fees and prizes he made £100 from the dog. Old Trap was his sire, as he was said to be of almost every good terrier of that day, and Violet, by Old Jock—White Violet, his dam.

Tyrant was a dog somewhat after the style of the expatriated and sadly named Lucifer-As-in-Præsenti, but better in jacket and placement of shoulders, though possibly Lucifer was the narrower in chest of the two. Perhaps more flattering it would be to compare this grand old ancestor with Mr. C. R. H. Leach's white dog Cleek, who deservedly did a considerable share of winning throughout the country, being seen to special advantage at the Club's show at Derby in 1894. As an instance of longevity in a modern fox terrier Cleek must stand alone, for, born in 1891, he was shown the following year, is still appearing in the ring, and for a dog of his age looked vigorous and well when for Mr. L. Crabtree he was a prize winner at Hanley in January, 1902. Many of the "head men" of the "fancy" in Tyrant's time did not think very much of him, but in reality he deserved all the praise they or anyone else could bestow. In weight about 18lb., in form symmetrical, his strength of bone, legs and feet were of the best. No purely white fox terrier I ever saw was less of

the bull terrier in appearance than he, and, carrying his eight years well, he proved good enough to win the champion prize at Nottingham in 1873, beating Tyke, Trimmer, Trumps, Jock II., and six other less notable opponents. Moreover, Tyrant was sire of many leading terriers which in their turn have added to the excellences of those in the present generation. Venture was a son of his, so were Mr. Whitton's Badger (a rare old sort) and Mr. Sydenham Dixon's Sam, almost as perfect as his sire in appearance, but a broken leg badly set kept him from the show bench. Of Badger, Mr. Wootton writes: "I bought him from Mr. Whitton, wine merchant, Lincoln, for £12, a very game one, a wonder at rats. He won several prizes, yet he was a bigger dog than I liked. I recollect lending Badger to a trapper and rat catcher of my acquaintance, one Scroggins, better known as "Old Bob," a one-eyed man. One day I had notice of a dog ratting in a farmer's barn and premises, and was asked by "Bob" to come inside his cottage. Everything was neat enough, though he said, with grim politeness, he could not ask me upstairs as he had lent his ladder, and when you get there you must go on "all fours," or your legs will break the flooring. "Which is best," he says, with rare simplicity, "to sleep upstairs and tumble through, or to sleep down here, and for them to fall atop of you?" We got to the barn and had a rare turn up, killing 108 rats. "Bob collected his ferrets, counted and cut off the rats' tails, and whistled his dogs away, and said, as he touched his hat and pocketed the half-crown I gave him, "Barn rats ain't poisonous, like them town ones, if they bite you; but I keeps them from doing it, 'cause I don't like to gratify em."

Mr. Gamon's famous Chance and his favourite Risk were

sons of Tyrant, and at the present day few of our best terriers are to be found without some modicum of the blood of Tyrant in their veins. He, indeed, may bear the palm as the best of his race, both in beauty and gameness, immediately following his notable sire Trap, and equally great grandsire Old Jock.

During the "sixties," the Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam was showing a splendid lot of terriers, of which he had a large number kennelled at Wentworth House, Rotherham, Yorkshire, his Vassal, Ruby, Topsy, being tip-top, and we must not forget that he had Jock, Tartar, and Grove Nettle in his possession at one period of their existence. The Marquis of Huntly, at Aboyne, about the same time owned Worry, Bounce, Nectar, Mischief, Famous, and other excellent terriers, all of which were said to be as game as they were handsome. The name of Mr. F. Sale (Derby) must not be omitted, as at one time his kennels were most formidable, for they had included Hornet (who came second at Birmingham in 1871 to the writer's Mac II.), Old Tartar, and many others pretty nearly as good, with which he was a most formidable opponent at the big shows.

With such supporters, there was nothing wonderful in the fact that the marked attention these "revived" terriers attracted led to a newspaper controversy as to their origin, and in *The Field* a number of interesting letters appeared on the subject. These in every case came from men of weight and mark and learning in canine lore. Then the Editor, the late Mr. J. H. Walsh, wrote his article on the Fox Terrier, which naturally attracted further attention.

After dwelling upon the advisability or otherwise of the bulldog or bull terrier cross, Mr. Walsh says he had "known good and bad of each kind of breeding; but the

best he ever saw go to ground was one eighth bull, though he showed it no more than Jock, the champion. . . . There are few varieties of the species *canis* which show more intelligence than the fox terrier," and "Gelert" (a sporting writer and compiler of a list of foxhounds, &c., in 1849), the Rev. John Russell, and other authorities, support this opinion.

In the first edition of the "Dogs of the British Isles" the author ("Stonehenge") says, "that until the establishment of dog shows Captain Percy Williams, Jack Morgan, and five or six of our foremost huntsmen were the possessors of the most celebrated strains of fox terriers; but no sooner were special prizes offered for them at Birmingham, Leeds, and London, as well as in conjunction with those for foxhounds at the Cleveland Society's celebrated gatherings in Yorkshire, than Mr. Wootton, of Nottingham; Mr. Stevenson, of Chester, in conjunction with Mr. Gorse, also of Nottingham, and other breeders of less note, set themselves to work to vie with the professionals, and produced the beautiful little terriers which time after time have adorned the benches of Birmingham and Islington. Many of them have no doubt never seen a fox; but there are few which are not capable of giving a good account of him if properly entered." This was written in 1866, when the popularity of the fox terriers had in a degree been achieved.

Mr. Walsh mentions only some seven or eight kennels of hounds having terriers of the show type, but there is little doubt a score or more of them had such. When once their value became known, they kept cropping up from all parts of the country, both smooth and wire-haired, the former generally from the Midland and Southern counties,

whilst those with hard jackets appeared mostly confined to the Yorkshire and more Northern districts. The Badsworth had a rare hard-bitten strain of terriers with their hounds, mostly smooth-coated ones, too. The Slingsbys, an old sporting family, who for generations resided at Scriven Park, Yorkshire, had likewise a strain that was bad to beat at anything. These, too, had smooth jackets, showed bull-dog or bull terrier blood, were mostly lemon marked, from 13lb. to 16lb. weight, and usually possessed prick ears.

A little bitch from Mr. Vyner's was about as game a terrier as I ever saw, though her coat was thin and she had been brought up as a house pet. On one occasion this bitch went to ground in the North of England to drive what was generally considered to be a fox. Underground a long time, a couple of hours or more, with difficulty she was called out, and from the punishment she had received conclusions were drawn that a badger was in the rocks. The poor terrier had her jaw broken, and her face bitten through and through; still she escaped from her owner, went to her game again, and when got out a second time was almost dead. The badger was afterwards taken, and it is pleasing to note that the plucky little bitch survived her injuries.

Mr. Doyle, in his admirable article in "The Book of the Dog," tells us that the strain Mr. Stevenson owned at Chester originally came from Shropshire, where they had been kept and cherished for years by Mr. Donville Poole, of Maybury Hall. However, from a description of this strain from the pen of Mr. S. W. Smith, and which appears in the terrier division of "Modern Dogs" (1896), it seems these game, hardy little fellows could scarcely be classed as the correct type of the modern fox terrier, but

they were the dogs the late Mr. John Walker alluded to in his celebrated contribution in which he stated that nothing came amiss to the wretches from a "pig to a postman," an unfortunate letter carrier being attacked by them and so bitten about the legs that death ensued. Then the late Sir Watkin Wynn had a strain of his own in Wales (not Welsh terriers these), and so had Lord Hill on the borders of the Principality. Down in Devonshire the sporting villages simply teemed with little dogs, but most of these were wire-haired, and the Rev. John Russell valued them highly, as did Mr. Cheriton and other hunting men of the locality. The Rufford, too, had its own speciality in fox terriers; so had Mr. Ffrance, in Cheshire; and even in Northumberland, from the Tyndale came one of the best fox terrier bitches I ever saw. She, however, crops up a little later, and had all the good qualities of a modern first prize winner, with the exception of being very much tucked up in her loins, and she carried what remained of her stern right over her back. Some exhibitors might have cut it all off, and said the absence of her caudal appendage was due to an accident of some kind or another.

The Farquharsons, in Dorsetshire, owned excellent terriers, that would drive a fox out of its earth with the best of them, and the excellences of those of the Duke of Beaufort have repeatedly been mentioned. Treadwell, too, always kept a few couple of hardy ones handy for work with the Old Berkeley, as did old Ben Morgan for the use of Lord Middleton's hounds; and the late Will Goodall, George Beers, with Frank, his son, were never happy unless they had some of the gamest of the game well within call when required, after a good stout fox had dodged the stopped earths and gone to ground.

The Burton, Lincolnshire, must not be overlooked, for at the time Dick Burton was first whip there, when Lord Henry Bentinck hunted them himself, considerable care was bestowed upon the terriers, a strain of which the hunt possessed, mostly white-bodied dogs with lemon markings on the head. There is an oil painting still in the possession of the Burton family, a portrait of Dick with some of his favourite hounds and terriers. This must have been painted more than seventy years ago. When Burton retired into private life he took some of these terriers with him, and crossed them with a black and tan dog belonging to Mr. Charles Clarke, Scopwick, a well-known breeder of Lincoln sheep. This was in reality a black and tan fox terrier—not a Manchester terrier—possibly a dog something after the stamp of that engraved and described earlier in the volume—the fox terrier of 1806. From this cross Dick Burton produced black and tan headed dogs, others with marks on the body, and he claimed to be the first individual to introduce these handsomely coloured terriers to the public. This is an interesting piece of history which I believe has hitherto failed to find its way into print, and there is no reason why the claim should not be allowed, although it is possible that at the same time other admirers of the fox terrier were bringing about similar results through a different cross. In addition to these less known kennels, there were others whose reputation was world-wide rather than local, including the Grove, the Belvoir, the Albrighton, the Atherton, the Duke of Rutland's, and the Brocklesby.

Here, then, were a sufficient number of strains of diverse blood to perpetuate and improve—even to perfect—any one variety, and our fox terrier classes on the show bench

at the present day prove that every advantage has been taken of the material at hand. One strain has improved another, until little animals as near perfection as possible are produced, and a couple of hundred candidates for honour at one show is nothing unusual now, whilst in 1860, at Birmingham, only about three *bona fide* fox terriers were on view, and there was no special class provided for them.

Reverting to *The Field* correspondence, "Cecil," writing in December, 1858, said, "that during one of his visits into Cheshire he had the honour of an introduction to a gentleman who was for many years a first-rate performer over a country, and has ever ranked highly in the estimation of his numerous friends for his hospitality, exquisite port wine, and an unrivalled collection of terriers. An invitation to dine and inspect his unique little pack of terriers afforded me the greatest pleasure. I might possibly be transgressing the bounds of etiquette if I were to record the kind receptions I met with on such occasions; and I am the more cautious in the introduction of gentlemen's names, having recently caused some annoyance to an old and valued friend by mentioning him in these columns, in conjunction with others, as a most liberal preserver of foxes, and a popular resident in a country far distant from this. Knowing, therefore, that some gentlemen entertain objections to being brought before the public, more especially as regards matters of a private nature, I feel that I need not offer any further apology for not giving greater publicity to one of Cheshire's most highly respected and worthy country squires. Of the pack, however, I must claim the privilege of giving a description. It consists of seven couples of beautiful white terriers, most decided enemies of the

vulpine race, or any other animal wearing fur and coming under the denomination of vermin. In evidence of their courage, two young ones are mentioned as having killed a cat which weighed more than themselves when placed in the scales together. Their pedigrees have been registered with as much care and precision as those of any pack of foxhounds in the kingdom. In symmetry they are perfect, and their legs and feet quite models for masters of hounds and huntsmen to study. Whenever the hounds run foxes to ground in the neighbourhood, one of these game little pets is sure to be in requisition, and there were two of them evincing the marks of recent conflicts with foxes when employed in dislodging them from their subterranean places of refuge. In that very useful employment the destruction of rats they are superlatively good, and a huge monster of that species was very quickly dispatched by a little bitch only six months old; and, although the rat caught her by the cheek, she did not even utter a whimper. The buildings devoted to their accommodation are complete in every respect. They are miniature foxhound kennels, exceedingly well ventilated, of comfortable temperature, regulated by a thermometer, and the very paragon of cleanliness."

The late Captain White, after witnessing a trial of the gameness and endurance of these terriers against two newly-caught badgers, pronounced them, the terriers (not the badgers), to be "as hard as iron, stout as steel, and good as gold."

No doubt there were as good terriers in those days as there are now for work, perhaps better, for there was more use for them then. The columns of *The Field* during 1866-67 contained a number of excellent letters on the fox

terrier, written by those who knew what they were writing of and how to put their ideas into words. The respective merits of Jock and Tartar were freely discussed, and "W. J. M." (the late Rev. W. J. Mellor), who then resided at Colwick Rectory, near Nottingham, received a rather warm retort from the owner of Tartar, the Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam, for suggesting that the little champion was "too much of the bull terrier."

"Idstone" (the late Rev. T. Pearse), whose charming articles so often delighted his readers, also wrote all he knew about fox terriers, and this was what he said: ". . . First, I think the coat of the terrier they breed is frequently too fine; a harder, denser description of jacket would be a more suitable protection for a dog who has to face all weather, and to submit all day to the splash of the huntsman's horse. I believe if he could choose for himself he would pick out something more like bristles, although lying closely, as offering a better defence to the weather or to that angry thong he always is within reach of except when he has gone to ground. . . . I am no advocate for broken-haired fox terriers," continues "Idstone," "and am thoroughly of opinion that the smooth dog, as a class, beats the rough dog in pluck and staying powers." He would, indeed, be a bold man who could say this to-day, for there are now, as then, good and bad of both varieties, and that dog the better trained and with the greatest amount of hard work to do will always be the one to do it properly.

"Idstone" further remarks that "a pure fox terrier is not required to draw badgers, nor should he be so 'hard bitten' as to slaughter a fox in the earth. . . . The kennel dog is, and must be kept, a distinct family, and he ought to have quite enough courage to destroy vermin

without possessing the bulldog cross. The one is generally a useful animal, adapted for ratting, rabbit hunting, and working a hedgerow or bit of gorse, provided his coat is hard enough. The other is good for vermin, but will very likely not let a cat live about the premises, and is anxious for a 'turn-up' with any outsider of its own species—two inconvenient and undesirable proclivities." The above expression of opinion holds good at the present time, although the advice contained therein, written more than thirty years ago, was then especially valuable, as there was a strong inclination to infuse a dash of the bulldog into the ordinary terrier.

"W. J. M." also wrote in favour of the smooth-coated variety, "Rufus" (the Rev. T. O'Grady) also took part in the controversy, and so did the late Captain Handy, who at that time was a popular sportsman at Malmesbury. Later he was on the staff of one of the London newspapers, where he did good work, and died in harness about eight years ago. Under the signature of "J. A. H.," he said, "I am quite of opinion that a fox terrier should be smooth coated, and I much doubt whether any dog showing a rough or broken-haired coat is pure bred; but where such is the case, I believe there must be a cross (more or less remote) of the Scotch terrier. I daresay there are rough-coated terriers as good as any smooth-coated ones, but they are not fox terriers. I well remember the fox terriers that used to run with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds in Will Long's time, and I believe the breed has been kept there for very many years. You will see a specimen amongst the hounds in the picture of the 'Lawn Meet at Badminton.' They were nearly always black and tan, but occasionally black, white, and tan, with a compact, well-knit frame, ears small and

hanging close to the head, with coats, though close and thick, as bright and smooth as satin. It was wonderful with what pluck and endurance they would make their way to the end of the longest run. . . . Now in these fast days," continued the gallant Captain, "sportsmen cannot wait for a fox to be got out, and the order is 'find another one'; hence the use of fox terriers to run with hounds has been discontinued, and the breed has not been kept up at Badminton. . . ."

And there is no doubt that the fox terrier is less used as an adjunct to the foxhounds now, in 1902, than even was the case when "J. A. H." poured forth his lamentations on the subject. At times one may see a "runner"—that is, a man who follows the hounds on foot—with a little dog under his arm or at his heels in a leash, which he tells you is "the best in the world," and will drive any fox from any earth or drain, be it ever so long and sinuous. For obvious reasons the poor fellow's terrier is seldom tried, and when the fox is run to ground, the cry, oftener than not, is "Forrard! to Blankton Gorse," or to some other untried covert, and the fox that has gone to ground has saved his brush at any rate for a time. Some hunting men will, no doubt, have heard of that eccentric "runner," once a distinguished character with one of our foremost packs of hounds, who bred and kept an excellent strain of working terriers His eccentricity did not, however, lie in this fancy for little dogs, but in the habit he had of carrying a home-made spur, which he used on his own thighs when tired and inclined to drop into a walk. To such an extent did he thus punish himself that he had to undergo surgical treatment on more than one occasion.

The present Lord Lonsdale had an idea of working some of the prize-bred terriers with his hounds when he was master of the Pytchley. But the general surroundings of modern fox hunting prevented him doing this properly and as he would have wished. Still, a few of his high-priced, fashionable little dogs were properly entered, and, I believe, gave a good account of themselves whenever required so to do. Mr. Harding Cox, when master of the Old Berkeley Hounds, kenneled some good working terriers of the prize strains, but his, like Lord Lonsdale's, were of the wire-haired variety. Then the Littleworths, huntsmen for generations, have always kept terriers, and even now own some of show bench strains, which can, and do, accompany the hounds when there is likely to be occasion for their services. Indeed, there is still a fox terrier or two hanging about either the kennels or the stable yard connected with most hunts, but no pains are taken to perpetuate the variety solely for bolting the fox, as once was the case. Modern hunting, quick gallops, and the go-a-headedness of the times have done away with his occupation, and the fox terrier now possesses his greatest value in his beauty alone. At the great Hound Show held during June of each year at Peterborough, on occasions prizes have been given for terriers which carry a record for having been entered and employed with foxhounds. However, for some reason or other, the terrier classes there were discontinued in 1894. The competitors were usually somewhat of a ragged lot, though occasionally the absolute winners were quite up to modern show form in appearance; moreover they were well bred and likewise often bore the credentials of scars as their "Victoria Cross."

In the North of England, in Wales, and in some parts of

Scotland, fox hunters cannot do without their terriers, such being used by Tommy Dobson who hunts a few couples of hounds from Eskdale, Cumberland; by the Ullswater; by the Coniston, one of the few packs of hounds hunted by a clergyman, the Rev. E. M. Reynolds; by Mr. Jacob Robson with the Border Foxhounds, and by others. Indeed, almost every pack of foxhounds, if not with terriers in their kennels, have them within easy distance, ready to hand when the fox goes to ground and has to be bolted. In some cases, drafts from our leading show kennels are used, those from Mr. Vicary, Mr. A. H. Clarke, and Mr. Redmond repeatedly doing good duty, whilst others are more or less cross bred.





## CHAPTER III.

MORE NOTABILITIES—EAR-DROPPING AND OTHER MALPRACTICES — FORMING A KENNEL — AN IMPORTANT SALE — THE FOX TERRIER CLUB — SOME MODERN KENNELS—THE BEST TERRIERS—MEASUREMENTS.

THERE were a few other good terriers appearing about the earlier shows in addition to those already mentioned, but such bear sorry reputations to-day, nor have they done much in the way of improving the family generally. Rival was a terrier-like dog of the Jock stamp, but these varmint-looking fellows soon had, as it were, their noses put out of joint by the introduction of some smarter, handsomer, and gayer little creatures, wherever they came from, and there was no wonder that the huntsman called such dogs, as those of which the beautiful Trimmer formed a fair specimen, toys. Here was another "pillar" with the name of the breeder unknown, though said to be sired by some unknown quantity of a dog called Rap, his dam being the Rev. T. O'Grady's Vic. Trimmer, a smart, thin-coated little dog, about 14lb. weight, with a small, weak head, was most prettily marked

with the deepest black and the richest tan. He was no workman to look at, and I have heard it said that, instead of being bred at some well-known kennels, as all such notabilities should be, Trimmer first saw the light in the cottage of a bargeman who sailed on one of the Midland canals. If this handsomest of fox terriers was not game, he was thoroughly ill-natured and snappish, and, during his confinement on the show bench, kept all inquisitive visitors at a respectful distance. Trimmer, unlike some other celebrities, had two brothers; these were called Crack and Tory. The latter belonged to young Mr. G. F. Statter, who then had a farm at Broomhills, near Carlisle, and Tory was a sad dog, as wild as they make them—one, indeed, that could not be allowed off the chain. Crack, some time in the possession of the writer, was a beautifully made little animal, with a good coat, and the most perfect feet and legs imaginable. He won a prize or two, but would not be looked at as a show dog nowadays. His temper to strangers was most obnoxious; still, he was fairly game, would kill rats, swim a mile up the middle of a canal, and, generally, proved a most endearing little fellow with those with whom he was on good terms. But Crack had a strange antipathy to people with black or very dark hair.

Others of the toyish stamp were Mr. Murchison's Bellona and Mr. Sarsfield's Fussy. The latter caused a considerable sensation when she came forward as a winner, for her owner lived at Durham, and was quite out of the ordinary swim of so-called fanciers, who now had grown numerous. Fussy, entered at Birmingham show in 1868, when the Rev. T. O'Grady and Mr. John Walker were the judges, was then said to be about twelve

months old, so that the stud book is in error where it states that she was born in 1869. Mr. Henry Calf, of Devizes, showed her, and thought so little of his bitch as to catalogue her at five guineas. I need scarcely say she did not obtain even a commendation, nor her sister Venom either, who was entered by their breeder, Mr. H. Chaworth Musters, at the same time. Fussy caught the eye of Mr. Sarsfield, who speedily became her owner for the sum already alluded to, and a great prize he thus obtained.

In the following year Fussy commenced her successful career in the provinces, and, reappearing at Curzon Hall in 1870, was placed first in a strong champion class of eight, which included Mr. Pilgrim's Gem, who had been third the previous year. Mr. F. Sale, however, with his good, strong-backed bitch Myrtle, beat the Durham entry for the cup. It may be stated here that a daughter of Fussy, Patch (Mr. Procter's), then but nine months old, was exhibited in the open class unsuccessfully, but in 1871 the tables were turned, for Patch came first in the open division; once more was her dam at the head of the champions, but, still unfortunate, was placed behind the writer's Mac II. for the "blue ribbon" of the show, the valued champion cup Mr. Sarsfield's favourite again won in 1872, but the following year Patch was beaten by Myrtle, then five years old, but wearing well. In addition to the above honours, Fussy won many others, and proved extraordinarily successful for breeding purposes too, for Mr. Gibson's Vexer—a bitch rather short in head, but very good indeed in other respects—was own sister to Patch, the dam and her two handsome daughters forming a family trio that would be difficult to beat even to-day. The strain has not, however, been worked to all the advantage it might

have been; Mr. Sarsfield's business engagements prevented him giving more than a passing attention to improving our terriers, and Mr. Procter gained greater notoriety from his strain of Cochin China fowls. Mr. Procter, however, still keeps a terrier or two as companions, and shows them successfully occasionally; such as he has possess more or less of the Fussy blood, and through her sire, Mr. Muster's Ragman, go back to Old Trap, as is the case with so many of our best strains.

Mr. J. Holmes, jun.'s (Beverley) Gadfly, by Vassal, a son of Jock and Grove Nettle, another much admired terrier in his day, especially for the reputation he bore for gameness, could not get high up in the prize list at Curzon Hall; still groups of sporting men were usually round his bench, as was the case with Mr. F. Sale's Hornet—much the better of the two—and he was a son of Grove Nettle. The same exhibitor also owned an animal of unusual excellence in Myrtle, by his Old Sam, a son of Tyrant, out of a bitch called Jenny, by Old Jock. Mr. Luke Turner bred Myrtle, who at five years old was good enough to win the challenge prize at Birmingham. She had rather large ears, a weakish jaw, and possessed neither the rough wear and tear appearance nor character a hunting man likes to see in his terrier.

One of the best all-round fox terriers about now (1873, or a little later) was the lovely little bitch Lille, so long and successfully shown by Mr. Shepherd, of Beverley. She looked like a daughter of Tyrant's, but was by Tartar —Patch, out of Fell's Spot, all good-bred ones in their way, but with little of the quality possessed by their illustrious descendant. Handsome as Lille was, stronger bone and less delicate appearance would have improved her,

though beautiful symmetry invariably attracted the judges at that time, rather than a game-looking expression. The latter was possessed in an extraordinary degree by a tan-marked bitch named Fan, first, I believe, shown by Mr. W. Allison, then of Cotswold Rectory, now an able writer on racehorses, and as much an authority on such matters as he once was on terriers, and later by Mr. C. T. Abbot. Here we had all the terrier character, but she moved stiffly, was not, as it were, built on galloping lines, and became too loaded at the shoulders for modern fancy. She came in a little later, and reminded me more of Grove Nettle than any bitch I have since seen. The Stud Book gives her pedigree as follows: sire, Priam; dam, Pixie, by Jock out of Lill; Priam by Morgan's Grove Crab out of Fury; and she was bred by Lady de Lisle.

Another excellent bitch abounding with character was Jester's daughter Satire, bred and shown by Mr. J. Arrowsmith, of Thirsk, and from the same kennel was Tiny, who became a champion. Denton's Jock, from Doncaster, an excellent dog with a doubtful pedigree, said to be by Tyrant—dam unknown, after winning a number of prizes at the Yorkshire shows, was purchased by Mr. Gibson, Brockenhurst and as Bitters continued to increase his notoriety, but was by no means a success at the stud.

Amidst all these bygone celebrities, Mr. Peter Pilgrim's May must not be forgotten, another of old Jock's daughters, from a bitch called Crafty, known at the Quorn Kennels. Lasting long enough to win second prize in the champion class at Nottingham when eight years old, she was a remarkably strong-loined, very good looking bitch, rather light in bone. Another notable dog was the much abused

Venture (the late Mr. W. Cropper's, Minting House, Horncastle) by Tyrant, already described. It was rather strange that Venture—who, by the way, was said to be unable to get stock—by his alliance with Fussy produced so heavily-marked a bitch as Procter's Patch, and Henry Gibson's Vexer, with little colour about her, whilst the latter's Vanity from Cottingham Nettle had likewise Venture for her sire. Patch was a good one if almost black, and certainly well beat her dam in length and strength of jaw, in which respects Fussy was sadly deficient.

About the year 1872 the entries of fox terriers became unusually numerous, and, strange though it may seem, actually included more individual animals than are found even in the special terrier shows held at the present time. Now the classes are divided in a most inexplicable fashion, there being at the most recent show of the Fox Terrier Club held at Cheltenham in 1901, no fewer than thirty-four classes for smooth-coated fox terriers, they including puppies and novices, with limit classes, challenge classes, the same for veterans, "birthday" stakes, produce stakes, "graduate" classes, as well as the "Derby," the "Oaks," and various "selling" divisions. Indeed, considerable ingenuity must have been exercised in the "invention" and arrangement of so many different competitions. Whether such are altogether an advantage is an open question, they certainly give all dogs a chance of winning, so much so that in some of the "birthday" and "produce" classes I have seen puppies awarded a prize of greater value than the dog which won it. Thus the latter, as a winner at a Fox Terrier Club's show, obtains a fictitious reputation. Before this new classification a couple of champion classes

and as many open ones were all the catalogues included, and there were no duplicate entries, *i.e.*, dogs were not allowed to compete in more than one division. Still, such arrangements notwithstanding, from one hundred and fifty to over two hundred terriers were often benched in one exhibition, and at Nottingham, in 1872, 276 fox terriers were entered. Here there was a puppy class which attracted 73 competitors, whilst 74 animals were present in the open dog class and 109 in that for bitches, where Tiny, alluded to earlier on, won in the largest individual class of fox terriers on record. Mr. S. Owen's Thatch, a now forgotten dog, was placed at the head of affairs in the open dog class, with the much better known Foiler second only. The champion classes at the same show had likewise large entries, Mr. T. Bassett's Spot, a terrier of great reputation at that time, beating Tyke and others in the dog division , whilst another of the well nigh forgotten ones, Mr. B. Cox's Whiskey, was placed over May and Nectar for the bitch championship. A little later Birmingham found the fox terriers so numerous that the executive laid their heads together to devise some simplification of the work the judges had to do.

There was at this time a controversy going on as to the size of fox terriers. Both big and little were winning, and those who owned the latter grumbled at the judges who by their awards testified to the truth of the adage that "a good big 'un would always beat a good little 'un." So in 1876 the fox terriers at Curzon Hall came, as it were, to be split up, and classes were provided for dogs over 18lb., bitches over 16lb.; and also for dogs and bitches under such weights. This arrangement continued for ten years, during which period the fashion became so changed that the best judges

would scarcely condescend to look at a fox terrier much over 17lb. As the custom had grown in the country for providing novice and other divisions, in addition to the usual open and champion (or challenge) ones, the Birmingham management again made a change, the result of which is seen at the present day. Possibly what I have written here will remove the false impression which appears to prevail to the effect that the classes of fox terriers are larger now than at any previous period of our history. I fancy that some modern judge at one of our big shows would look puzzled were he set down in a ring with fifty-eight fox terrier dogs in the open class, and only two fewer in the bitches, as was the case at Birmingham in 1875. And at that show all sorts and sizes won prizes, the winning dog being Mr. Bassett's Varmint, one of the heavy weights, and a coarse customer too; whilst for second came Snap (Mr. J. R. Whittle's), one of the writer's strain, a very neat and all round an excellent little dog certainly less than 15lb. in weight. Mr. Russell Earp's Vine, who took precedence in bitches, was likewise of the smaller or more toyish stamp; whilst, on the contrary, Mr. G. H. Warren's Vic, second prize, was a much bigger and far stronger bitch. With such decisions as these, no person was surprised to find, as already stated, the change in the arrangements of classification which ultimately came about. At the present time there is again a tendency towards big terriers, and at several leading shows lately some of the prize winners must have topped 21lb. weight or more.

Twenty-five years ago the value of pedigrees in fox terriers became so apparent, that they were often manufactured, and the honour of winning a prize being now at

its highest, sharp practices to gain that distinction came into vogue. Some exhibitors, not content with merely docking the tails of their dogs, were clever enough to reduce the size of the ears by paring them down with either knife or scissors. I remember being shown the scissors with which this operation had been successfully performed on a dog that won a number of prizes. One of the first duties of a judge in the ring then was, and for years later continued to be, to examine the ears to see whether they had been what was slangily called "faked." This usually meant cutting or breaking the tendons of the aural appendages to make them drop properly, for many terriers had naturally prick or erect ears, and with them so carried there was no chance of winning a prize. The teeth, too, could be filed to a level where those on the lower jaw projected in front of the upper ones. When they did so project, the dog was said to be undershot, a fault which was then absolute disqualification. Curling sterns, overgaily carried, could be straightened, so the clever artist in the matter of dog showing had, even with these almost white terriers, ample opportunity for a display of his skill and ingenuity in dishonest practices. So he has now, and takes advantage thereof, for "faking," to my mind, quite as bad as such cases as I have alluded to is permitted. The sin, however, of this modern "faking" does not appear to be so much in its commission as in its discovery, and means are now adopted by which a terrier's ears may be made to drop artificially and no tell-tale marks remain. This is done in many instances by weights plastered on to the inside of the ears and sometimes on the outside. Again, one sees advertisements from "up-to-date" dealers who manufacture and sell appliances which are said to answer

the purposes of "ear-dropping" admirably; "ear pads" they are called. Here is a copy of one I saw:

> [TAILS, EARS, COATS.—Instructions for straightening pups' tails, 1s. 3d.; coat gloves, 1s. 2d.; coat hardener, 1s. 2d.; ear appliances for dropping or holding up, 1s. 1d., 1s. 6d., 3s.; curling fluid, 2s. 6d.—Apply, &c., &c.]

This *en passant*, however. Immediately following 1870 there were other celebrated terriers shown than those already mentioned, some good that did not win prizes, others indifferent which did, for the judging was sadly in and out. Amongst the indifferent specimens might be classed Vandal, whose pedigree in the "Kennel Club Stud Book" is, I was told at the time of the publication, all wrong (although the owner was free from blame in the matter), Turco, and Renard, all shown by the late Mr. Murchison, who then had a kennel of terriers which has not since been surpassed. It included no end of celebrities, and for three years or more his representatives quite swept the decks. At Titchmarsh, near Thrapston, where the kennels were located, Mr. Murchison was fortunate in securing the services of S. W. Smith as kennel-manager, and for years the word of the latter was law as to what a fox terrier should be. Old Trap, Bellona, Trimmer, Old Jock, Grove Nettle, Pincers, Trinket, Vanity, Olive, were one time or another all under Smith's charge, as were hosts of minor lights, the names of which do not at present occur to me. When Mr. Murchison's kennels were strongest (about 1869-74) they contained at the least 200 smooth-coated fox terriers, including puppies, and perhaps the best of all the lot was his well-known bitch, Olive, which had been bred by Mr. Luke Turner, and was contemporary with Mr.

Henry Gibson's Dorcas mentioned further on. Olive—by Belgrave Joe—Tricksey, by Chance—was an 18lb. bitch, with a black and tan head, and all round one of the best fox terriers ever produced, and "Stonehenge" had her illustrated for his "Dogs of the British Isles." Olive died in the autumn of 1889, at the advanced age of fifteen years.

Another almost equally powerful kennel about the same time was that formed by the late Mr. Henry Gibson, at Brockenhurst (he died about eighteen months ago), on the borders of the New Forest, and whose name has already appeared in these pages. From school-boy days Mr. Gibson had been an admirer of fox terriers, and, when he had scarcely entered his teens, contrived to obtain a crack dog of the breed, for which he paid the exorbitant sum of fifty shillings, and that was about fifty-five years ago. Later in life Mr. Gibson availed himself of the opportunity thrown in his way to cross this old strain of working terriers with more modern ones, and thus he achieved the honourable position occupied by the most successful exhibitor of the day, which he certainly was about the years 1873-6.

Mr. Gibson always believed in the old-time terriers, and considered that his earliest purchase, mentioned above, which he had from Massey, Mr. Adderley's (now Lord Norton) gamekeeper, of Hams Hall, Warwickshire, was the best he ever possessed. This family of terriers was as game as possible, quite free from any of the bull terrier blood; and many and many a week's hard work have these Brockenhurst dogs done when their time was not occupied on the benches, where they had a long and successful career.

Although most of these winners had been bred by their owner, he was always ready in case of need to pick up

the plums which were to be had from other kennels. In 1874 he claimed Foiler at Birmingham (he was one of the judges) for 100*l.*, where that dog had been placed second to Tyke, who, catalogued at 50*l.*, could have been purchased for less money. Foiler, a good-looking dog, with a long, well-shaped head, but not level enough on his back for my fancy, proved an indifferent animal to breed from, although so well bred himself, having a treble strain of Grove blood in him through Willie, Tartar, and Nettle. Foiler, Diamond, Brockenhurst Joe, Vexer, Bitters, with that extremely good bitch Dorcas, were some of the best terriers Mr. Gibson owned. The last named, who was purchased by Mr. F. Burbidge, requires something more than a passing notice, for there are many persons at the present day who considered her, when living, as the best of her race, and now, when dead, believe her equal has not yet been seen. Dorcas, born in 1873, was at the height of her successful show career two years later, a bitch about 16lb. in weight, with one side of her face black and tan, body white, with one spot on it. She possessed one of the best heads of the Foiler stamp, long and powerful, well shaped on the skull, and quite terrier-like in muzzle, her excellent expression being increased by her beautiful eyes, sharp and sparkling, ever on the look-out for "rats." She was not of the cobby stamp, rather long in back, bone not heavy, but apparently of excellent quality. Dorcas's neck and shoulders were perfection, so were her feet and fore legs, the latter as straight as they could be made, still not stiff and stilty to the extent of giving a narrowness in front and a deficiency of heart room, so increasing a defect amongst the modern prize winners. The ears of this bitch were nicely carried, neither too big

nor too little, and in the early portion of her career her coat was hard, short, and close; later it became a little soft. The hind quarters were not quite so neat as one would like to have seen, arching a little too much and more crooked at the stifles than is actually to be wished; still, all round, Dorcas was one of the very best fox terrier bitches we ever saw, and as such fully deserved the eulogiums bestowed upon her. Still, good bitch as she was, Mr. W. Allison, in judging her by points in 1877, placed her below Bloom, making the latter almost perfect by giving her 96 out of a possible 100; Dorcas being awarded but 86. Personally, I considered the latter quite a class ahead of the former. Dorcas's head stuffed and mounted, hanging on the walls of the Kennel Club, does her scant justice.

Messrs. Bewley and Carson, who resided in Liverpool, about this time were going the circuit of the shows, and by the aid of Quiz won a great number of prizes. This was an unusually nice terrier in every way, though not of a fashionable pedigree (being by Watty—Midge, whatever they were), nor am I quite certain that, in 1871, he was not the best terrier of his year. Mr. N. Archer, who bred him at Stourbridge, was more than once present at the big shows with some dog better than common—the bitch Diamond for instance, though there was some trouble about her ears. Mr. Gamon, of Chester, did honour to that city by producing many of the best dogs of his day. His tan-headed Chance, which was found suffocated in his box at the Crystal Palace show in June, 1870, was, whatever any one says to the contrary, about as perfect in his variety as anything we have seen. His coat, perhaps a little fine, was close, and the skin could scarcely be found underneath it;

his expression and form were perfect. The terrier most like him is Belgrave Joe, particulars of whom will be found later on, when he was the property of Mr. Luke Turner, of Leicester. By careful selection Mr. Gamon had formed a valuable kennel, and great regret was expressed at its dispersal some few years later.

Quite a sensational dog of his day was Mr. Leon Binney's Mac, a terrier of the handsome type, who came second to Venture at Laycock's Dairy Yard, where the Islington dog show was held in 1869. Many thought the Manchester dog should have won, and dying soon after there was no chance of his avenging his defeat. He, however, left behind him a son, in Mac II., with whom the writer was fortunate enough to win the cup at Birmingham in 1871, the open dog class being, perhaps, the finest that had, up to that time, ever been brought together. Hornet, another good dog, and a daughter of Grove Nettle, was second in that year. Mac. II. was all that a terrier should be, a game and gentlemanly dog, and why he did not go to ground after fox and otter was, because his education had been neglected. Many a ratting excursion have "Mac" and I had by the river side, and two smarter terriers at the game than he and old "Riot," whose offspring bred so well to him, it would have been difficult to find.

The Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam bred Tyke, a dog that won an unusual number of prizes, and which with Rattler, following a year or two later, takes us right down to the present generation of terriers. Tyke, by Tartar from a bitch by Old Jock, was a lowish set dog, with extra strong back; of a nice size, about 17lb., very powerful, but with a brindle mark on one cheek. He was pupped in 1869, changing hands several times at small sums (a good terrier was now worth 100*l.* or

more), until the late Mr. F. J. Astbury, of Prestwich, near Manchester, purchased him, and showed him over all the country. Dr. Hazlehurst had Turk and Mr. A. C. Bradbury Trumps about this time; the latter a leggy dog rather, with a richly marked head, and bearing a character for gameness second to none. Good as he was, he, like Old Turk, was but a second-rater compared with the lions of his day, though in "blue blood" equal to the highest in the land. Mr. J. H. Shore's Viper, another son of Tartar, deserves a line to be written as to his excellence; so does that sterling bitch Trinket, whose only fault was her plum-coloured nose. Her history proved sad, for she was stolen, and no one, excepting the thieves, who were never discovered, knew what became of her. Anyhow, a lovely bitch was lost to the honest people of the world. Grove Trimmer, shown by the late Rev. T. W. De Castro; Mr. Allsop's Rebel; Deserter, the property of Mr. F. Redmond, who has now, in 1902, the strongest kennel of smooth fox terriers in the world, and whose perseverance for so many years has resulted so satisfactorily; Little Jim—the best of Tyke's get we ever saw—bred by Mr. Cumming Macdona; Tip and Spot, shown by Mr. Theodore Basset, were all terriers of a high class, and so like workmen in appearance that they deserve to be mentioned here. The same may be said of Mr. Murchinson's Tom, of Vengeance, and of Diligent, the latter one of the early fox terriers shown by Mr. R. Vicary, of Newton Abbot, who, later on, was to obtain such celebrity with his kennels. She was bred by Charley Littleworth in 1877, and was by Brockenhurst Joe—Busy, by Bitters, and a hardy looking bitch with a very coarse stern.

To continue a description of all the leading terriers

during the past three decades would be wearisome; so after a passing allusion to the dog who gained the name of the "dreaded Rattler," fresh ground must be broken. Jack Terry, of Nottingham, was the first man to successfully exhibit him, which he did under the Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam as judge at one of the early Manchester shows. He was there purchased by Messrs. J. Douglas and S. Handley for 50*l.*, who re-sold him to Mr. Fletcher, of Stoneclough, for 100*l.* Then, in the care of the late Mr. George Hellewell, of Sheffield, who was one of our popular judges, Rattler entered upon a career of successful exhibition which was nothing short of phenomenal. Born in 1871, and, when little less than two years old, winning at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in 1873, he continued, with little to stop his progress, until 1879, then having won over 250 prizes. The value of these, with the stud fees which no doubt so successful a dog would command, must have made Mr. Fletcher's spirited investment a lucrative one.

Rattler's blood I never cared about. The Stud Book gave his breeder as Mr. Turner (this is not the late Mr. Luke Turner, in his day so eminent an authority on fox terriers), by Hulse's Fox out of Fan, by Underwood's Spot from Cowlister's Dutch; Fox by Trimmer II., by Old Trimmer. That he got few notable puppies is not surprising, for, with the exception of Spot, his progenitors were not likely to bring good scions, the appearance of Trimmer II. in any pedigree being quite sufficient to condemn it. Oh, what ears that dog had! big even during an era when such were rather the rule than the exception. Rattler, in appearance just an enlarged edition of Old Jock, was about 19lb. weight, in fair show condition; good all round, the more one looked

at him the better he suited, his great fault being one common to all much-shown dogs—a general listlessness in the ring. When "rats" were astir Rattler was all over the place, and, although he had many detractors—for the most part defeated opponents—the name of the "dreaded" will for long remain one of the foremost in the annals of fox terrier history. Had Rattler been shown and knocked about as a puppy, would he have worn so well and looked so fresh as he did when last on the bench? is a question I would put to those who, nowadays, so persistently advocate and support puppy classes.

About the time of Rattler's death, aspersions were cast as to his breeding, so Mr. W. Hulse, a well known Nottingham fancier, took up the cudgels in the old champion's defence, and wrote as follows —"I saw Rattler when a puppy three weeks old, suckling with his fellow pups at Mr. Sam Turner's house, Chesterfield-street, Nottingham. The pups were marked, two black and tan marked dogs, two pups—Rattler and Ripple—nearly all white, and one all white bitch puppy. They were by my dog Fox, a very rich-coloured dog, rather heavily marked, out of a bitch all a terrier, but with a cherry coloured nose, and with a small liver coloured ear, otherwise a grand show bitch. Rattler was sold when five weeks old, to a fellow workman of Mr Turner's, for 5*s* and a canary, and was well reared, and had every appearance of making a big dog. I had the chance of buying him, but I really thought he would make a 25lb dog, so I declined him. When about a year old, Charlie Ingleby bought him for a sovereign, and never in my life did I see a dog grow into so much quality, into such a good dog, than when Ingleby showed him at Belle Vue, Manchester, and got v.h.c. with him; and then

sold him to the late Jack Terry, for, I think, 17*l.* Jack sold him, by telegram, for 50*l.* at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, after winning first prize"

For years the name of the late Rev. T W de Castro was familiar to all who are likely to wade through these pages —ever since he owned Buffer Here we had the exact antipodes to Rattler, the one could not win on the bench, yet could produce excellent stock, the other could do the former and not the latter When Buffet, Buffer's son, was sold for 250*l* by Mr. Shepherd, of Beverley, to Mr. J. Hyde, of Stratford-on-Avon, a sensation was caused, for, however fanciful prices had been about that time, this certainly topped all Buffet was as dear a dog as anyone could purchase, because thoroughly unhealthy, his blood was disordered, and all the care and attention one of the most skilful "dogmen," John Reed, of Beverley, could bestow, were required to bring him into the ring in a fairly presentable state Imagine a terrier almost, if not quite, perfection in formation and symmetry, and you have Buffet. Possibly the *liquor arsenicalis* in his system made him despondent and heavy hearted when in the show ring; a gamer-looking and more sprightly appearance would certainly have been an improvement This poor dog had not a long reign, and, when his general health is taken into consideration, the wonder becomes greater that his public reputation was so long sustained

Other noteworthy sons of Buffer were, Nimrod and Gripper, two of the writer's notable terriers, and I am certain that had the first-named been kept as he had been reared, his successful career would have been extended over many years. Gripper, his brother, lived until he was seventeen years old, and twelve months

before his death looked as well and was as fresh and lively as many dogs at half his age. How the writer of these chapters obtained the fox terriers he once owned and showed so successfully may be interesting and instructive to others who would desire to go and do likewise; though perhaps a different procedure as accounted later on would be more likely to be successful nowadays, when "champions" are not readily found at 10*l.* or 15*l.* a-piece, and the best of brood bitches for less than a moiety of either sum.

As a commencement it must not be forgotten that twenty-five years ago there were fewer dog shows than now, fewer people who knew a terrier when they saw one, and that canine knowledge was comparatively rudimentary. I lived in a country town, and had then visited very few dog shows, the principal ones, however, amongst the number. I went, saw, and fancied the fox terrier as he then was, and in due course, after obtaining a couple of puppies from the same source, which died, got a bitch through the late Rev. T. O'Grady, of Hognaston Rectory, Ashbourne. This was Riot, by Old Trap—Venus, by Old Jock—a suspicious pedigree to be handed to a novice, but ultimate results convinced me of its correctness.

After sending her over to the Hilmorton Paddocks, near Rugby, to be served by Jock II., said to be by Old Jock out of Grove Nettle, I had for my pains and expense a litter of mongrels, one of which, because it had an "evenly-marked black and tan head," I was persuaded to show. However, so disgusted was I with my own dog alongside others, that I sold him for seven shillings, and, though the entry fee and expenses had cost ten times that sum, was told, by one who knew, that I had made a good bargain. Purchasing Crack (brother to Trimmer), in due course Riot became

his consort, and the foundation was laid of a strain which, I believe, if it had been properly and judiciously kept up to the present day, would have been equal to the best. After three generations I found that my canine family bred fairly truly; prick ears were absent, and any puppy I cared to sell, easily realised two or three guineas at least, and when grown up would turn out by no means unpresentable.

Some crosses I tried were worse than useless; thus with the Foiler blood, with Rivet, who was by Gadfly from Tricksey, and laying claim to a pedigree quite as long as the haughty haberdasher does when he retires from business and becomes a county family celebrity; and with a dog named Nugget, brindle marked and the facsimile of Tyke. Dew claws "doubly distilled," brindle marks, upon otherwise ugly creatures were produced from them, until I came to the conclusion that to breed fox terriers with any certainty you must have blood thoroughly reliable. I gave a heavily-marked puppy away which had been produced from another cross I obtained by the purchase of Mac II., for his dam, Venom, I had always admired, indeed, I almost purchased her from her breeder, Mr. F. Chaplin, so long ago as 1869.

About this time George Dickenson, who came from Northumberland, as the head gamekeeper at Levens Hall, Westmorland, had sent down to him a bitch from the Tynedale, the lemon-marked terrier already described, which he put to the dark coloured puppy mentioned above, bred from Crack and Mabel, a daughter of Old Riot. A pup resulted, which was sold when a month old for half a crown! This youngster blossomed into Nellie, as good a bitch as ever ran on four legs, though a big one for modern fancy, and the dam of Nimrod (undoubtedly the best puppy of his

year), Gripper, and others I could mention. Riot bred a whole host of good ones, including the aforesaid Mabel, whose temper outside her own family was so detestable that she could not be shown. I had her entered at one exhibition, but she did nothing but sulk, kept her tail between her legs in the ring, got a card of honour, as much as she deserved under the circumstances, and concluded her day out by biting three different people. There was no better bitch in her day, and years afterwards she died far away in Ireland in the bosom of the same family where she had lived from puppyhood. A bitch named Olive (not Mr. Murchison's excellent animal of that name), Grove Ella, Cedric (whose breeder. pedigree, &c., are carelessly stated in the Stud Book as unknown, was brother to Sally (694)); Viking, Bessie, and Mac III. (afterwards Sarcogen), prize winners and good terriers in other respects, were all from the same stock, and thus, with an original outlay of 5*l.* added to the purchase of Crack and Mac II. for about 30*l.*, a fair kennel of fox terriers were got together. My dogs were invariably kept in the house, three or four at home, the remainder on "board wages" with cottagers and working men, who took as much interest in the dogs as myself, and so did their wives when they found an extra honorarium for the children and new gowns for themselves at Christmas time.

In considering this method of bringing up puppies—and, indeed, in keeping terriers and small dogs—by far the best, I by no means stand alone. Most of our principal exhibitors now follow the plan, as being less likely to promote distemper and other disorders than when fifty or a hundred dogs are kept together. Then in the way of exercise, the "boarding out" system has many advantages, and the dogs so reared are more sensible and prove better showers and

companions than when brought up in a kennel. Messrs. Clarke and Mr. Francis Redmond, whose successes with their fox terriers will be dealt with later on, adopt a similar method, all their puppies being in the keeping of cottagers and others, who do well to them, and are, of course, suitably rewarded for their pains and attention. Breeding generally from some twenty-five bitches, Messrs. Clarke had, at one time, at least a couple of hundred puppies to select from annually—a formidable undertaking, no doubt. Mr. Redmond tells me that he has never more than about forty puppies each year at walk, whilst his show and stud dogs and brood bitches, of which more anon, are kept in model kennels at Totteridge.

From what has been written as to the formation of the kennel I at one time possessed, it will be seen that there is little difficulty in getting together a family of terriers, and only change of residence caused me to give up "dogs" and scatter the results of my few years' experience broad-cast on the world. Some terriers containing my strains are knocking about this country still, others are in Russia and France, some even further away, in the Antipodes and in various parts of America, and, properly entered and taken care of, they will be sure to do their duty.

With the establishment of the Kennel Club in 1874, and of the Fox Terrier Club two years later, pedigrees came to be more reliable, new hands were seen bringing their terriers into the ring, and fresh strains came to be produced. Some of the old-fashioned blood which Mr. W. Allison and his brother-in-law, Mr. T. H. Scott (who contributed various articles about terriers to the newspapers under the *nom de plume* of "Peeping Tom"), introduced from Yorkshire, did not nick well with other strains, though with Old Jester,

Jester II. (whose dam was Lord Middleton's Vic, by Old Tartar—Vic, of the Grove and Lord Middleton's strain), and a big bitch called Frantic, the relatives were fairly successful. Possibly the two best terriers from this Yorkshire kennel were Fan (already mentioned) and X.L. The latter had at one time credentials to pose as one of the best of her day, and so good did some judges consider her, that she was purchased by them from Mr. Allison at one of the Darlington shows for about 100*l.* Later, owned by Mr. S. Mendal, Manchester, she proved a great winner at a period of our history when favouritism in the ring now and then ruled the roast. X.L. (sister to Frantic), a tan-headed bitch, was born in 1870; her breeder's name is not given in the first volume of the Stud Book, but Mr. W. Allison bred her through a bitch named Nettle being mated to his favourite Jester, who was from Cottingham Nettle The Cotswold favourite was also, about this time, sire of another good terrier, Mr. Arrowsmith's Satire, a first-rate bitch even amongst first-raters. Both Mr. Allison (who is now more interested in race-horses as the managing director of the Cobham Stud Company, a journalist on one of our sporting dailies, and at present secretary to the National Sporting League) and Mr Scott were keen sportsmen; they knew a terrier when they saw one, wrote nicely to the newspapers, and soon became authorities on fox terriers, and judges whenever they were asked to officiate.

Fox terriers were running about the streets of Nottingham forty years ago I have mentioned that Mr. T. Wootton had them, so had Mr. W. Hulse, and Mr. White, of Sherwood Rise, always kept several smart ones Strangely, from the same old town another and a later strain has

reached us. The Messrs. Clarke there established a kennel of their own, which in many instances presented quite distinctive features. This result was achieved by a peculiar, if not altogether an unusual course of in-breeding, a plan which, if properly carried out, has invariably led to improved "personal" appearance in dogs, pigs, horses, and cattle.

The Messrs. Clarke's chief success was when they bred between Brockenhurst Rally and Jess, the latter by Grip—Hazlehurst's Patch, and the former by Brockenhurst Joe—Moss II., though the Messrs. Clarke tell me that, strangely enough, the blood of one of the puppies with which they commenced in 1871, a grand-daughter of Rival, still runs through some of their terriers, and at one time they could have put into the ring from twenty-five to thirty dogs of all ages, any one of them well worthy of a first prize. Time after time, too, they sold some of their favourites, and usually appeared to have better to take their places. Brockenhurst Rally, after doing yeoman's service both in the prize ring and at stud, died in the summer of 1889, leaving a character behind him without a flaw.

Result remained with them, a black-headed dog of extraordinary formation throughout. Some 17lb. in weight, though modelled like a little cart horse he was full of quality, the punishing power of his jaw was extraordinary, and his head was of great length and extra good in shape; his eyes were piercingly bright and expressive, though his dark markings were sadly against a smart appearance, which a white blaze down the face would have improved much. His ribs, and loins, and back were excellent, so were his feet, and legs, and coat. The hypercritical found fault with the shape of the top of his head, saying

it was a little too round; this was more in appearance than in fact, arising from a rather low placement of the ears.

Up to the time Result retired from the show bench, his last appearance being at the Fox Terrier Club's show in 1888, when he won the challenge cup, he retained all his leading characteristics, though for some few months before his death, which occurred on the last day of the year 1894, he had been quite blind. This good dog was beaten only on three occasions, twice by Messrs. Vicary's Vesuvienne, a portrait of whom appears on another page in addition to a short history of her, and once by his own daughter Rachel, However, he survived long enough to turn the tables on both his opponents. Altogether he won the fifty-guinea challenge cup on eleven occasions.

Regent was another excellent dog in the Nottingham kennels, and that his constitution was of the best may be inferred from the fact that in 1894, when twelve years of age, he became the sire of a strong and healthy lot of puppies. He died about the same time as Result. Raffle, Reckon, and First Flight were also far above the average. The bitches from the same strain were often lighter in bone than the dogs, and not so characteristic. Rachel, already alluded to, was a lovely terrier, and the best of her sex the Messrs. Clarke ever bred. Money tempted them to send her to America, though it is said that at the same time an even more liberal offer for Result did not lead to a sale. Other specially good bitches of theirs were Radiance, Recherche, Rosemary, Richmond Nettle, and Raillery. It seems somewhat strange that latterly Messrs. Clarke have not produced any terrier of great excellence, though they continue to breed from both dogs and bitches of pretty

much the same strain and with which they were so successful half a dozen years or more ago. This, of course, goes to prove to how great an extent "luck" is connected with dog breeding.

The late Mr. Fred Burbidge, once captain of the Surrey county team of cricketers, in the earlier part of his career as an exhibitor, owed his success more to judicious purchases than otherwise, and he then owned some very good terriers, including Buff, Nimrod, Dorcas, and Bloom. From about 1884 to his death, which occurred in 1892, Mr. Burbidge proved particularly successful on the bench with dogs of his own breeding which were reared in a lovely cherry tree country not far from Watford, Herts; and, during at any rate a portion of that period, he displayed an ability to occupy the high position Mr. J. H. Murchison and Mr. Gibson had done years before. Personally I had a strong liking for the class of terriers Mr. Burbidge kept, his dogs being especially to my fancy. They were not too big, had immense strength of bone for their size, and no strain of modern fox terrier could approach his best specimens for length and correct shape of head, with powerful jaws in proportion. With all this strength and muscle there was naturally a tendency to cobbiness, and consequent stiffness in action. The jackets and eyes of all Mr. Burbidge's terriers were excellent, and the tan-headed Hunton Prince (once shown as Syrup), bred by Mr. T. P. Morgan, was during the year 1889 one of the most typical terriers on the bench. The breeding of this dog is somewhat interesting, his sire, Hyssop, being by Spice, whilst Style, the sire of his dam, Lady, was by Pickle II.—Sample, the latter own sister to the writer's Nimrod and Gripper already alluded to. Hunton Baron, though heavily marked,

was a great favourite of mine, and so was the more lightly marked Hunton Honeymoon.

Following the lamented death of Mr. Burbidge, his terriers were disposed of by auction by Mr. A. E. Clear at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in the spring of 1893, and being the most important sale of the kind which has ever taken place, the following particulars may be interesting. Altogether 131 lots, including puppies, were catalogued, and they realised 1,807*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*, an average of a trifle over 13*l.* 16*s.* The bargains of the sale were Hunton Baron, which went to Mr. Redmond for 30gs., and Hunton Honeymoon, secured by Mr. J. J. Pim for 31gs. The top price was 135gs., the sum Mr. J. A. Whittaker had to pay for Hunton Tartar, late Belmont Tartar, and Mr. Kelley gave 70gs. for the pick of the puppies, Hunton Squeeze, by Hunton Bridegroom. The chief lots, with their purchasers, were as follows:—

| | | Gs. |
|---|---|---|
| Hunton Billy ... ... ... ... | Capt Keene ... ... | 11 |
| Hunton Baron ... ... ... | Mr. F. Redmond ... | 30 |
| Hunton Justice (late Panel)... .. | Mr J C. Stephens ... | 84 |
| Hunton Bridegroom... ... ... | Mr. T. Powell ... ... | 24 |
| Hunton Beak... ... ... ... | Mr. J. A. Whittaker ... | 20 |
| Hunton Tartar (late Belmont Tartar) ... ... ... ... | Mr. J. A. Whittaker ... | 135 |
| Hunton Honeymoon ... ... | Mr. J J. Pim ... ... | 31 |
| Hunton Drift... ... ... ... | Mr. R. Vicary ... ... | 10 |
| Hunton Scrimmage ... ... ... | Mr. J. A Whittaker .. | 20 |
| Hunton Brigantine ... ... ... | Mr. Jolliffe ... ... | 16 |
| Hunton Brisk ... ... ... | Mr. Ellis ... ... ... | 36 |
| Hunton Blackie ... ... ... | Mr. H. Jones ... ... | 13 |
| Hunton Silence II. ... ... ... | Mr. Fallett ... ... | 13 |
| Hunton Bee ... ... ... ... | Mr. F. Redmond ... | 13 |
| Hunton Bride ... ... ... | Mr. R. Vicary ... ... | 22 |
| Champion Hunton Surety ... ... | Mr. J. H. Kelley... ... | 41 |
| Hunton Bliss... ... ... ... | Sir H. F. De Trafford ... | 70 |
| Hunton Blister ... ... ... | Mr. G. W. Howard ... | 20 |
| Hunton Bee II. ... ... ... | Mr. F. Redmond... ... | 31 |

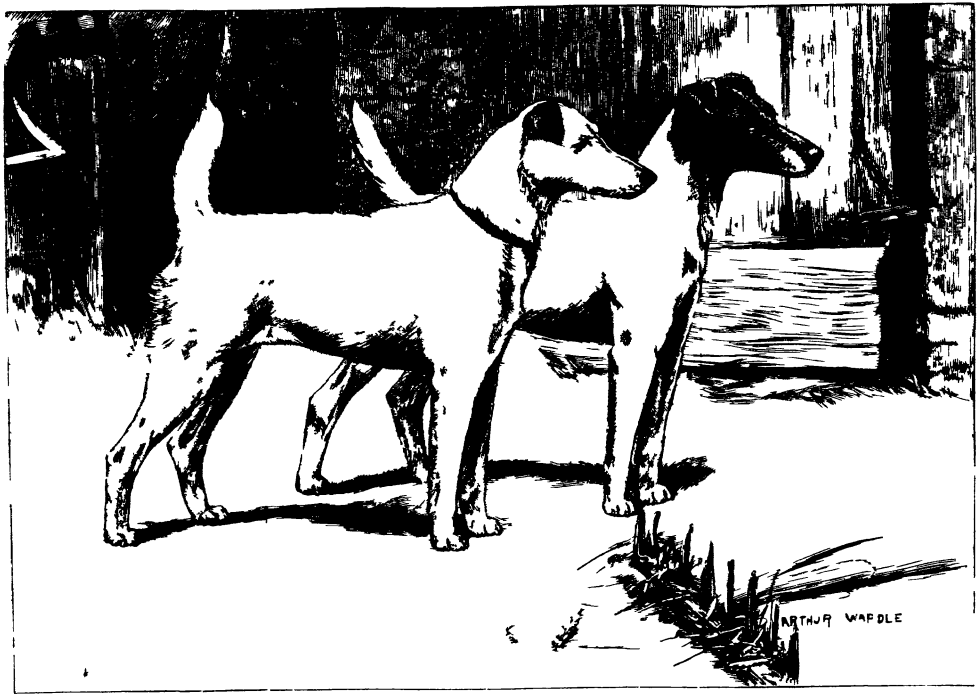
| | | Gs. |
|---|---|---|
| Hunton Barmaid ... ... ... | Dr J. A. Hosker ... | 18 |
| Hunton Scramble ... ... ... | Mr. Whittaker ... ... | 65 |
| Hunton Scuttle ... ... ... | Mr. J. C. Tinné ... ... | 12 |
| Hunton Honeycomb... ... ... | Mr. E. L. Corrie... ... | 27½ |
| Hunton Honeydew ... ... ... | Mr. R. Vicary ... .. | 14 |
| Hunton Blanche ... ... ... | Mr. Tattersall ... ... | 20 |
| Hunton Vex ... ... ... ... | Mr. R. Vicary ... ... | 13 |
| Hunton Comfit ... ... ... | Mr Hogg ... ... | 17 |
| Hunton Quantock ... ... ... | Mr Cowley ... ... | 28 |
| Hunton Bout... ... ... ... | Mr Huntbach .. ... | 20 |
| Hunton Chief Justice ... ... | Mr Whittaker .. .. | 37½ |
| Hunton Jove ... ... ... ... | Mr T. Powell ... ... | 10 |
| Hunton Jostle ... ... ... | Mrs Lawrence ... ... | 10 |
| Hunton Jingle ... ... ... | Mr. Mansell ... .. | 14 |
| Hunton Brawl ... ... ... | Mr. A. H. Clarke ... | 10½ |
| Hunton Task... ... .. ... | Mr. Kelley . .. | 36 |
| Hunton Dulcibelle ... ... ... | Mr. R. Vicary ... | 12 |
| Hunton Dulcie ... ... ... | Mr. A. H. Clarke ... | 28 |
| Hunton Janet ... ... ... | Mr. J. J. Pim ... ... | 11 |
| Hunton Hush ... ... ... | Mr F Redmond ... | 20 |
| Hunton Skittish ... ... ... | Mr. W. H. Taylor .. | 15 |
| Hunton Squeeze .. ... ... | Mr. Kelley .. . | 70 |
| Hunton Justicia ... ... ... | Mr. R. Vicary .. ... | 20 |
| Hunton Crazy . . ... ... | Mr T. Powell ... ... | 10 |
| Hunton Briskly .. ... ... | Mr Baxter . . | 20 |
| Hunton Pert ... ... ... ... | Mr T. Powell .. . . | 17 |
| Hunton Hebe ... ... ... | Mr Kelley . ... | 20 |
| Hunton Scrambler .. ... ... | Mr. Whittaker . . .. | 65 |
| Hunton Just ... ... ... ... | Mr Lougest . . ... | 14 |
| Hunton Best Man ... ... ... | Mr. Lawrence . | 10 |
| Hunton Beam ... ... ... | Mr Kelley ... | 36 |
| Hunton Jool ... . . ... . . | Mr Powell . ... | 10 |

Hunton Baron and Honeymoon were afterwards resold to the no inconsiderable advantage of their purchasers by auction.

Mr. J. C. Tinné, who has for so many years been the popular secretary to the Fox Terrier Club and whilom one of our best and most celebrated amateur oarsmen, hard by the New Forest in Hampshire, spends his leisure amongst his terriers. He has had them for twenty-five years or more,

and is usually to be found with from thirty to seventy in his kennels, varying of course with the time of year. The puppies are mostly out at walk, the adults are kept at home, and, although fewer are bred during the winter months than in the summer, their production is continued more or less during the year through With so many dogs, and having had his strain so long, an unusual list of celebrities may be given as having at one time or another been either owned or bred by Mr Tinné, the best of them as follows Brockenhurst Joe, Pickle, Buff, Darkie, Dickon, Brockenhurst Spice (whose blood runs in every terrier but one now in the Brockenhurst kennels), Deacon Ruby, Diamond Dust, Diadem, New Forest, Hunton Darkie, Newcombe, High Spirits, Brockenhurst Tyke, Pendennis, New Forest Ethel, First Arrival, Kate Cole, Ethel Newcome, Lyndhurst Vixen, Brockenhurst Trinket, Adam Bede, Brockenhurst Agnes, Hester Sorrel, Pete Quilliam, and others The last-named dog as a puppy was shown at the Club's show at Cheltenham in 1901, where, although too young to beat the few placed over him, he attracted marked attention, being pronounced as likely to turn out the best dog seen for a considerable time However, distemper carried Pete off a few weeks after the show, and fox terrier owners mourned the loss of so promising a dog.

During the past half dozen years no one has been more successful as an exhibitor of fox terriers than Mr Francis Redmond, of Whetstone House, Totteridge Still I must confess an inability to appreciate some of his dogs, and in type he has not always been so consistent as he is to-day, owing no doubt to the fact that certain of his best terriers came into his possession by purchase Still these purchases have proved wise ones, and to them is due the




DAME FORTUNE AND D'ORSAY

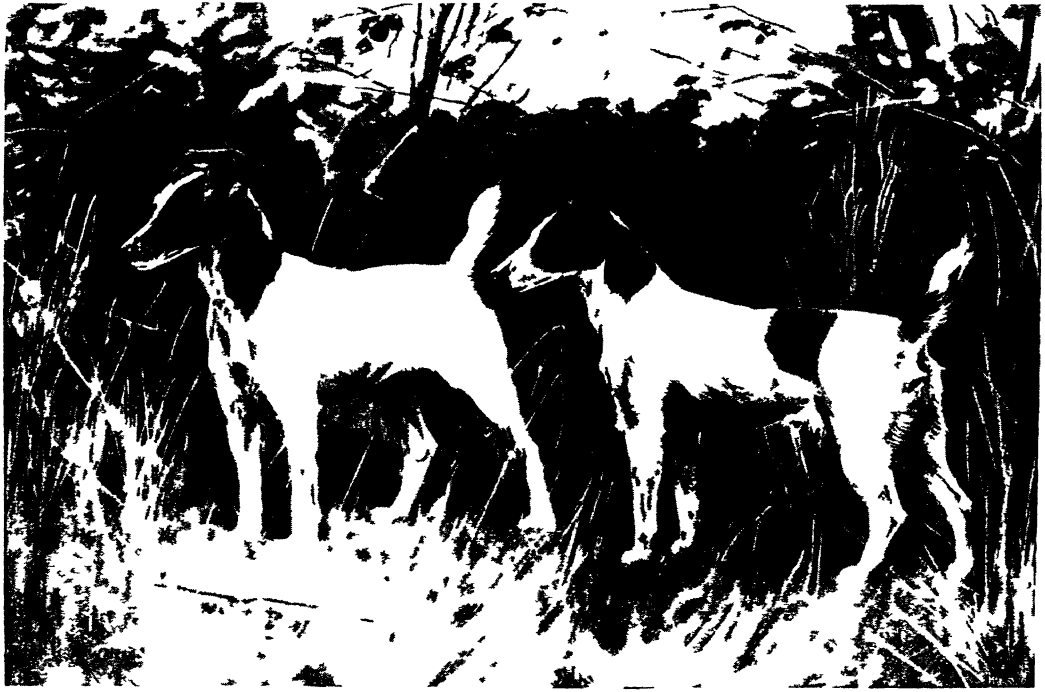
almost phenomenal success attained by dogs from this kennel. The crack D'Orsay, bred by Mr. J. W. Toomer near Swindon, was bought for 200*l.*, and Mr. Arthur Wardle produces his portrait on another page. Since D'Orsay left Mr. Toomer, by whom he had been successfully shown as Russley Toff, D'Orsay has never been beaten by one of his own sex, and indeed appears to have occupied the position Result so well graced a few years earlier. D'Orsay, by Stipendiary—Ruffle II., was born in 1889, since which time he has repeatedly won the Fox Terrier Club's challenge cup as well as other leading prizes. He weighs 17lb., is a smart, corky little dog, whose ears are not always as well carried as they are in the illustration. I do not like the placement of his shoulders, and generally he is no favourite of mine, though with one or two exceptions I must confess to being alone in this opinion. He is a game terrier, and considerable sympathy was felt for him, when, during the autumn of 1894, in chasing a rabbit, he fell over a cliff, breaking one leg, and in other respects injuring himself so much that his show career was ended. D'Orsay at the time this is being written is alive and fresh for an old dog. Mr. Redmond on one occasion refused an offer of 500*l.* for his favourite.

A better terrier, so far as character is concerned, was Digby Grand, a workman every inch of him to look at, and first shown by Mr. G. Raper; whilst Dominie, bred by Mr. T. W. Twyford, by his dog Pitcher, and good enough to win at Birmingham in 1894, when nearly five years old, was also characteristic. Mr. Redmond likewise purchased a white dog, with an unusually long face, which he called Despoiler. He was bred by Mr. Owen, of Shrewsbury, and shown by him as Belmont Terror. This dog, with his small, pig-like

eyes, was quite the antipodes of the other two cracks Mr. Redmond had in his kennels at the same time. A lady exhibitor, Mrs. Lawrence (Monmouthshire), ultimately became the owner of Despoiler for something like 300*l.*, at which sum he was no bargain.

However, to my mind, the best dog Mr. Redmond ever purchased was Mowbray Huntsman, a terrier which made a first appearance at the Fylde Show in 1899. He was then the property of Mr. Jordison, of Thirsk, who had purchased him for 8*l.* from his breeder Holland, huntsman to the Bedale hounds. Mr. Redmond paid 200*l.* for this dog, whose career on the bench was cut short by an attack of paralysis which resulted in the loss of use of one of his forelegs About 18½lb. weight, "Dreadnought" (his name was changed to) is as perfect a terrier as could be imagined, having all the character such a dog should possess, with the beautiful neck and shoulders, symmetrical body, and powerful hind quarters so desirable. He may be called an improved edition of those two grand terriers Buffet and Nimrod. Mr. Redmond has bred a number of excellent bitches, the best of them being Diadem, Diamond Dust (grand-dam of Vesuvian, who was sire of Vesuvienne), Dame D'Orsay; a daughter of Despoiler and Dame D'Orsay, called Dame Fortune; the latter's daughter Donna Fortuna by Dominie; and, best of all, Duchess of Durham, by Durham (litter brother to Donna Fortuna)—Duchess of Doncaster. Minor lights from this kennel have been or are Daddy, Donington, Divorcée, Dalby, and Don Cesario, the latter sold in 1902 to Mr. A. Belmont, of New York.

Donna Fortuna made a most successful *début* at the autumn show of the Kennel Club in 1894, and followed up this success by winning all before her at the Crystal Palace,



DREADNOUGHT AND DUCHESS OF DURHAM

Northampton, Derby, and Birmingham the same year. At the Fox Terrier Club's show she not only secured the challenge cup (value fifty guineas), but about 100*l.* in money likewise, thus establishing a double record, for no other fox terrier bitch puppy had previously won the cup (Venio had won it as a dog), nor had any other smooth-coated fox terrier ever won so much money at one show. She is a smart, level-topped, and shapely terrier, and would, we fancy, be the best bitch that has been brought out for years —but there is an "if"—if she were more nicely marked and was not so bull-terrier like in colour round the eyes. Her ears are liver or brown in colour, and they, with her red-rimmed eyes, mar her expression considerably. Still, as being at any rate the best bitch of her year, she is reproduced in company with her kennel companion D'Orsay. She was sold to Mr. Paterson, of Edinburgh, for 300*l.*

A better bitch is her daughter Donna Fortuna, by Dominie, who, making her *début* as a puppy in 1897, has pretty well carried all before her since, winning the challenge cup on six occasions, and generally being considered invincible. A *bonâ fide* offer of 500*l.* has been refused for Donna Fortuna. Still, I like her young kennel companion Duchess of Durham the better of the two, and few will gainsay the opinion that this bitch has not yet been excelled. Her weight, 16lb., is perfect, and throughout built on all the lines one would seek in a working terrier, she abounds in quality, has great bone, and is as active and "lish" as a cat. She might, perhaps, be improved, were she a little stronger in the muzzle. Anyhow I take her to be one of the best half-dozen fox terriers ever produced. She was pupped in April, 1899.

An interesting picture of the crack terriers from this kennel, and which was published in photogravure

by Mr. Mansell, of 1, Orleston Road, Holloway, is the work of Arthur Wardle, and as "The Totteridge Eleven" will come to have historical value in the future, as indicating the perfection to which the fox terriers had been brought at the time it was painted. That Mr. Redmond's terriers are game to the backbone goes without saying. I have seen how "Duchess" and "Donna" can fight and punish each other, whilst drafts from the kennel are doing good work with hounds.

Mr. E. M. Southwell (Shropshire), a painstaking and careful promoter of the fox terrier's excellence, has from time to time introduced many first rate dogs. The wall-eyed bitch Sutton Viola was a great favourite of mine; so was old Shovel, notwithstanding his bad temper; whilst the bitch Surety is about as neat a one as we have seen for some time, and, as I anticipated in the first edition of this volume, was not long in working her way into the winners' classes. Other good dogs of Mr. Southwell's were Success and Sundial, the latter bought by Mr. Raper, the former by Mr. J. A. Whittaker, but since their day, although owning a few terriers, Mr. Southwell has not quite kept up with the times in this respect, though his strains excel in character, and his Sinfi Lovell was a capital specimen.

Undoubtedly one of our oldest admirers of the fox terrier, and one of our best all-round judges, is Mr. George Raper, a son of the late Tom Raper, who behind the slips, with a couple of greyhounds in them, has had no superior. When residing at Wincobank, near Sheffield (his present place is Richmond Grange, Gomersal, near Leeds), Mr. Raper had a valuable kennel of terriers, as well as of other dogs, but earlier in his career he gave pretty much of his attention to the fox terrier. Thus he has had many of the

best through his hands, and in Raby Tyrant and Richmond Olive he owned a brace of terriers of the highest class; indeed, Olive was the bitch of her year. However, both were ultimately sold to go to America, the former for 100*l.*, the latter for double that sum. Raby Reckon and Raby Mixer have always been in the leading rank at our big shows. Delta (afterwards Richmond Delta), claimed by Mr. Raper at Buxton show in 1884 for 100*l.*, and later put up to auction and bought by him for 110*l.*, was supposed to be the best bitch of her day, her chief defect being in her moderate feet and ankles. Mr. Raper has had a number of other valuable and good bitches, the best of them being Pet Pearl, Sutton Safety, Richmond Sanctum, and Greno Jewel, whilst his best dogs of recent years were Claud Duval, sold to America for 250*l.*, Richmond Peerless, and Sundial. At the present time, and for three or four years, Mr. Raper has concentrated his energies on wire-haired terriers, which are dealt with in another chapter.

Mr. J. A. Doyle (Crickhowel), already alluded to as the writer of the admirable article on fox terriers in the "Book of the Dog," if he has not succeeded in winning the grand challenge cup periodically offered at some leading shows, has produced terriers with jackets on them to keep their insides warm. Beggarman had a coat to be proud of—a smooth coat proper, close and hard, and crisp and strong; one that gives the lie to those who say a thick coat must of necessity be soft and fluffy; and awful jackets have some of the minor terriers that occasionally win, such as will absorb a shower of rain like a sheet of blotting paper does our ink. Mr. Doyle has likewise shown a number of other dogs which are pretty well in the front rank both for show and work. Indeed, this famous exhibitor seems

to give more heed to the hardiness and working capacities of his terriers than he does to their actual appearance. The Carte Blanche he showed at Cheltenham in 1901 I liked immensely.

One of the bad-coated dogs was Mr. Luke Turner's (Leicester) Spice, a wonder in head and ears and form, but with almost all his tail taken off, and wofully weak in his pasterns, both before and behind. He did a lot of winning in his time, but doctors differed as to his merits, for I remember well enough at one of the Kennel Club shows the Rev. Cecil Legard dismissing him without a card. Ultimately Spice went to America a three figures sale, but did not survive his expatriation long, as one day his kennel companions, a team of deerhounds, resenting his British bounce, killed him. Mr. Turner has had many better terriers, including Patch, a lovely bitch, which, owing to the confusion of names prior to the formation of the Kennel Club Stud Book, often gets mixed up with others of the same name, and thus the credit of her excellence has, perhaps, become divided. Delta was another far above the average; so was Richmond Liqueur, though a comparative puppy when she made her *début* at the Fylde (Lancashire) Show, in July, 1887, where the best judges pronounced her to be one of the most perfect terriers seen for some time, notwithstanding the fact that her tail, like that of Spice, was almost all cut off. Unfortunately, this promising young bitch died before she could make that mark likely to be hers. Richmond Jack was a cast off from the Leicester kennels, but some judges liked him; I did not, excepting as an ordinary little terrier for a companion. His head was quite incorrect in shape.

If the Leicester Kennels have to survive through an

individual, the dog to whom that honour will be due is the late Belgrave Joe. Belgrave Joe was much of the stamp of rare old Chance, but a better terrier in every particular, though he never came on to the show bench, excepting on one occasion as a stud dog surrounded by some of his progeny, because in his early years one of his ears was supposed to have been tampered with. But Joe's life at Richmond House was none the less happy because of the stain, and he lived there until old age carried him off to happy ratting grounds at the ripe old age of twenty years. I fancy through this dog comes most of the Belvoir blood so many persons value at the present time, for he was by Belvoir Joe out of White Vic, by Branson's Tartar—his Vic. Tartar was by Mr. Moore's (Appleby Hall) Ruler, from the Donnington huntsman's Fairy, whilst Branson's Vic was by Twister, some time with the Quorn, from another Vic that originally came from one of Lord Aveland's gamekeepers. This was all the so-called working strain; and when we are told that most of these terriers were good looking to boot, less surprise is expressed at the value of their blood to-day.

It may not be out of place here to say something about these Belvoir terriers, which when W. Cooper was huntsman were bred with care, as many of the earths in that country were strong, and a game dog was required to drive the fox from them. The main earth close to the Castle was supposed to be quite a sanctuary for any hunted fox until a little dog, named Doc, went under after a strong vixen, and bundled her out without very much trouble, as the same dog did many others on subsequent occasions. Mr. T. H. Scott, near Thirsk, who some years ago took particular interest in "Belvoir blood," says he was unable to trace the present

breed of Belvoir terriers further back than some forty-five years ago, when Tom Goosey was the huntsman; but his Tyrant was a celebrity in his way, which, later on, went to Sir Thomas Whichcote, who, with this assistance, bred Belvoir Venom. Still, there is always considerable unreliability about these pedigrees of terriers before the Stud Books were published, as readers, no doubt, have noticed earlier on.

It was from such strains as these, that our somewhat impure "Belvoir blood" of the present day was produced, and from it came the dog previously mentioned, Belgrave Joe, by many admirers supposed to have been the most perfect fox terrier ever produced. Be this as it may, there is no doubt he was a first-class specimen, and, at any rate, well within the first two dozen champions. Born July 31st, 1868, bred by John Branson, and purchased from him by Mr. Luke Turner, Belgrave Joe, when advancing in years and rendered impotent from disease, realised 20*l.* Previously, on more than one occasion, Mr. Turner had offered a hundred pound note for Joe, but when he went to Richmond House the prospects of his recovery were not great. However, Joe was taken into the study, and survived to the good old age already mentioned. Weighing about 18lb., he had a tan-marked head, a white body, and, what I always liked, was a trifle high on the legs (terriers are more active when so built); his neck was a little too short to please some fastidious tastes. In other respects he was perfect; shoulders, legs, feet, eyes, character, bone, coat, and form all correct; strong and powerful in his jaw, so admirably in keeping with his other proportions, that he appeared to be without an atom of coarseness about him. He

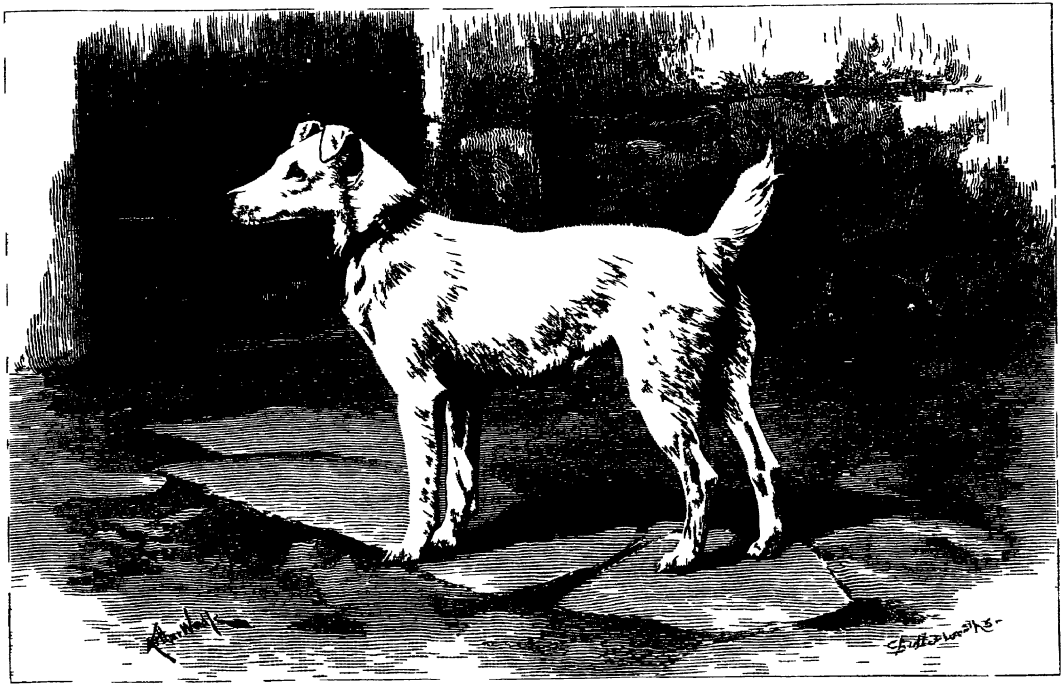
handed his good looks down to some of his sons, grandsons, great-grandsons, and great-granddaughters, and at the present time there are few of our leading fox terriers that have not, on one side or another, some drop or more of the old dog's blood coursing through their veins. There is an excellent engraving of Belgrave Joe, from the original painting by Arthur Wardle, which gives a capital idea of what the old dog looked like when past his prime.

Round about Leicester the "Pickle strain" was at one time a favourite, but did not appear to be of much use in the long run; for, although Pickle II. was an unusual success at the stud, I fancy he owed this to other dogs rather than to Old Pickle himself, who was by Old Trap—Fury, said to be from Goosey's Belvoir blood. Pickle II., owned by Mr. Turner, and later by the Rev. Owen Smith, a short, bandy-legged, long-bodied dog, with an unusually long, well-marked black and tan head, was by Tyrant IV. (brother to Burbidge's Nettle), from Olive (sister to Brockenhurst Joe), by Belgrave Joe—Tricksy, by Chance —Ruby, by Old Jock. So what blood could be better? and no wonder Pickle II. proved so successful at the stud by siring such dogs as Volo, Deacon Nettle, Daisy, Lady Grace, Diamond Dust, Partney Puzzle, Peggotty, and others.

Devonshire—for years celebrated for the sporting proclivities of its inhabitants—has always held some good terriers; probably, however, none so good for work and play (showing is play) as are now to be found on Mr. Robert Vicary's premises near Newton Abbot. From his kennels during the past quarter of a century many good terriers have sprung, animals which not only have been able to hold their own on the show bench, but could work underground whenever called upon so to do. Veni and Velasquez

were far above the average in appearance, but the best of all shown by Mr. Vicary was the white bitch Vesuvienne, who made a successful *début* at the Fox Terrier's Club show at Leicester in 1887, and had a most successful career since, on two occasions beating Result for the fifty-guinea challenge cup. Vesuvienne, bred by her owner, a white bitch of 16¾lb. weight, was a little long in the body, and not quite nice behind the shoulders. In other respects there is no fault to be found with her, excepting that perhaps the absence of markings on her head gave a somewhat bull terrier-like appearance, and she was a little cow-hocked. Her legs, bone, coat, shoulders, &c., were superb, and her loins fairly strong and powerful. But what I liked in her best was the extra thick growth of hair on the neck, a protection which all working terriers should possess. Huntsmen considered her a model; some good judges thought her the best terrier ever shown. In gameness, I am told, nothing could excel her, but she was, of course, too valuable a piece of goods to trust to the by no means tender mercies of fox or badger underground. Vesuvienne died on February 25th, 1899.

In the summer of 1889 another terrier of more than ordinary excellence was introduced from Messrs. Vicary's kennels—viz., Venio, by Vesuvian—Venilia. After being brought out at a local exhibition in Devonshire, Venio was sent to London, where he won in all the classes for which he was entered at the Kennel Club's Show, in the end securing the challenge cup likewise, the latter awarded to the best smooth-coated fox terrier of all classes. Venio was then but ten months old, but he sustained his reputation later on, when he took most of the chief prizes at Birmingham in the winter of the same year. A fatality soon after attended his dam, who was run over



VESUVIENNE

by a baker's cart and killed. The Devonshire men said "the loss of this bitch was little short of a national calamity."

But the above are not the only high class terriers Newton Abbot has produced, and from the commencement, when Mr. Vicary formed his kennel in 1872, he has periodically sent new terriers to the shows which could more than hold their own against all competitors; even when he had sold one of his cracks, Vice Regal, of which more in due course. At the Kennel Club spring show in 1894 a young dog of Mr. Vicary's, Visigoth, made a favourable first appearance, following up its successes at Portsmouth and elsewhere; later on being purchased by Mrs. Van Walchren, of Holland. I should set this dog down as a lucky one, for he is not in the first rank, of which Vesuvienne, Vice Regal, Venio, and Result were at that time the most popular examples. Other notable dogs from the Newton Abbot Kennels are Vanodel, Velocipede, Veracity (an American champion and successful sire), and Vivisco, very successful in Australia. The bitches from the Devonshire kennels have been likewise well above the average, Vicety, Valteline, Vieté, Venilia, and Vaidis, being particularly notable in their way.

Major How, at Stardens, near Gloucester, once showed an excellent type of terrier, hardy, game-looking dogs, which in many respects reminded us of the best of the old timers. Modern critics saw in such dogs as Stardens King, Stardens Sting, and some others a certain coarseness which did not meet their views, but for thorough terriers of a hardy and workmanlike appearance these dogs of Major How's were second to none. Mr. T. Whipp, of Coldstream, a very old admirer of the fox terrier, has bred some particularly smart terriers lately, of which

Douglas Jostle, Driver, Regal, Stately, and Trinket are, or were, good enough for anything. Some specially nice terriers have come from Mr. H. Carter, of Cowley, Honiton, and Mr. E. Powell, jun., of Shropshire, has for years kept and bred some of the best of terriers, well known by their prefix of "Rowton." Nor must those of Mr. W. Jordison, of Thirsk, and Mr. C. Houlker, of Accrington, be forgotten. One might, however, go on interminably almost making notes of these minor kennels, of which there are hundreds throughout the country; still, more than passing allusion must be made to another kennel which attained distinction since the second edition of this volume was printed.

Attention has been drawn on previous pages to the manner in which I contrived to get together a pretty good lot of fox terriers twenty-five years ago. To prove how time brings about changes in canine as in other matters, the particulars of the formation of the kennel once kept by Mr. S. J. Stephens at Acton, near London, may perhaps afford some evidence. In 1892 the gentleman in question, like so many others who preceded him, set his mind on fox terriers, and determined to expend something like 2000*l.* on the formation of a suitable kennel of dogs and bitches, and from which he would be likely to produce puppies worthy of their ancestors' and of their owner's reputation. At the Fox Terrier Club's show at Oxford in November, 1892, he decided to purchase, if possible, from Mr. Tinné, who had been unusually successful there, the two bitches Kate Cole and Ethel Newcome; from Mr. Vicary, Vicety and Valteline; and from Messrs. Castle and Shannon the well-bred Pamphlet.

The *Fox Terrier Chronicle* said that "Mr. Tinné was first asked what he would take for his couple of bitches,

and replied 500*l.*, Mr. Stephens offered 400*l.* Mr. Tinné then altered his mind and withdrew Kate Cole, but said he would part with Ethel for 150*l.*, and two of her puppies by Vis-a-Vis. Mr. Stephens made another offer, which was accepted. He obtained one puppy of this litter, and a second puppy by Stipendiary. At Shrewsbury show Mr. Stephens bought Vicety and Valteline from Messrs. Vicary, and Pamphlet from Messrs. Castle and Shannon. To Mr. Clouting he gave 100*l.* for Science, who had won several prizes at the Palace, and had beaten Despoiler under Mr. E. M. Southwell. The idea then occurred to Mr. Stephens that he would like Stipendiary (this dog, as the sire of D'Orsay and some others, had made a great reputation at stud), so he wired to his owner, Mr. Taylor, of Bridgnorth, its price, which was 200*l.*, and that sum was promptly paid.

"Having now obtained nine good bitches and a famous stud dog, Mr. Stephens thought he would like a great show dog, so he did not leave Mr. R. Vicary alone until he had bought Vice Regal for 470*l.* The next purchase was Charlton's Verdict. At the sale of the late Mr. Burbidge's fox terriers in 1893, Hunton Justice was knocked down to Mr. Stephens for 84*l.* He made himself a limit of 2000*l.* to set up this high-class kennel, and when he now totted down the cost of his purchases they came to a few pounds under 1800*l.* He told us himself that the first week he advertised his stud dogs he received 40*l.* in fees." This amount is not to be doubted when it is stated that the fee for Vice Regal was 10 guineas, and that for Stipendiary 5 guineas! With regard to the purchase of Vice Regal, it may be interesting to note that it was made under very unusual circumstances. Mr. Vicary did not care to part with his dog, but Mr. Stephens meant business, and ultimately

forwarded a blank cheque, with a request that Mr. Vicary would fill in the sum he thought the dog was worth, which amount would be duly met, and no questions asked. Mr. Vicary made the cheque 500*l.*, which was to include payment for a bitch already purchased for 30*l.* Thus 470*l.* was the sum given for Vice Regal, and this up to that time was the largest amount ever paid for a terrier of any description, and not a bad sum either.

Mr. Stephens at a later period said he had no reason to regret, even from the purely pecuniary point of view, the big investment he made in fox terriers. It brought him a somewhat ephemeral reputation as an exhibitor, introduced him as a judge, and generally provided him with a short-lived popularity which could scarcely be called dear at the money. But the product of these good terriers did not prove so successful as might have been the case, and gradually Mr. Stephens as an exhibitor of fox terriers came to be almost forgotten. But it is not given to any man to breed a Derby winner at will, or a fox terrier champion whenever he wishes to do so.

How different this from the manner in which the writer and others formed their kennels long years ago! My foundations cost me about 25*l.* all told; and from Riot, a bitch by Old Trap (or said to be), bought for 5*l.*; Crack, brother to Trimmer, purchased for 15*l.*; and the cost of a stud fee or two (they were not 5*l.* and 10*l.* a piece in those days), I formed a very fair kennel indeed, and bred terriers which did far more than their share of winning, including, at any rate, a couple of dogs which were about the best of their year. Crack I sold for 5*l.* more than I gave for him, then purchased Mac II. for 16*l.*, he good enough to win "the first and cup" at Birmingham in 1871, beating all

the notabilities of that time; obtained "fresh blood" from him, and a certain amount of notoriety in addition.

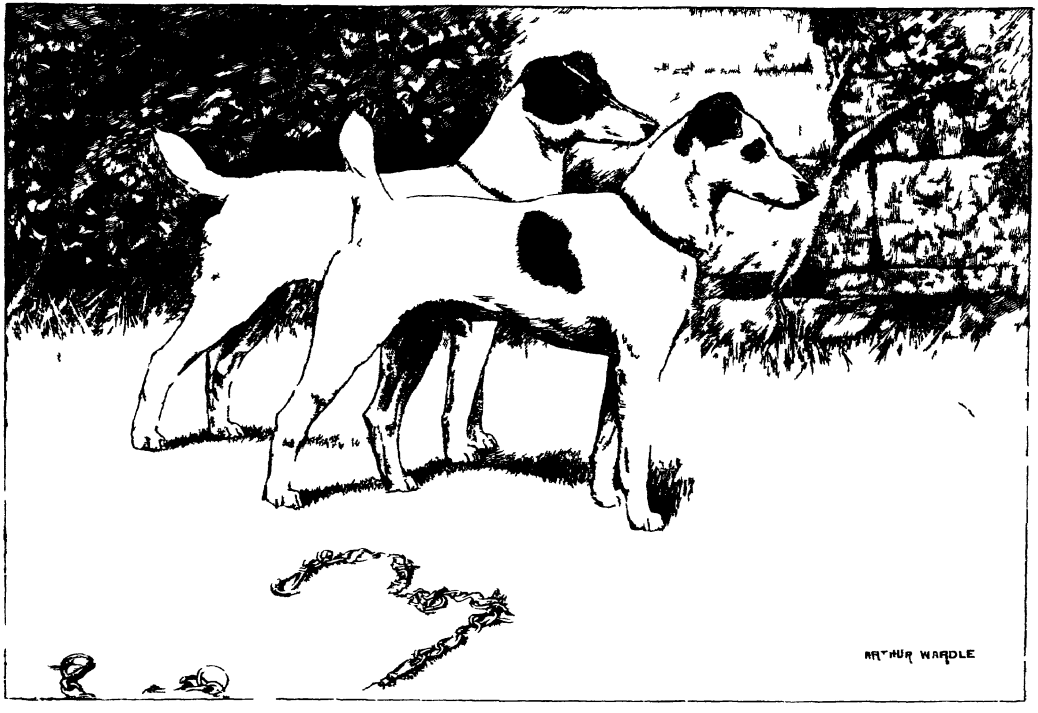
But the prices of fox terriers have advanced since that day—one worth 10*l.* then, would probably bring 100*l.* or more now, for the reason that more prizes are to be won; and if at Birmingham and other big exhibitions less money is offered now than formerly, the specialist club shows make up the deficiency by adding supernumerary prizes and special classes. For instance, at the Oxford show held in 1892, Mr. Tinné's Kate Cole took 86*l.* in prizes; Messrs. Vicary's Vice Regal 60*l.*, and altogether about 120*l.* were awarded in prizes to the various dogs shown by Mr. Vicary. Previously I have noted how Dame Fortune won 150*l.*; other terriers from her kennel winning more money, making a grand total of not far off 200*l.* at one show. At the Fox Terrier Club's show in 1897 Mr. Redmond's team won 250*l.* in cash, as well as two special cups and the 50-guinea challenge cup; in 1899 the same kennel won 148*l.* 13*s.* at the same show; in 1900, 260*l.*; and in 1901 the same kennel won 170*l.* The wins of Mr. J. C. Tinné, Mr. R. Vicary, and of Mr. E. Powell, jun., have from time to time been over 50*l.* each, on one occasion the first-named drawing hard upon 100*l.*; and in 1901 Mr. F. Reeks, by the aid of Avon Minstrel, won about 70*l.* in cash, besides the 50-guinea challenge cup and other specials. But these successes, which include awards in various produce and other stakes, necessitate large fees, and it is not unusual for an exhibitor to pay 40*l.* for his entries, and on one occasion Mr. Redmond's cheque for entries was 130*l.* Thus the prizes are not all the profit some people would imagine. The most valuable prize ever offered for competition in connection with fox terriers was the Dholpore

500-guinea gold challenge cup, originally presented by the Maharajah of Dholpore to the Ladies' Kennel Association for competition amongst its members. However, at a show held at Earl's Court in November, 1901, this handsome trophy was offered in connection with fox terriers, and open to all. It was won in the end by Mr. J. B. Dale's smooth-coated bitch Lovaine, the runner up being Mr. G. Raper's wire-haired terrier Raby Top Knot — a unique contest which will probably never be repeated.

One of our best bitches of five years ago was undoubtedly Mr. Dyer-Bennet's Lyons Sting, rather oversized perhaps—at least, she was said by some to be so—still her weight in nice condition was but 18lb. Bred by her owner (who once refused 250*l.* for her) in July, 1892, by Rowton Warrant from Lyons Nettle, she had a black and tan head which is of nice character in its expression, and she had good. well-sprung ribs, and in front had not that stilty narrowness and upright shoulders so many so-called "good" modern terriers possess. Her faults were a badly set on stern and plain hind quarters, which were more apparent in the ring than when she was amongst the rabbits and rats. First shown at Cambridge in February, 1893, she won two leading prizes, successes which were added to later on, and at the Fox Terrier Show at Wolverhampton in November, 1894, she took 60*l.* in prizes, and during her career won over 200*l.*

A far greater number of fox terriers are bred now than was the case a quarter of a century ago; indeed, when one goes carefully through the monthly registrations made at the Kennel Club and published periodically in the official gazette, the figures appear to be almost astounding.

The registration fee is one shilling, but it is not the custom to name a dog of any kind until it is fairly well




IN AN SHIN AND VENO

grown and appears likely to turn out good enough to keep; so I judge that a fair average to take will be, say, one in four born comes to be named and entered at the Kennel Club. There are usually about 180 fox terriers registered monthly at the Kennel Club, making the extraordinary number of something like 2160 annually, and, as I have suggested, that one in four born would probably be entered, we have a grand total of 9000 fox terriers bred each year. This number is, however, quite a minimum, for very many more are reared by individuals who are not exhibitors—who breed dogs for hunting and other purposes—and who are in happy ignorance as to dog shows, registration, and Kennel officials. Taking such into consideration, I should say that 12,000 fox terriers are bred in the United Kingdom each year; and it seems more than passing strange that so few good ones and no perfect specimens are ever produced amidst such a number.

Surely there never was so popular a dog, and he, unlike his noble master, does not appear to have become spoiled by flattery and by the adulations of the wealthy. In manner he remains the same as he always was; his eyes brighten and he springs up to "attention" when he hears the cry "Rats!" now, when he is worth 400*l.*, just as he did when he was a comparative "street dog" and worth less than a five-pound note. If in manners he has not changed, he has altered somewhat in appearance, for now he is too often a leggy, flat-ribbed dog, and frequently deficient in expression and character compared with what he was in his early days. Still, our leading kennels keep introducing some terrier-like dogs—Mr. R. Vicary's, Mr. Tinné's, Mr. Redmond's, Mr. Powell's, and Mr. A. H. Clarke's, to wit, and no more terrier-like animals in character

ever won a prize than the champions at the Club's show at Cheltenham in 1901. These were Mr. Reek's Avon Minstrel, a 17lb. dog, and Mr. Redmond's Duchess of Durham, a 16lb. bitch, the expression of both being most perfect, that of the dog especially so. The first named, born in August, 1900, and no doubt one of the best dogs of his year, followed up his Cheltenham success by winning all he could at Birmingham a little later, but to the chagrin of his owner died in January, 1902, from acute gastritis; a distinct loss to the fox terrier race.

Amongst the worthies connected with fox terriers Mr. L. P. C. Astley must not be forgotten. For well on to a quarter of a century he has been an exhibitor, on many occasions a popular judge of the variety, and for several years was editor of the *Fox Terrier Chronicle*. Mr. Astley, like Mr. Raper, has judged in New York, where no doubt his name is as well known in "fox terrier circles" as it is with us.

With the formation of the Ladies' Kennel Association in 1894, and a growing fondness of the fair sex for keeping dogs for exhibition purposes, it is no wonder that the fox terrier should have become a prime favourite with them. Not long ago at a Club show held in London, a dog owned by a lady won leading honours. This was Miss Hatfeild's Morden Blazer. The same lady has shown other good terriers, but the best kennels owned by women are undoubtedly those of Mrs. Bennett-Edwards near Pinner, and of Mrs. Burns in Co. Wicklow. Both ladies are frequent exhibitors of some exceedingly good terriers which quite hold their own in strong competitions, and I am inclined to believe that those of Mrs. Burns form the strongest kennel of their kind in the Emerald Isle. The Duchess of Newcastle

has also had some capital smooth-coated dogs at Clumber, but of late her grace has devoted her attention to the wire-haired variety and to her Russian wolfhounds. The Hon. Mrs. Ward, of Colwyn Bay, had at one time some good terriers, and so had Mrs. Lawrence, of Usk, Monmouthshire.

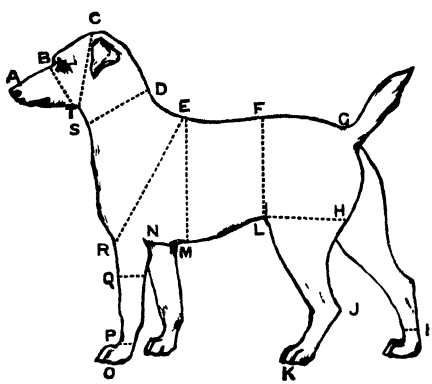
Almost every district in Great Britain contains at the present time some one or other who, to the emolument of the railway companies more than his own, shows terriers. I think a fair list of the leading kennels of smooths has already been given, but in addition to those mentioned as past or present owners or breeders of smooth-coated terriers —the wire-hairs shall have a chapter to themselves—are Mr. W. Arkwright (near Chesterfield), Messrs. Hill and Ashton (Sheffield), Rev. C. T. Fisher (Over Kellet), Rev. Owen Smith (Southport), Mr. J. J. Pim (Ireland), Mr. J. B. Dale (Darlington), Mr. Herbert Bright (Scarborough), Mr. C. Burgess (Spilsby), Mr. J. F. Scott (Carlisle), Mr. J. C. Coupe (now in Australia), Mr. T. Bassett (Surrey), Mr. J. R. Whittle (Middlesex), Capt. Openshaw (Lancashire), Mr. A. R. Wood, Capt. Frazer, Mr. F. Waddington (Durham), Mr. Jack Terry (Nottingham), Mr. A. Hargreaves, Mr. J. J. Stott (Manchester), Mr. R. Chorley (Kendal), Mr. D. H. Owen (Shrewsbury), Mr. A. Ashton (Cheshire), the Hon. Gerald Lascelles (Yorkshire), Mr. T. Hopkinson (Grantham), Mr. Joe Forman, Mr. C. R. Leach (Southport), Mrs. E. Lawrence (Usk), Mr. T. B. Sykes (Lancashire), Mr. A. W. Emms (Leicester), Mr. J. A. Whitaker (Lancashire), Mr. Sidney Castle, Mr. E. Powell, jun., Mr. A. Gillett (Lancashire), Capt. T. Keene, Mr. E. Attenburgh (London), Mr. W. H. V. Thomas (Carmarthen), Mr. R. S. Glynn, Mr. F. W. Toomer, Mr. A. Macdonald, Mr. J. Gilzean, Mr. F. Reeks, Mr. P. Howard, Mr. J. J. Holgate (Surbiton),

Mr. E. B. Andrews, Mr. C. Houlker, Mr. P. Howard, Mr. E. C. Lewis, the Rev. K. Mackenzie, Mr. F. E. Blagg, Major de Castro, the Rev. W. P. Nock, Mr. G. Musson (Barrowby), Mr. J. Denton (Doncaster), Mr. A. C. Bradbury (Notts), Mr. F. L. Evelyn, Mr. W. Harrison (Ripon), Mr. J. E. Crofts, Mr. C. E. Longmore, Dr. Hazlehurst, Mr. J. H. Shore, &c.

In the United States of America, Mr. A. Belmont, jun., has not only got together a fine kennel, but in addition he imported a clever English manager, German Hopkins, to look after its inmates, which he did most satisfactorily, until he sought a wider range for his abilities. The Messrs. Rutherford, New York; Mr. E. J. Thayer, and others in the States and Canada, followed Mr. Belmont's example, whilst Australia and New Zealand have proved themselves thoroughly English by their importations of fox terriers, and if the quarantine regulations are ever removed we may expect to find these colonies throwing down the gauntlet to the old country in friendly rivalry on the show bench, as they have done with such success in the cricket field and on the water. Our French, Belgian, and German friends, the latter with a fox terrier club of their own, have also taken kindly to the little dog, and at many of the continental shows specimens of more than average merit are continually met with, and often an Englishman is asked over to judge them. Perhaps the name of Mrs. Hoogeveen Van Walchren, of the Hague, Holland, deserves special mention, for that lady got together an excellent collection of terriers, which, before the introduction of quarantine, she was not afraid of pitting against the best of this country.

In America and Canada, pedigree is as highly valued as it is here, as will be inferred from the following story: Some little time ago I received a communication from

Philadelphia to the effect that my correspondent had purchased a fox terrier which unfortunately had no pedigree. His friends told him that such a dog was quite useless even as a rat killer or as a creature to be admired, when he did not even know the name of its sire and dam, so he would be much obliged to me if I would write him out a suitable pedigree for his little terrier. He thought one from England would be better than one manufactured at home. At the same time the correspondent would be pleased if I would hand the pedigree to "Mr. Peter Jackson"




MEASUREMENT DIAGRAM (*see p.* 110).

(at that time in London), for he lived only a few doors from the young man who wrote to me. I need scarcely tell my readers that "Mr. Peter Jackson" was a renowned coloured pugilist, but my dulness prevented me seeing the connection between a spurious pedigree and a popular "bruiser."

About twenty-one years ago the late Mr. Edward Sandell, an excellent judge of a terrier, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Caractacus," obtained the measurements, with the heights and weights, of some forty of the principal fox terriers at that time, and from them struck a general

average. These measurements were made in accordance with the figures on the diagram on the preceding page.

The averages thus obtained from the forty terriers were as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| From tip of nose to corner of eye (AB) | 2¾in. |
| From corner of eye to occiput (BC) | 4⅝in. |
| From occiput to shoulder (CE) | 5¾in. |
| From shoulder to root of stern (EG) | 13½in. |
| Round muzzle under eye (BT) | 7½in. |
| Round skull (CT) | 12⅞in. |
| Round neck (DS) | 12⅝in. |
| Round shoulder (ER) | 20¾in. |
| Round chest (EM) | 20½in. |
| Round loins (FL) | 18½in. |
| Round forehand (Q) | 5 in. |
| Round pastern (P) | 3⅜in. |
| Round hind pastern (I) | 2¾in. |
| Height (E to ground) | 14½in. |
| Hock (J to ground) | 4⅛in. |
| Weight—according to condition | 17 to 20lb. |

Rattler, at that time, was in his zenith, and, although there was always a coterie round his bench, ready and willing to pull him to pieces and run him down, he came well through his ordeal of measurement, as the following figures show: From A to B 2¾in., B to C 3¾in., C to E 5½in., E to G 13¾in. Round BT 7½in., TC 12½in., DS 13in., EM 21in., ER 21¾in., FL 16½in. Round Q 4¾in., round P 3½in., round I 2⅝in., J to ground 4⅛in., weight 20lb., height 15in.

Buffer, Saxon, General, Diver, Jester II., Bitters, Yorick, and Scamp were among the next best measurers. The longest headed dog was Sarcogen, who measured from the top of the nose to the occiput just 8in.; but he was a dog weighing 23lb., thus far too big, and otherwise he was ungainly in shape. His head was not only of this great

length, but perfect in shape and expression, he, however, stood too high on his legs, had an ugly stern, and was cow-hocked, a fault inherited from his dam, Mabel, who was by Crack—Riot, by Old Trap. Mac II. was sire of this well-nigh perfect headed dog, and the writer of this volume had the honour of breeding him, he being of the same litter as Cedric, Sally, and Bessie, alluded to on a previous page.

Now, although I do not for a moment believe that certain measurements can constitute a perfect terrier, such may, perhaps, be the means of giving some would-be exhibitors a little insight into what they are about to undertake. Now that the above figures have been reproduced, it will be at any rate interesting to see how they compare with some of our leading celebrities of the present era, viz., Mr. A. H. Clarke's well-known dog Result, Mr. Vicary's equally celebrated bitch Vesuvienne, his Venio, Mr. F. S. H. Dyer-Bennet's bitch Lyons Sting, and Mr. Redmond's Dreadnought and Duchess of Durham.

| Result. | | Vesuvienne. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| AB | 3 in. | AB | 2⅞in. |
| BC | 5 in. | BC | 4½in. |
| CE | 6⅝in, | CE | 8 in. |
| EG | 12½in. | EG | 11 in. |
| BT | 7¾in. | BT | 6½in. |
| CT | 10⅝in. | CT | 10 in. |
| DS | 10½in. | DS | 10 in. |
| ER | 18 in. | ER | 18½in. |
| EM | 18½in. | EM | 18 in. |
| FL | 15½in. | FL (round waist) | 12 in. |
| Q | 4⅜in. | Q | 4¾in. |
| P | 3 in. | P | 2⅞in. |
| I | 2⅞in. | I | 2½in. |
| E to ground | 14in. | E to ground | 14½in. |
| J to ground | 3¾in. | J to ground | 4¼in. |
| Weight | 16lb. | Weight | 16¾lb. |

| Venio. | |
|---|---|
| AB | 3¼in. |
| BC | 4½in. |
| CE | 8 in. |
| EG | 12½in. |
| BT | 7¾in. |
| CT | 11 in. |
| DS | 10½in. |
| ER | 19 in. |
| EM | 19 in. |
| FL | 15½in. |
| Q | 5 in. |
| P | 3¼in. |
| I | 3¼in. |
| E to ground | 15½in. |
| J to ground | 4¼in. |
| Weight | 19lb. |

| Lyon's Sting. | |
|---|---|
| AB | 3 in. |
| BC | 4½in. |
| CE | 6⅛in. |
| EG | 13½in. |
| BT | 7½in. |
| CT | 11⅞in. |
| DS | 11⅛in. |
| ER | 20¾in. |
| EM | 20¼in. |
| FL | 15⅝in. |
| Q | 4½in. |
| P | 3 in. |
| I | 2⅞in. |
| E to ground | 14⅞in. |
| J to ground | 3¾in. |
| Weight | 18lb. |

| Dreadnought. | |
|---|---|
| AB | 3⅛in. |
| BC | 4½in. |
| CE | 7½in. |
| EG | 12¼in. |
| BT | 7¾in. |
| CT | 12 in. |
| DS | 11¾in. |
| ER | 18½in. |
| EM | 19 in. |
| FL | 15½in. |
| Q | 4½in. |
| P | 3 in. |
| I | 2⅞in. |
| E to ground | 15½in. |
| J to ground | 4 in. |
| Weight | 18½lb. |

| Duchess of Durham. | |
|---|---|
| AB | 3 in. |
| BC | 4½in. |
| CE | 6¾in. |
| EG | 11¾in. |
| BT | 7 in. |
| CT | 10¾in. |
| DS | 10 in. |
| ER | 18½in. |
| EM | 18½in. |
| FL | 15½in. |
| Q | 4¾in. |
| P | 3 in. |
| I | 2⅞in. |
| E to ground | 14 in. |
| J to ground | 4 in. |
| Weight | 16lb. |

These measurements of half a dozen of our best modern terriers compare favourably with those of about twenty

years ago, and especially so far as the heads are concerned. As to Result, his owner tells me that the length of the head is actually 7½in., but in the two measurements he comes out 8in., through taking the tape from eye to occiput across the skull, which is 5in. ; length of nose, 3in. Mr. Sandell, when he compiled his figures, did not include any bitches, so Vesuvienne, her sex taken into consideration, comes out even better, and, when I state that the measurements of Venio were taken when he was six years old, and that he is the heaviest terrier of the batch, his figures are also excellent. Lyons Sting likewise comes out of the ordeal of figures satisfactorily, whilst of the latest champions Dreadnought and Duchess of Durham figure most satisfactorily in every way. I am sure that all admirers of the fox terrier will, as I do, thank Messrs. Clarke, Mr. Vicary, Mr. F. Redmond, and Mr. F. S. H. Dyer-Bennet for the trouble they have taken in obtaining the measurements.

I suppose there is little necessity to remind any of my readers, that even if they do possess a fox terrier with a head 7½in. in length, that stands 14½in. in height from the ground to the shoulders, and weighs 16lb., they do not, of a certainty, own a champion. Possibly, when this volume has been carefully perused, any uncertainty its readers have possessed as to the merits of their favourites may have been removed.

So much for figures alone. If one cannot select the best animals by means of numerals, can we do so by the means of points, or by any process at all? Points by which to judge are well enough in theory, but sadly out of place in practice, being wearisome, and thoroughly uncertain, for it is quite as much a matter of opinion as to how many points

may be given for a certain property, as it is of the general excellence of the animal. One judge will say, "That dog has a good head," and award the complement of points accordingly; another will say, "No, his head is not perfect, it is too thick or too narrow (as the case may be) round the skull," and he only awards three-fourths of the full number of points, and so the thing goes on. The British public like figures, and there is a show of learning about tables which is, however, rather apt to lead people astray.

A few years or so ago the editor of the *Fox Terrier Chronicle* endeavoured to find out the ten best terriers by the aid of his readers—an ingenious and interesting device; but even he and the instigators of his idea did not, I fancy, find perfection in arriving at the result sought to be achieved. Each reader of the journal in question was allowed to give one vote each for the ten fox terriers he thought to be the best. In the end forty-one papers were duly filled in and signed. These included the names of sixty-seven dogs, and at the head of all came the bitch Dorcas, for whom thirty-seven individuals voted; Mr. Luke Turner's favourite, Spice, followed with thirty-five; Mr. Murchison's old bitch, Olive, being third on the list with thirty-four. Then came Buffet, thirty-three; Result, thirty-one; Richmond Jack, seventeen; Lucifer, seventeen; Richmond Olive, sixteen; Richmond Liqueur, sixteen; Nettle, fifteen; and Belgrave Joe, fifteen. Such excellent animals were behind these as Rachel, Rattler, Sutton Veda, Brockenhurst Sting, Brockenhurst Joe, Jock, Nectar, Foiler, The Belgravian, Tyrant, Fussy, Pincher, Bedlamite, Regent, Grove Nettle, Hornet, and Bloom. Whilst Tartar, Chance, Tyke, Nimrod (bred by the author), X. L., May, Sam, Old Trap, Bellona, Hazlehurst's Patch, Diamond, to my idea,

considerably better than at least four of the selected ones, with a host of others I could name nearly or quite as good, never obtained a vote at all! Vesuvienne, Dame Fortune, Dreadnought, or Duchess of Durham, or other cracks of the present day had not made a public appearance at the time the plebiscite was taken, so are not affected thereby.

A perusal of these figures and names sets one a-thinking. Surely the forty-one voters must have been sadly partial to one strain, or at any rate peculiarly forgetful of the past, and twenty years is not far to hark back, and, lolling in a cosy chair, reproduce to our minds the mighty champions which made the name of the fox terrier famous in every household. Did those who gave a line to Belgrave Joe ever remember hearing of a dog called Chance, Joe's very image without the bar sinister the mutilated ear entailed? Did the seventeen responsible citizens who ventured their opinions for Lucifer ever hear of Tyrant, a better dog in every way than the Rev. C T. Fisher's whilom favourite? And so could one go on. Richmond Jack, a cast-off from the Leicester kennels, obtained seventeen votes! Tartar and Nimrod were worth a score of him, and fairly and squarely judged could beat him any day in the week. Surely, then, we should require a jury of experts to select the ten best smooth-coated fox terriers that have been before the public during the last quarter of a century.

Good as Belgrave Joe no doubt was, he could not be one of these, for he was never exhibited on the bench. Comparatively few persons ever saw him in the flesh, and his reputation cannot be lowered by being omitted from the list. The jury of experts is not at hand, so as far as in my power lies I will arrogate their supposititious duty to

myself, and simply say that I consider the following are the best fox terriers I ever saw. At the head of all Result shall be placed, and then come Old Jock, Chance, Tyrant, Dorcas, Buffet, Olive, Richmond Olive, Rachel, and Rattler. But one half of these are amongst the selected by the "gallant forty-one," and I venture to say that not a single individual out of that odd number will have the temerity to say that the *Fox Terrier Chronicle's* list is a better selection than mine.

The ten dogs I have selected were, or are, all-round good ones, neither too big, nor too little, nor, so far as I am aware, do they bear any brand which would prevent them occupying the highest position on any show bench in the world. Pincher I would have included, but he had but one eye when I saw him, and Tyke's brindled patch debarred him, in my humble opinion, from figuring amongst the "immortals." Spice had a soft coat, and no tail to speak of; Richmond Liqueur had the latter defect almost intensified, and was but a puppy when she died; Richmond Jack's head and face were quite out of shape when compared with those a perfect fox terrier should possess. Lucifer is not class enough to be included, but I am not quite so certain about Nettle, and little harm would be done were she one of my selections. However, above is the list I have been asked to compile, and I believe it contains the names of the ten best fox terriers I ever saw, *i.e.*, so far as the show ring is concerned. Their credentials by mountain and meadow may form another theme. If they were not "workmen" in the usual sporting acceptation of the term, I can only say—their looks belied them.

Of course, since the *Chronicle's* list was compiled many good terriers have been produced, and the names of most

of them have already been mentioned. I should say that since that time the six best fox terriers have been, or are, Vesuvienne, Venio, Vice Regal, Donna Fortuna, Duchess of Durham, and Dreadnought.

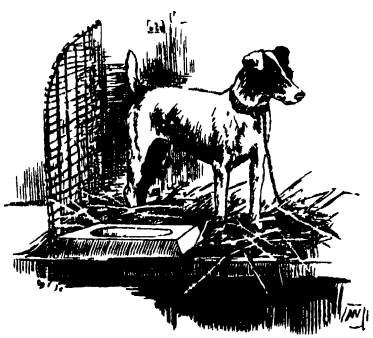
All I have written must surely convey an impression that at the present time the smooth-coated fox terrier is the most popular quadruped ever existent. There is a magazine or newspaper published each month called the *Fox Terrier Chronicle*, established as far back as March, 1883; there are at least ten fox terrier clubs in being, and every other man you meet in the street considers himself a right good judge of the variety. Who would ever have thought all this could have sprung from the few fox terriers shown at Birmingham less than thirty-five years ago; but time works changes, and no one can tell how the fancy dog may be a quarter of a century hence.

There will always be a great difference of opinion as to the respective merits and otherwise of any terriers, for even in doggy matters it sometimes occurs that what is "one man's meat is another man's poison." This was so in our early days, when there was, perhaps, quite as much difference in type as there is at the present time. I have drawn attention to the weedy, light boned, ill-tempered, but gaudily coloured, black and tan headed Trimmer, yet when he was winning all before him for Mr. Murchison (who, by the way, had paid far into "three figures" for the little dog) there were other terriers in the same kennel which were as unlike the "champion" as possible, and it is quite likely that their blood and breeding were similarly diverse.

Animals like Turco, Renard, and Vandal were all oversized, and not very far removed from bull terriers in

appearance. Still they were brought under certain judges who considered them fox terriers pure and simple, and awarded them honours as such. The gentlemen who officiated in those days could easily enough be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and the "specialist reporter" was not so advanced and independent in his opinions as, for the most part, he is to-day.

Perhaps, after all, there would be an unpleasant similarity in the fox terrier if each animal were precisely the same in type, character, and appearance as his neighbour. In any case it would be somewhat monotonous for the judge, who would thus have to decide between individuals only so far as straight well-formed limbs, neatly dropping ears, and general symmetry are concerned.



# CHAPTER IV.

EIGHT GOOD DOGS—THE FOX TERRIER CLUB'S SCALE OF POINTS—A PRIZE DESCRIPTION—GENERAL IDEAS—WITH OTTER HOUNDS—MR. VICARY'S OPINION—CHARLIE LITTLEWORTH ON TERRIERS — WORKING AND TRAINING—COURSING RABBITS—COMPARISONS BY MR. DOYLE.

THOSE who desire to see the fox terrier as he is or ought to be, have had their wishes gratified by the portraits of Result and Vesuvienne, of Venio and of Lyons Sting, of D'Orsay and Dame Fortune, of Dreadnought and the young bitch Duchess of Durham, on preceding pages. All have already been described, and my opinion as to their respective merits is pretty well known. Result was my favourite until Duchess of Durham came out, and when the former first appeared in public I pronounced him such an extraordinary dog that his like would not be seen for many years. His owners believed the same, and the correctness of the opinions then expressed has been amply borne out. It is only natural for the Devonshire men and Mr. R. Vicary to believe their bitch Vesuvienne to be the better of the couple, and there are two or three exemplary judges who agree with them.

Venio is likewise a very good dog; he has attained champion honours, and he "wears" well. Lyons Sting, though perhaps not so well known as the others, was undoubtedly a bitch of high class, and, to my mind, one of the two best of her sex which appeared on the show bench during 1893-4. D'Orsay, by his successes for so many years, claims a right to appear in these pages; so does his kennel companion Dame Fortune, because she was the best bitch in 1894, and until Donna Fortuna came out and did even better than her dam. Of Dreadnought's good qualities less is known, owing to his early retirement from the bench, but Duchess of Durham by never getting beaten by one of her sex up to the time this is being written—early in 1902—her qualifications as one of the best of her race cannot be gainsaid. However, the portraits of all are good, and my readers can make their own selection, compare the old style with the new, and, when they have done so, perhaps interest may be found in bringing any or all of them alongside the description and points of the smooth fox terrier as drawn up and adopted by the Fox Terrier Club. These are as follows:

1. HEAD.—The *Skull* should be flat and moderately narrow, and gradually decreasing in width to the eyes. Not much "stop" should be apparent, but there should be more dip in the profile between the forehead and top jaw than is seen in the case of a greyhound.

The *Cheeks* must not be full.

The *Ears* should be V-shaped and small, of moderate thickness, and dropping forward close to the cheek, not hanging by the side of the head like a foxhound's.

The *Jaw*, upper and under, should be strong and muscular; should be of fair punishing strength, but not so

in any way to resemble the greyhound or modern English terrier. There should not be much falling away below the eyes. This part of the head should, however, be moderately chiselled out, so as not to go down in a straight line like a wedge.

The *Nose*, towards which the muzzle must gradually taper, should be black.

The *Eyes* should be dark in colour, small, and rather deep set, full of fire, life and intelligence; as nearly as possible circular in shape.

The *Teeth* should be as nearly as possible level—*i.e.*, the upper teeth on the outside of the lower teeth.

2. NECK.—Should be clean and muscular, without throatiness, of fair length, and gradually widening to the shoulders.

3. SHOULDERS.—Should be long and sloping, well laid back, fine at the points, and clearly cut at the withers.

CHEST.—Deep and not broad.

4. BACK.—Should be short, straight, and strong, with no appearance of slackness.

LOIN.—Should be powerful and very slightly arched. The fore ribs should be moderately arched, the back ribs deep; and the dog should be well ribbed up.

5. HIND QUARTERS.—Should be strong and muscular, quite free from droop or crouch; the thighs long and powerful; hocks near the ground, the dog standing well up on them like a foxhound, and not straight in the stifle.

6. STERN.—Should be set on rather high, and carried gaily, but not over the back or curled. It should be of good strength, anything approaching a "pipe-stopper" tail being especially objectionable.

7. LEGS.—Viewed in any direction must be straight,

showing little or no appearance of an ankle in front. They should be strong in bone throughout, short and straight to pastern. Both fore and hind legs should be carried straight forward in travelling, the stifles not turned outwards. The elbows should hang perpendicular to the body, working free of the side.

FEET.—Should be round, compact, and not large. The soles hard and tough. The toes moderately arched, and turned neither in nor out.

8. COAT.—Should be straight, flat, smooth, hard, dense, and abundant. The belly and under side of the thighs should not be bare.

COLOUR.—White should predominate; brindle, red, or liver markings are objectionable. Otherwise this point is of little or no importance.

7. SYMMETRY, SIZE, AND CHARACTER.—The dog must present a general gay, lively, and active appearance; bone and strength in a small compass are essentials, but this must not be taken to mean that a fox terrier should be cloggy, or in any way coarse—speed and endurance must be looked to as well as power, and the symmetry of the foxhound taken as a model. The terrier, like the hound, must on no account be leggy, nor must he be too short in the leg. He should stand like a cleverly made hunter, covering a lot of ground, yet with a short back, as before stated. He will then attain the highest degree of propelling power, together with the greatest length of stride that is compatible with the length of the body. *Weight* is not a certain criterion of a terrier's fitness for his work—general shape, size, and contour are the main points; and if a dog can gallop and stay, and follow his fox up a drain, it matters little what his weight is to a pound or so. Though,

roughly speaking, it may be said he should not scale over 20lb. in show condition.

SCALE OF POINTS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Head and Ears ... ... | 15 | |
| 2. Neck ... ... ... ... | 5 | |
| 3. Shoulders and Chest ... ... | 15 | |
| 4. Back and Loin... ... | 10 | |
| 5. Hind Quarters ... ... ... | 5 | 100 |
| 6. Stern ... ... ... ... | 5 | |
| 7. Legs and Feet ... ... . | 20 | |
| 8. Coat ... ... .. ... | 10 | |
| 9. Symmetry, Size, and Character... | 15 | |

DISQUALIFYING POINTS.

1. NOSE.—White, cherry, or spotted to a considerable extent with either of these colours.
2. EARS.—Prick, tulip or rose.
3. MOUTH.—Much undershot or much overshot.

At the risk of "over-doing" our popular friend, I venture to quote a "prize description" of the fox terrier, written by the late Mr. E. Welburn, of Beverley, and which gained for him the 5*l.* honorarium offered by the *Fox Terrier Chronicle*. It is pithy, terse, to the point, and just what would be expected from my lamented friend.

"The fox terriers are in two varieties, viz., smooth-coated and wire-coated, and, with this exception, they are one and the same dog. The HEAD should be long with level narrow skull, the under jaw deep, flat, and of sufficient length so that the teeth are level in the mouth, the EYES well set and of deep hazel colour, with a keen determined expression, the face should be well filled in under the eyes, and carrying the strength fairly well to the muzzle end;

EARS small, V-shaped, and of fair strength, set well on the head and dropping down forward, with the points in a direct line to the eye; the NECK should be of fair length, clean under throat, gradually strengthening and gracefully set into the SHOULDERS, which should be long and well laid back, finishing clean and fine on the top; the CHEST narrow and brisket deep, with elbows placed well under; the FORE LEGS should be absolutely straight, with good strong round bone carried right down to the FOOT, which should be short with well raised toes; the BACK short with strong loin, the ribs should go well back, be deep and well sprung, the set on of stern should be rather high and gaily carried, the full strength of the tail to be carried out from the set on to the end, and not curl or come too much over the back: the HIND QUARTERS strong and muscular, free from droop; thighs long and fair breadth, with stifles not too straight, and hocks near the ground; the movement of the dog should be level and straight all round, and free from swing on the elbows or twirl of the hocks, the character of the dog greatly depending on his appearance, which must be smart and sprightly, full of determination, at the same time clean in finish, with a workmanlike and gentlemanly appearance combined; the COAT of the smooth variety should be straight and flat, lying very close, dense and hard, whilst the wires should have one undercoat and an overcoat of strong wiry hair, which should handle like bristles; the WEIGHT of dogs should not exceed 18½lb. and bitches 16½lb.; the COLOUR most desirable being black and tan marked head, with white body, this colour gives the dog a more hardy look than either tan or lemon markings."

Little additional is there now to be said as to the smooth fox terrier, and my general experience of him as a dog is,

that properly trained and entered he cannot yet be beaten. Of course there are soft-hearted fox terriers as there are pointers and setters that may be gun-shy, but such are as much the exception in one case as in the other. That he is so little used in actual fox hunting is a matter to deplore. Some time ago, when reading that volume of the Badminton Library which deals with hunting, I was mightily surprised to see so little allusion to terriers. Yet the writer, the late Duke of Beaufort, was a hunting man, one who loved to hear his hounds "singing" in their kennels at night, and was never so happy as when the favourite flowers of his pack were making it warm for bold reynard across the meadows of the Midlands. Terriers are only mentioned three times throughout the volume—in one place where they are recommended as assistants to harriers when trying along a hedgerow; again, as likely to be useful to the earthstopper; and on a third occasion as requisites for otter hunting. This neglect notwithstanding, a good fox terrier can still be useful in driving a fox from a drain, and our modern strains may do their duty as well as the best that ever ran between John o' Groats and Land's End. When once properly entered, a fox terrier never seems happy until he gets it—the fox—driven from his lurking place underground.

Most of the modern kennels scarcely contain a soft-hearted terrier, and many of these terriers are regularly trained, broken to ferrets and rabbiting, whilst some few are seen hanging on the skirts of hounds to follow their legitimate avocation. Mr. Vicary will tell us of some of their work in Devonshire; in Westmoreland I had terriers which were as good as his, though my experience gave me the impression that a really hard season with otter hounds

was more than a smooth-coated modern fox terrier could stand. A little dog I had, Tom Firr by name, so-called after that well-known huntsman, and because the terrier's dam was Spruce, was well tried; he ran with the Kendal Otter Hounds at least two seasons, and kennelled with them too. The cold streams of the north, running for the most part over and through limestone, were too much for him at times; and, though an extraordinary, sturdily-made, great-boned little fellow, he had often to be carried at the end of a hard day. He was keen, too keen, for he would swim with the hounds like one of themselves, and was, perhaps, knocked up when his proper duties were only about being required.

All terriers should be kept in a leash whilst hounds are running, and their strength reserved until the time comes for them to go to ground. They may have hard work to drive a fox, certainly such is before them if the otter has reached his stronghold. The otter, too, requires more than barking and baiting to drive him, and I have had smooth terriers that would stay with an otter till the roll-call, baying him all the time and showing his whereabout, but never fighting him and driving their antagonist into the open. Tom Firr, just alluded to, was quite five hours at an otter under a harbour of roots, the only terrier out with hounds that day that would really go to ground. There he yelped and barked himself hoarse, and, do what the hunters could, the otter would not budge—even jumping on the ground overhead was not sufficient to stir him. Then a messenger was sent a distance of four miles or more for another terrier, which, arriving fresh on the scene, in due course, sniffed into the hole, waggled his tail, went out of sight, and in five minutes a great otter bolted, both terriers,

amid loud tally-ho's, following their game into the pool, where, after a fine swim and hunt, he was in due course killed. I have seen fox terriers bark rats out of a tree root, and even out of a hole, and my old bitch Riot was a curiosity in this way, for she would stuff her nose into a hole or opening of any kind, and there give tongue loudly enough almost to rouse the Seven Sleepers. Anyhow she usually alarmed the rats, which plumped into the water and were then soon killed. She was as quick as lightning at this game, and in the sport of boyhood's days she quite broke the heart of a favourite bull terrier of mine, also a keen rat hunter, by killing every one before he could get near them. This went on so long and to such an extent that the bull terrier ultimately refused to hunt at all when Riot was present, and so he was sent away. As a watch dog in a Lancashire warehouse I am told he did not prove a success.

Riot I had well-nigh lost, and when she was heavy in pup too. We had a few rats in the cellar at home, and the old bitch was fond of watching for them as they came out of a small hole in the wall. She had been missed for an hour or so, and going down into the aforesaid cellar there was the terrier with her head tightly jammed in a hole so small that one would wonder how even a rat could get through. There the poor thing was as fast as possible, and I had sent one of the servants for a neighbouring mason to bring his hammer and tools to free her, when just before his arrival I managed to get her released. She had, no doubt, rushed with such force and at so great a pace towards a rat disappearing in the hole that her head became jammed as we found it. Luckily Riot, excepting for some slight abrasions, was little the worse for her

accident, and I need scarcely say that "hole in the wall" was carefully plastered up.

Of course there are some terriers that will take more naturally to work than others, but any of mine, when once they got to go underground, could scarcely be kept above the surface. That son of old Brockenhurst Rally, who distinguished himself during a run with the Belvoir a few seasons ago, must have been one of the precocious variety. He was only about seven months old when the above hounds ran a fox to ground in a drain near to where the puppy (belonging to the Messrs. Clarke) was being reared. Without any preparatory lesson, when asked to do so, the pup speedily followed reynard through all the sinuosities of a long drain, ultimately bolting him, and this much to the delight of the field. Mr. A. H. Clarke also tells me that some years ago he had a tan marked bitch, "Gedling Tidy," who ran for seven seasons with the South Notts hounds, and was so staunch to fox that she would never look at ground game or vermin of any kind. By no means was it unusual for this bitch, when hounds were at fault, to work out a cold line, and actually lead the pack across the first field, when, scent becoming warmer, of course hounds soon left their little friend in the rear.

No doubt Tidy was a bitch far beyond the ordinary standard, and when she died she bore the hall-marks of her excellence. Still, any one who has kept and worked terriers will be able to enlarge upon equally doughty deeds their favourites have accomplished. I was once offered a good looking bitch, whose excellences were pointing partridges and retrieving them when shot. Some of my own have often been found useful on a grouse moor late in the season, working within twenty yards, and preventing

the sly old cocks running back and getting up with a "whirr" and a "beck-beck" behind you. Many a pheasant, too, has my little white dog Grip found; and to see his stumpy tail going from side to side was a certain sign that game was about. This same terrier, though taking water freely, did not care about leaping from a bank. A cock pheasant, to a "neat right" of a friend of mine, had fallen into the river, at that time running in flood and at a great pace. Grip was there on the bank, and leaning down I let him drop some three feet into the stream. He knew where the "longtail" was floating away sea-wards, and, striking out, soon had him in his jaws. It was hard work with such a mouthful making his way against the current, but, swimming by the side, he came up to me, and, leaning over, I took the bird from him and then lifted the clever little dog on to *terra firma*. Shaking himself and being caressed for his excellent performance, he was not long before he was drying his jacket by bustling the rabbits about in a thick and prickly piece of covert. A modern smooth-haired fox terrier will do duty of any kind equally as well as any other terrier, if properly trained and brought up so to do; but for work in the rain and water, labourers' rough duty in fact, he will not be found so hardy as the cross-bred animal of some of the best strains.

Time after time has it been stated that the "show dog" is a fraud when he has to earn his living in driving foxes and killing vermin. Possibly he may be so, for an owner with a terrier worth a couple of hundred pounds is scarcely likely to run any risk with him. In an earth he may be smothered by a fall of soil or buried by some displacement of rock; and in killing the largest descriptions of

vermin, foulmarts and the like, his ears may be split and his face torn. If scars on the latter do give an appearance of gameness, they do not enhance his beauty, and, after all, the latter goes a long way on the show bench. A commoner and less valuable dog will do the work equally well, and if he be killed or maimed no great loss results to his owner, such as would arise on a champion's destruction. Still he will always kill his rat and hunt his rabbit, and what pleasanter occupation can he have? Nowadays the fox terrier has his chief value as a "show dog," and his breed is not sustained with so much care as formerly for the sole purpose of driving the otter from his hold and the fox from his earth. His money worth is great, he is a pleasing animal as a companion, and, let his detractors say all they can and do what they may, I for one cannot believe that the popularity of the fox terrier is likely to wane—for no dog is healthier and easier to rear, more certain to live to a good old age, and give satisfaction both as companion and guard to his owner and to his owner's goods. His sprightliness and handsomeness have made him a fashionable beauty, his agreeable disposition and good temper enable him to sustain this position and perform his *role* satisfactorily, and doing so he may well be left for the present.

Mr. Robert Vicary, who will be recognised as one of our foremost judges and the owner of Vesuvienne, Venio, and other noteworthy terriers, supplies the following interesting notes, and it is gratifying to find the opinions already expressed by me, so fully borne out by him.

"As you must first catch your hare before you can cook him, so it is necessary, in this case, to look round at those puppies you have at walk, which should be well out in the

country, where the youngsters, able to prepare for a life of some hardship, are founding a constitution which will be necessary for the work with hounds. Select those the size required for the country they will work, for different districts require different sizes, and give preference to those which have good legs and feet, good neck and shoulders, back and loins, and above all possess a thoroughly hard texture of coat and a thick skin. A stern too gaily carried is to be avoided; I have rarely found dogs with sterns so carried of staunch courage; and avoid a shallow-ribbed tucked-up youngster. Having selected suitable looking puppies fully thirteen or fourteen months old, let them go into the fox-hound kennels, June or July is the best time, the dogs with the dog hounds, and the bitches with the lady pack. They will now have daily exercise out with the hounds, and get used to running with them in an orderly manner before cubbing commences. The huntsman, too, will have several opportunities of giving the terriers a turn in some earths or drains that can be run through without mischief. During the first season too much must not be expected in cases where terriers run; it takes time to accustom them to the country, and to be well up when wanted. Still I have known many that have entered promptly, and bolted their fox on the first opportunity, and also some that have been of no practical service until their second season, when they have turned out the very best.

"As regards badger work, I prefer a two-year-old, and merely take out a couple of novices when working old hands. The former listen, and when the fun begins in earnest one of the right sort soon shows that he is desirous of joining in the fray. If the earth be large enough then let him in with a good leader. Our method generally is when

the terrier has got up to the badger, and you can hear he is keeping him well engaged, to commence digging and let down a shaft over the spot. I have often seen this done to a nicety, and on clearing carefully the last portion of the soil, found the heads of both badger and terrier in view jaw to jaw. Then if you have confidence in your dog lean over, with one hand obtain a firm hold of the neck of the badger, pass the other hand on to the scut, and let your friend pull you badger and all on to the level. Then, disengaging the terrier, pop the "grey back" into a sack. If there be any doubt as to the terrier maintaining his hold, tongs had better be used to save your hands from 'teeth that bite and claws that scratch.'

"I have known a single terrier, Lancer, a winner of several prizes a quarter of a century or so back, a son of Old Dame, said to be a daughter of Jock, drive a badger out of a drain made for foxes, more than once. On one occasion we had no knowledge that a 'grey back' was at home, and merely put Lancer in to see if a fox was there, and were without any appliances. On hearing that a battle royal was being waged we sent for a sack and the 'tongs,' and these arrived in the nick of time, for the badger retreated, his face towards Lancer, his stern towards us. When he was within reach I embraced the opportunity, and the game was soon out in the open, but not until my strength was nearly exhausted at holding him ('well off you, at arm's length, mind!'), a struggling, twisting brute, did the sack arrive. He managed to give my groom a snip through the thumb during the operation of bagging.

"An old disused mine shaft is often a favourite haunt of badgers. I remember trying a very large shaft with Remus, another well-known terrier, Tyrant's son Sam, the above-

named Lancer, Pearl, by Diver—Racket, also a winner, with another brace, both by Lancer, but unknown on the show bench. Here all our efforts were of no avail, it was impossible to dig, and we could only hope that the united efforts of the terriers might drive the badger out. However, there were several in the place, and after some hours of waiting, and despairing of ever seeing one of the terriers again, we fairly gave up all hope. At last faint moans could be heard, and the ubiquitous small boy, happily at hand, was induced by a liberal bribe to venture down the shaft a few yards, crawling on his hands and knees, a candle on the end of a long pole being pushed on in front to show him the way. Lancer, Remus, and Pearl were thus passed out more dead than alive, the two sons of the former were quite dead! Lancer, as soon as the water and fresh air had somewhat revived him, was just entering the shaft for another turn at his enemies, when I caught sight of him in time to haul him back by his stern. Never have I seen terriers so mauled. These three were cut to pieces almost, and for weeks had to be fed with a spoon, as their lips had to be sewn-up.

"On a subsequent occasion I was tempted to try this same earth again; Veni, Valetta, Vedette, Victor Chief, all 'show dogs,' being the terriers used. After a couple of hours' work, in which we could hear 'our dogs' hard at their game, we discovered the battle was being waged near the outlet, and sure enough a badger's scut was soon apparent and promptly seized, and the owner hauled out *nolens volens*. It proved to be a monster, the biggest, handsomest, fattest badger I ever handled—32lb. was his weight. To our intense astonishment, not a terrier was badly injured; all the evening this was the topic of a

wondering confab; how was it? Well, subsequent inspection of this mighty badger showed that he was toothless, save for a much worn pair of 'holders.'

"I had news of a badger in a fox earth one day, and arranged with some hunting friends to come and dislodge the gentleman. Punctually at the time named I put in Victor Chief, there being room for but one terrier at a time to work. My friends on their arrival, twenty-five minutes late, were introduced to the 'grey gentleman in a sack,' much to their surprise.

"Victor Chief was the very best terrier at badger work under or above ground I ever saw or heard of. A good-looking dog, he was winner of several first prizes, and his pedigree goes back through Mr. Chaworth Musters's Old Victor, to Trumps, Tyrant, Moss, and Foiler on his sire's (Young Victor) side. Whilst on that of his dam Vice, the blood of Old Trap, Trumps Again, Tartar, Fairy II., Belvoir Jock, Branson's Nettle, with old Jock and Grove Nettle, is to be found. No wonder, then, that with such an ancestry both the spirit and the flesh were willing and able to do or die whenever occasion offered. Lancer was almost fully as good, both game to the death, as were a score I could enumerate, but in no terrier have I found the pluck, intelligence, and enormous endurance combined as in Victor Chief. Vice, his dam, was the next best to these. Village Belle, Vedette, Velasquez, Spiteful, by Old Sam, mentioned already, Veni, Belgrave Dinah, Virginia, Boaster, own brother to Buffett, were all terriers that have won on the show bench and which I have seen at work and proved as 'good as gold.'

"As regards many of our show terriers of the present time, 'in-breeding' and lack of opportunity have done much

to deteriorate their stamina and working qualities, but there is no doubt whatever, that anyone desirous of breeding a team of good-looking workers would find plenty of the right material amongst the fox terriers to be found so abundantly at any of our modern shows. As a rule the show terriers are most carefully nursed from their infancy, and no risks run of injury from any source. Soon after seven months old, sometimes even earlier, their public career commences, and if continual knocking about in a dog box and on the bench does not soften a dog, what will? I do not approve of showing young puppies, and prefer them reared by cottagers in the country, where they are pretty well allowed to run wild. Those so brought up will, when first chained, behave like a fox under similar conditions. They possess constitution, nerve, and more terrier character than the pampered nursling who, before he has finished changing his teeth, has made the acquaintance of many show rings, and never tackled anything harder than a bone or an unsoaked dog-biscuit.

"The great point to be borne in mind by the present generation of fox terrier breeders, is not to out-Herod Herod in the race to obtain quality. Do not 'quality' your terriers until there is nothing else left. Unwise critics, who have no use for, or knowledge of what constitutes, a working terrier, are often saying such and such a dog 'is a trifle coarse.' When such a remark is heard or read, let my sporting friend give an eye to the dog so described. The chances are he is really a good one, with bone, coat, and substance, who perhaps looks a trifle manly when compared with the weak-headed, vacuous looking, effeminate weed alongside him. The great risks fanciers of any breed always run, are that exaggerated developments of certain points are

preserved to the detriment of what I may term that breed's original form and character. We do not want to improve a variety 'off the face of the earth,' and I sincerely hope that, of fox terriers, a later race of owners may be able to say that wisdom has been shown in the present day by breeders sticking to working characteristics as the leading essentials of their favourite dog. By working characteristics I mean those desirable qualities which every competent hound judge would lay most stress upon in selecting his entry from amongst his puppies. Still it must be borne in mind that in hounds more freedom in elbows is required than most judges of fox terriers would approve; and hounds with the very best, most orthodox, feet will let their toes down; as this, in my experience, rarely happens with terriers, there seems no need to endeavour to obtain the hounds' formation of foot for terriers, and risk loss of terrier type in so doing.

"A dog show is too much of a beauty show, and as such, handsomeness and quality, when in conjunction with the essential points of make, shape, bone, and coat, must take precedence over what may be a first-rate workman—a workman does not necessarily require to be a beauty. As shows are held more with the view to breeding high-class, thoroughbred stock than actual workers, I have always considered that a little license as regards size on the show bench is admissible—in fact advisable. The dogs that appear a size large in show condition, in work with hounds become greatly reduced—those which stand the work best train fine. With the use of some of our best full-sized winning show dogs as sires, my experience has been that more young terriers have had to be drafted for being too

small, toyish and light in bone than for being oversized—but I do not advocate the use of great overgrown sires."

The Littleworths have for generations been a family of huntsmen, and, although following their respective masters in keeping their hounds up to a high standard of excellence, have never forgotten their admiration for the fox terrier. Time after time the present representative of the house, Charles Littleworth, Wembworthy, North Devon, and huntsman, too, has found occasions when the little dog was a necessity, so he has always kept some few running about, many of them good enough to more than hold their own in public competition. Yes, Charlie Littleworth is one of the few modern huntsmen who knew the fox terrier in his two aspects, as a show dog and as a worker. His opinion thereon I give in his own words, and the only preface they need is the statement that he has taken an interest in and kept fox terriers for more than a quarter of a century.

"The fox terrier at the present day has attained, by 'fine breeding' (in-breeding) too great a delicacy and too high an excellency in fineness of coat and bone for really hard work. In many instances the modern standard is only useful for show purposes; perhaps he can kill a rat, and he is elegant as a drawing-room companion. In training a fox terrier for his actually legitimate work a mistake is too often made in at first entering him to game above ground. When he can find it so without much trouble, the natural inclination to look for it in the earths is, in a degree, lost, and once a fox or badger is tackled above ground, in which, perhaps, a great deal of punishment is given and received on both sides, an ordinary terrier does not relish going in to the same amount of hard knocks and bites in the dark. Let him as a beginning smell about the earth, and entice

him by degrees to enter it. He will, if game and worth keeping, make out the scent, at the same time gradually working up his courage until in the end he will tackle whatever he meets. [I thoroughly agree with Littleworth here, and have known many terriers completely spoiled by being set to kill something before they had found their noses. Even the first rat should be hunted before the puppy is allowed to worry it. There seems something about the scent of all game and vermin which, as it were, raises the courage of the dog to its very highest.] Give me a terrier which will go to ground, find his fox, stick by him, and at the same time 'bay' well.

"My belief is that the best strain for work has descended from George Whitemore's (of the Grove) Willie, afterwards called Foiler, and eventually the property of Mr. Wootton, who paid 45*l.* for him. A bitch I once had, named Mustard, was a really honest worker. She was about 18lb. weight, and after running all day with hounds would gamely go to ground, and show us and reynard what blood ran in her veins. This bitch was by Whitemore's Trick out of Eggesford Fury, who was out of the Rev. J. Russell's Fuss, a most famous one as a worker. She was a hard-coated bitch, and eventually became the property of Mr. Wootton, and was stolen from his father's place in Leicestershire. Mustard, too, had taken prizes at the West of England shows, under the well-known and popular sportsman above-mentioned, including first prize at Plymouth in 1873.

"A granddaughter of Mustard's called Spot, on first being tried to go to earth, remained inside for over two hours, and when unearthed was seen facing two badgers, and keeping them well at bay. A curious incident about this splendid bitch was that she never relished tackling a fox above

ground, but you would have to go a long day's journey to find her equal in the earth. I have at present two great-granddaughters of Mustard which I value greatly. Boaster and Willie were both excellent dogs, the former especially being admirably adapted for work. The latter was by Sam out of Cottingham Nettle. Old Flora was another extra good bitch for work, and her daughter Fancy did not disgrace her, for I remember her on one occasion sticking to a fox for four hours underground, during which time she never for one moment attempted to quit the earth. She was finally dug out. Much to my regret she died when in whelp to Gulliver. Artful Joe, too, was a fine dog. He was a little too big, but a regular hard one for work. I am very pleased to say that his strain is still carefully preserved. All the Belgravians I have are excellent workers. Limbo, by Victor Chief out of Venus (a granddaughter of Flora), came to a very sad end. Whilst in the kennel he was severely bitten by the hounds, his leg being so terribly broken and smashed that I was obliged to have him immediately killed. I missed him greatly, as he was about as good a dog as ever I had for work."

So much for a huntsman's opinions, but in taking them to heart and inwardly digesting them the reader must not forget that a good dog can be spoiled by a bad trainer, and, in the opposite direction, a good trainer can make a dog, which may be faint-hearted in the beginning, fairly hard-hearted and game in the end.

With regard to the attempt at popularisation of that undesirable modern addition to the ordinary duties of a fox terrier, viz., rabbit coursing, something must be said. Not content with him as a companion, either in town or country, some of his ill-advised admirers have

endangered his good name by endeavouring to place him on a par with the "whippet," or snap dog, and utilising him for the chasing of rabbits in an enclosure. Nature never intended the fox terrier for a rabbit courser. Had she done so his form would have been much more slim than it actually is, and his lines built upon those of a greyhound in miniature rather than upon those of a sturdy terrier. Still, this somewhat plebeian diversion at one time appeared to have taken considerable hold of a certain section of the community, the members of which, on Saturday afternoons especially, and upon other holidays, hied to some field or other, and enjoyed themselves by letting a rabbit out of a hamper, and, after allowing bunny a certain start, unslipped a couple of terriers, which ran after and in ninety-nine times out of a hundred killed it. Had the rabbits a fair chance of regaining their liberty, as is the case with the pigeon when liberated from a trap, or even with the hare as run at the inclosed meetings (which, by the way, have never flourished and will never do so), this fox terrier coursing would be legitimate sport. As the rabbits have not an ordinary chance of escape, and, preparatory to their being set down in front of the terrier, have been confined since their capture in a hamper or some similar receptacle, I must look upon the thing with disfavour, and altogether fail to acknowledge it as in any way likely to improve the fox terrier as he is, and as all his admirers would wish him to remain.

Although, under these circumstances, the rabbits have little opportunity to regain their liberty, their chances of so doing are greater than that which was afforded by the individual who possessed a terrier and a wild rabbit, which he coursed in his cellar. The rabbit was given a start of

once around the floor, and "Jack," failing to recognise that spirit of fair play his owner possessed, instead of himself running once around the room, took a short cut across it, thus seizing poor bunny at the first rush. He got a good kick in the ribs for his pains, instead of the praise he might fairly conscientiously think was his due, whilst the proprietor of the terrier heaved a deep sigh, and meditated upon the unfairness of the world generally, and of dogs in particular.

This modern mode of coursing does give the rabbit a better chance of his life than "Jack" did, still, for many reasons it is not to be recommended; and it is gratifying to note that it is not recognised by the Fox Terrier Club or by any of the leading clubs either. In America, not long ago, a prosecution was instituted against a number of gentlemen who had been engaged in the so-called sport; but after a lengthened hearing, which caused no inconsiderable interest throughout that country, no conviction was obtained, and similar prosecutions in this country have, so far, had a like result.

In sundry instances I have already noticed an inclination to produce fox terriers with longer legs, less compact bodies, and with an appearance of an ability to gallop more defined, than should be the case. This is, of course, done to enable them to prove successful at the meetings already alluded to, and a continuance thereof would, in a few years, have entirely changed the character of the modern fox terrier. I have seen puppies shown whose owners, with an eye to the main chance, have trusted to the good nature of the judge to give them, at any rate, a card of commendation. This done, the natural inference would be that at a coursing meeting such recipients would be allowed to compete without objection or hind-

rance. Still, these puppies, excepting that they had drop ears—in one case a wire-haired coat—were as far removed from what a fox terrier should be as possible. "Ah!" said their owner, on being remonstrated with for showing such things, "they are but puppies, and will drop down, thicken, and furnish in due course." Needless is it for me to say that in no case did they get the cards of honour which the exhibitor desired. I am pleased to find "fox terrier" coursing on the decadence, and just now it appears to be a so-called pastime which is just lingering along until it comes to an end by death from inanition.

An ordinary fox terrier has not pace to compete successfully with a rabbit on its own ground, nor until the present time has any attempt been made to breed him for speed alone. Daniel, writing nearly a century ago, said speed was not one of the peculiar properties of the terrier, although it possesses the power of keeping up the same pace for a considerable distance. He mentions a match which took place in 1794, when a very small terrier, for a very big wager, ran a mile in two minutes, and six miles in eighteen minutes. This is rather an extraordinary performance, and I do not know that there is a fox terrier to-day that can at all equal it. Anyhow, there are the little "snap-dogs" or "whippets" (and Daniel's dog might have been one of them), which can course rabbits, and run races better than any fox terrier. For such purposes they are kept in many parts of the north of England and elsewhere. Those who wish for rabbit coursing I would recommend to keep two or three of them, for what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and I am pretty certain that even a moderate "snap dog" or "whippet" would give the best fox terrier ever

slipped at a rabbit, twenty yards start out of forty, and beat him into the bargain.

Of late a good deal has been written and said as to the merits and appearance of the fox terrier now as compared with what he was on his first introduction to popularity. No doubt he has changed in a degree; he is as a rule a less cobby and not so sturdy a dog now than he was then. Many good modern specimens are more or less inclined to be flat-sided, high on the legs, and stiff and "stilty," and I fancy breeders are losing that smart, dark, almond-shaped eye which gives such character and expression to a terrier. I detest a big, full, goggle eye in any terrier, excepting, maybe, in a Dandie Dinmont, and in our modern fox terrier I should like to see a little more of that fiery and smart appearance which went so far in the sixties towards making him what he is at the present time. Again, I believe that breeders have taken up such a line that to keep their dogs down in weight they must be produced unnaturally narrow in front, with flat ribs, else, unless two or three pounds less in weight than is usual, they would not be able to go to ground where a sturdy, thick-set little dog of 16lb. weight could do so with ease.

That there are more good fox terriers now than ever goes without saying, but, taking the number which are bred to-day into consideration, the percentage of actually tip-top animals is not so large as it should be; but I thoroughly agree with what Mr. Doyle writes further on, and especially am I at one with him about what at the time of correcting this is the "topic of conversation in fox terrier circles," the size of fox terriers. This cry of size seems to me to be something like the appearance of the sea serpent in the "silly or slack season." Both crop up annually, and have done

so for a longer period than one cares to recall. Why, many years ago, the cry as to the growing bigness of fox terriers was so rife that in 1877 the Birmingham executive arranged their classes accordingly, having divisions for fox terrier dogs over 18lb. weight, for bitches over 16lb. in weight, and others for animals below these stipulations. I need scarcely say that this arrangement was not satisfactory, and though it was continued till 1885, the weight classification finally lapsed, and has not since been restored. It may be instructive to note that in 1876, the year before divisions by weight were arranged, there were 72 entries in the dog class, a number which has not been equalled since.

Some fox terriers look bigger than they actually are and weigh accordingly, and *vice versâ* is likewise frequently the case. A fox terrier dog 19lb. in weight in show bench trim is really not over-sized, and often enough dogs heavier than this have become champions and no fault found with them. As a rule exhibitors are chary about sending their dogs to scale when they are about 19lb. weight or more.

However, I cannot do better than give prominence here to Mr. Doyle's valued opinion on the progress made by fox terriers of late years, and some comparisons between the prize winners of an earlier generation and those of to-day.

He says: "For twenty years I have bred somewhat extensively, judged not unfrequently, and observed pretty attentively and regularly. If, therefore, I cannot make something like an accurate estimate of the results which have been reached during that period, it is not for lack of opportunity.

"To begin with, I feel pretty sure that I shall have every competent critic of the breed with me as to the great general improvement of the breed as a whole. Whether our best dogs

are better or worse than they were is a question to which I will come later on. It is only certain that passably good ones are far more numerous. Every large breeder is to-day able to draft bitches which twenty-five years ago he would have looked on as valuable breeding material. It is not merely in general symmetry and smartness that this is seen, but I think even more distinctly in those points which make up what we are agreed to call terrier character. Jock, Hornet, and Tyrant may have been even more terrier-like than the best prize winners of to-day; but the benches then were loaded with dogs that showed bull or English terrier at every point, and such have now vanished.

"I may also, I think, at once claim another point wherein the dogs of to-day score. They last far better. Some, I daresay, remember what that once beautiful dog, Mr. Bassett's Tip, became in his later days. Bitters did not fare a great deal better. In fact in my young days of showing, a dog was looked on as a veteran at four or five. Vesuvienne was as good as ever when she last graced the show ring. Such as Venio and Dominie can yet hold their own against most young dogs.

"I do not, however, in the least pretend that by what I have said so far I have disposed of the complaints which we occasionally hear of deterioration in our fox terriers. Those who make such complaints would say, I take it, that while there are more fairly good dogs, there are fewer really first class ones, and that the prize winners of the present day are unworthy to rank with their predecessors. I have more than once heard this put very strongly. I have been told that the type has changed, that the modern fox terrier is a new creation altogether. I have observed that this is generally said by those who have given no very special

attention to fox terriers, but have picked up a hasty impression of what the dogs of a particular epoch were from a casual glance at the show benches. I have no hesitation in saying that a good dog a quarter of a century ago would be, if he could be brought to life, a good dog to-day, and *vice versâ*. Then we should have hailed with delight such dogs as Venio, Dominie, or D'Orsay. To-day, Jock, Buffet, Nimrod, Turk, or Rattler would, if they could reappear, hold their own in any company. I will even go further. I am certain that if Olive and that beautiful but rather forgotten bitch, Pattern, could be put on one side of a ring with Perseverance and Meifod Molly—I mention two terriers which I judged not long ago, and which are still fresh in my mind—on the other, and if one of those critics who assert that we have made a new type were asked, without previous knowledge, 'which are the old stamp and which the new?' he would unhesitatingly take the two veterans as specimens of modern deterioration.

"I quite admit that one or two soft-hearted judges and breeders have in my opinion been so carried away by a craze for what is called liberty ('oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!') and racing character, that they have forgotten the importance of other points. I might even go further and say, have taught themselves to dislike substance, compactness, strength of back, and shortness of coupling. But even this heresy is not new; the judges of whom I speak had their prototypes in the days when some of us used to groan in spirit at the victories of Tart, Ribble, and Saracen, and the defeats of Gripper and Jester II.

"At the same time, though, I deny that the standard of perfection at which we are aiming has altered, I am

quite willing to admit that the standard which we practically reach is somewhat modified. I would say, going back to my previous illustration, that Olive and Pattern were rather deviations from the average stamp of their own day, just as Meifod Molly and Perseverance are not specially typical of the present day. If I may use a geometrical illustration, we have not moved either towards perfection, or further away from it along a straight line. Rather we have travelled over part of the circumference of a circle of which the standard of perfection is the centre. We have gained some advantage and lost others. Neck, shoulders, and outline were points that we always aimed at; to-day we get them much oftener. We still try to get well sprung ribs and compact frames; we oftener miss them.

"For surely it is not needful to point out that change is not necessarily deterioration. We sometimes hear it said, 'Look at that dog; how utterly unlike Jock or Tyrant,' or some other past celebrity. Very well; he may be unlike, and yet a very good dog. He may have got what the other dog wanted, even though he misses some of his predecessor's best points. We did not think the old heroes standards of perfection in their own day. Why should they be brought up in judgment against their successors? Just in the same way did the mentors of one's childhood cast in one's teeth some half mythical generation of faultless predecessors.

> "'Whene'er Miss Betty does a fault,
> Lets drop a knife or spills the salt,
> Thus by her mother she'll be chid:
> 'Tis what Vanessa never did!'

"The critic of terriers who contrasts the iron present with a golden past only illustrates a common law of human thought.

"It seems to me that the sum total of the complaints which we hear, when they are analysed, comes to this. There are certain points of merit about which modern judges and breeders are lax. That is, I fear, an almost inevitable result of the show system. Stress is laid on certain points, perhaps because before they have been unduly neglected. Other points gradually drop into the background. Public opinion is of necessity largely formed by those who have a personal interest in certain dogs or certain strains, and who often persuade themselves, no doubt in all good faith, that their favourites are perfection. The dog on whom breeders ought to be keeping a watchful eye is the dog who is strong in just these points where the generality of the prize winners of the day are weak. Unhappily that is just the dog which is apt to be thrust aside and forgotten. But this can easily be averted if there are a sufficient number of breeders who are content steadily to work their way towards their own standard of perfection, and not to be turned aside by the caprices which at times make their way into the judging ring, nor the effect of such caprices on the sale market.

"There is one other point on which perhaps I ought to say a word, and that is the size of modern terriers. For some twenty-five years I have been told that terriers are getting bigger, and if at that stage the complaint was well founded they should by this time weigh about 30lb. As a matter of fact I believe Buffet was well up to the size of most winners of to-day. Brockenhurst Joe, who won the Fox Terrier Club's challenge cup in 1881, was, I feel pretty sure, the biggest dog, except perhaps Venio, who ever won it. At the same time I do think that there is a certain tendency on the part of critics, and, I fear, even of some

judges, to be indifferent to the question of size, and to forget that every pound of weight over 16lb., in working condition, is a set-off against a dog's utility. A 20lb. dog, if well and strongly made, is not necessarily useless, but one three pounds less can do a great deal more. I have been gravely told, and by those who should know better, that a dog of 18lb. is undersized. I constantly, too, see dogs advertised as sires who are confessedly too big for show, *i.e.*, probably about 23lb. weight. It stands to reason that if we keep on using big sires, we shall gradually get a breed of big dogs."

Writing in January, 1902, Mr. Doyle says: "It is years since I penned the preceding remarks, and I still think that at present judges and breeders pay rather too much attention —or, I should rather say, too exclusive an attention—to 'liberty,' reach in front and slope of shoulder, and not enough to spring, or ribs and strength of loin. In the matter of size we have, I think, improved. This is specially the case with bitches. I can only think of one bitch that of late years has taken high honours which would have been improved by being reduced. On the other hand, while it is ridiculous to describe our winning dogs as 'useless, overgrown brutes' —a term which I have more than once heard applied— they would certainly be the better for being reduced in size all round. At the late Crystal Palace show I only saw one bitch in all the classes that I would have wished smaller. At least sixty per cent. of the dogs were a shade, though generally no more than a shade, over the proper size. Good bitches, too, at present outnumber good dogs, I should say as two if not three to one. As the dog is a polygamist, probably this is a hopeful state of things.

"On one point we are, I think, in danger of going back

—namely, coat. To my mind, no terrier has a good coat unless when it is rubbed the wrong way it will almost at once replace itself naturally. There are not very many now-a-days which conform to that standard."

Perhaps there are some admirers of the little dog, to which this volume is dedicated, who may urge that the writer has not introduced so many anecdotes of its sagacity as he might have done. Still, we all know what "dog stories" are—they may be either true or otherwise; at any rate, they can be concocted by the bushel. There are, however, so many fox terriers in the world, that it necessarily follows some of them at times must have exhibited an unusual share of intelligence. Occasionally we have had them performing on the stage; at other times, when sore wounded and injured, we have been told of a visit to the hospital of their own intelligence, and a very patient waiting at the gate until the turn for treatment came. Their "homing faculty," if there be such a thing, has been praised; indeed, there is scarcely a piece of intelligence any dog has displayed which has not been claimed for the fox terrier—with what truth is a matter of opinion. There is no doubt he is intelligent when brought up in the house, but he is not such an apt pupil for the circus or the stage as the curly-coated poodle.

A story comes to me from British Columbia, where a big fox terrier, 23lb. in weight, became quite a skilful fisherman. He did not, however, follow on the lines of that other cute American dog (whose owner was a disciple of Izaak Walton), which would sit with a line in its mouth and wait until a tug or nub was felt, when it ran back and dragged the struggling fish which caused that tug to bank. This done, its master re-baited the hook, cast out

the line, placed the latter in the dog's mouth, who again waited for the "glorious nibble." Our Columbian friend does not follow this system at all. It just goes into the river, seizes a salmon by the back fin, and drags it ashore, willy nilly—poaching rather than angling. Salmon are numerous there; they jostle each other, and are in shoals as thick as herrings.

One day in February, 1894 (I must give figures in a story of this kind, otherwise its truth might be doubted), this terrier saw a bigger fish than usual—one of 18lb. weight or more; but, nothing daunted, he leaped into the roaring torrent—the Columbia river is a roaring torrent at times—and seized the salmon by the back. But the fish was fresh from the sea, vigorous and strong, with "sea lice on him," and, although not able to make the dog loose its hold, this lusty salmon almost drowned him, and no doubt would have done so entirely had not human rescuers been at hand. Ultimately Columbia's game and piscatorially devoted fox terrier was lifted out of the stream in an exhausted condition, though his teeth were still fast in the tough skin of his capture. This was a dog salmon (*Salmo canis*), but it is thus called, not because it is usually caught by dogs, but because it is useless as food.

So much for the fox terrier as a fisherman, but whether his "take," as above related, would entitle him to membership of the Piscatorial Society is another matter. As a British "working man" this variety of *Canis familiaris* has likewise proved a success; but, inasmuch as he has not as yet interfered with the rights of the artisan, he has not been the cause of trouble between master and man. Here is the story: One of the electric lighting companies found difficulty in carrying certain of the copper strips or wires

through the underground culverts. These strips, about one hundred yards or so in length, are supported at intervals of ten yards by transverse bars, and considerable expense and trouble were caused in getting the strips past their supports. One of the foremen was "a doggy man," and it occurred to him that a fox terrier might be trained to carry through the passages a rope, to the end of which the strip could be attached. He had a puppy on which he at once began his tuition, which in due course was perfected.

It is easy enough to train a terrier to travel underground a hundred yards or more, but here it had to leap over the supports, which she soon learned to do. Now she performs her task cleverly, has assisted to lay many miles of wire in London and elsewhere, and each Saturday receives her wages, like the men receive theirs, and is looked upon as one of the most valued *employés* of the Crompton Electric Lighting Company.

I think with these two tales of a dog's sport and of a dog's work any ordinary believer in anecdotes of canine intelligence ought to be satisfied; still I am not much of a believer in such stories; nor is it the proper work of a terrier to go a-fishing or to assist an electric lighting company in its underground operations. There are many uses for him in this world, even as a companion and as a watch dog, as the former he is much to be extolled. The African explorer, H. M. Stanley, had his fox terrier, Randy, with him during many long journeys, and when he was compelled to leave him behind at Fort Bobo whilst he went to search for Major Barttelot and his rear column poor Randy died of a broken heart after only three days' absence from his master. The fox terrier's devotion to his master

has not remained undiscovered by other great men whose equally great friends believe ought to have a soul above dogs. Quite a popular hero in his way was the late terrier belonging to Mr. Justice Hawkins, which, if it did not actually sit with its master on the bench, was otherwise his lordship's almost constant companion. "Yah!" said a corner-man in one of our provincial towns, "I didn't know as auld Hawkins was blind!" alluding to the fact that the judge in walking to the assize court led his favourite little terrier by a cord.



## CHAPTER V.

THE WIRE-HAIRED FOX TERRIER — HIS GAMENESS — YORKSHIRE AND DEVONSHIRE STRAINS — THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL'S TERRIERS—THE SEALY HAM TERRIER —MR. COWLEY'S TERRIERS—CROSSES — THE BEST DOGS—A BEVERLEY KENNEL.

MOST of the remarks made on former pages apply to the wire-haired fox terrier equally with the smooth-coated variety. In colour, make, shape, character, legs and feet, they are as one, only in jacket or coat do the two differ. With the wire-haired terrier the latter should be hard and crisp, not too long, neither too short, but of a tough, coarse texture, finer underneath, all so close and dense that the skin cannot be seen or even felt, and, if possible, so weather and water resisting that the latter will stand on the sides like beads, and run off the whole body as it is said to do, and does, off a duck's back. There must not be the slightest sign of silkiness anywhere, not even on the head. A curly jacket, or one inclined thereto, is far better than a silky one. Indeed, some of the best coated dogs of this variety I have seen, had more than an

inclination to be curly—the crispest hair on the human being has usually a tendency to be so, and the straight hair is the softer and finer. There should be some amount of longish hair on the legs, too, right down to the toes, and when there is a deficiency in the coat in this respect, one may be pretty certain that some crossed strain is in the blood of the animal so handicapped. As a fact, there is scarcely a wire-haired terrier at the present day without even a considerable dash of this smooth strain in hair. Those most successful on the show bench have been seen of late specially bred in this way as well by some from the tabulated pedigree of Mr. Raper's Go-Bang, which is given on another page. This dog I have taken as a fair example, as he is generally considered the best and most successful of our wire-haired terriers. He was sold for the unprecedented price of 500*l.*

In attempting to produce straight coats, modern breeders have gone to extremes, and, according to their nature, too often produced fine ones, of a texture like silk almost; these are, again, likely to be thin, and quite inadequate in keeping out the water and cold. Too seldom do we see a wire-haired terrier with so close and hard a jacket as some of the otter hounds possess. Straighter they may be, but as hard seldom; and what, indeed, is the straightness but a useless beauty mark? An old bitch of Mr. A. Maxwell's, Tennis, had in her day one of the best of coats, but for modern ideas there was too much of it. Her chest and neck were well protected, and it goes without saying that the smooth cross has in a degree done away with the hair about the neck and throat, which nature gave the dog to protect its most vulnerable part. Indeed if there was the protective coat here now, the "modern showman" would

pluck it off in order to give his terrier a cleaner and smarter appearance.

In the kennels of the Kendal Otter Hounds there was once a black and tan hound called Ragman, who ran for nine seasons; indeed, in his old age he became so grey and worn with hard work and care as to bear scarcely any resemblance to what he was when first entered. He possessed the best water and weather resisting coat I ever saw on any dog. Without being long enough to assist him as a bench hound, it was simply perfect for the purpose for which it was required— protection from weather and water. Take down the ribs, along the back, under the belly, on the head, anywhere, it was all there, hard as bristles, close as wool, a little softer and closer underneath than near the surface; and I have seen that good hound swim for two or three, or four hours maybe, come out on to the bank, shake himself, so throw the water off, roll in the meadow, and in a minute he would be as dry as the proverbial board. His coat leaned towards curliness, and, this notwithstanding, his was the description of jacket that ought to be found on all wire-haired terriers. I know of not even one at the present day that possesses so good a one.

In judging this variety of terrier I should, without hesitation, throw out or disqualify every dog with a soft coat. In their group or classes they are called "wire-haired" terriers, and anyone giving an award of any kind to one that is not as described does a triple injustice, for he dishonours the description, introduces a bad type, and proves his own incompetence. I have dwelt thus long on coat because therein lies the whole difference between the two great modern varieties of fox terrier.

From the time Dame Juliana Berners wrote of "teroures,"

the varieties, rough and smooth, have grown up side by side, one man preferring the one, another the other. The smooth variety has always been the more numerous—latterly the more popular, because the smarter, the more thoroughbred looking animal, and besides, on wet days he does not take so much dirt into the house. Still, just now the "wire-haired" fox terrier is almost making a fight with his smooth cousins for supremacy. As to gameness, Jack is as good as his master, but by reason of the denser covering to his skin, the "wire-hair" can stand the cold, inclement weather of our north country climate better than his cousin; still, after all, a cross-bred dog is best for the really arduous work required with fox-hounds hunting in a mountainous district, and with otter hounds.

Some old engravers and painters have given us portraits of wire-haired terriers black and tan, blue grizzle and tan, pepper and salt, and of various shades in red and fawn and yellow, as well as of the present time orthodox white and marked with fawn, or black and tan. Modern fancy has developed the black and tan into a new variety, whilst the others, of whole colour, equally useful in every way, have gone to the wall. In various districts of North Durham and Yorkshire the wire-haired terriers appear to have been produced in greatest numbers, but Devonshire also had them in the form they were wont to be used by the Rev. John Russell, a name so familiar to every sportsman throughout the many countries where the English language is spoken. The late and much respected "Robin Hood," so long the *Field's* well-known coursing correspondent, told me that even in Nottingham, supposed to be the home of the smooth variety, the "wire-hairs" were common enough fifty or more years ago. And how visions of his

early sporting dogs rushed before him when he told me of a terrier he had owned with an extraordinarily long head, which came from the Quorn when Sir Richard Sutton was the master. This dog, he said, was in every sense a pattern of the best we see to-day, 18lb. weight, hard coated, strong-jawed, possessing at the same time the "ferocity of the tiger" when "cats" were about, and "the gentleness of the dove" in the presence of his genial owner. The late Mr. C. M. Browne ("Robin Hood") was inclined to believe that a majority of the Midland counties strains of wire-haired terriers sprang from this dog, which became the property of Mr. T. Wootton, who certainly had some very good ones about twenty years later, though that they were all as game as one would have wished may be doubted by the following story:

In the early days of competition, a dog show was held in a certain town in the North of England, at which some two or three of these terriers, said to be "good at badger, cat, fox, and fighting," were exhibited, and as usual they won all the prizes. At 11 o'clock one night, some of the members of the committee, after dining rather heartily, and supping not too wisely but too well, visited the show, and in company with the "nightmen" went round to see the terriers. Now unfortunately a semi-tame fox was one of the attractions of the exhibition, and mischief moved the midnight visitors to try some of the crack "wire-hairs" with that fox. Alack! alas! they knew sly reynard not, nor did they take the slightest notice of him as they were one by one slipped into his cage—the "earth dogs" bolted so far as their collars and chains allowed them. "Try Sir Douglas!" said a fellow, alluding to a well-known Dandie Dinmont benched not far away, and Sir

Douglas was brought, with the result that he went to the poor fox and nearly killed it before he could be taken off. I do not mention this little episode, and a disgraceful one it was, with any intention of lauding the Dandie Dinmont at the expense of the wired-haired terrier, but to show what little scenes occasionally occurred at some shows of years ago. I fancy matters connected therewith are better nowadays.

Perhaps the following will act as a counter-irritant to some readers who may object to hear anything in disparagement of their favourites. In communication with one of our most celebrated and oldest admirers of the wire-haired terrier, he told me of a terrier I sent him, which in turn was despatched to a friend in New York. It had not been many hours in its new abode before it showed courage and gameness in many ways. Then it was missing for many hours, and one day unusual sounds underneath the stable floor led to a suspicion that Jack was there. In due course the floor was taken up, and from a pipe drain underneath, the terrier was dragged, and a huge cat lay worried and dead by his side. This was a 13lb. terrier, but he was too hard bitten and ferocious for ordinary work.

No further proof of the gameness of the modern wire-haired terrier need be adduced than was described in the columns of the *Field* some years ago, in connection with the Kendal Otter Hounds, which were hunting the river Lune, near Hornby. An otter had been marked in a tile drain, an ordinary drain pipe indeed, and to drive him, one of the hunt's terriers went to ground. There was no side drain to allow him to get behind the otter, and of course to draw master Lutra, badger fashion, was impossible. However, in the end the otter was, if not actually drawn, fairly driven

out of his stronghold, the plucky little terrier having actually fought his way underneath or over his enemy, and, when once behind him, made the drain so uncomfortable, that the rough-and-ready notice of ejectment was acted upon. A fine otter dashed out of the drain's mouth, followed immediately by Turk, sadly bitten and bedraggled, but by no means seriously injured. This terrier, though the huntsman could give him no pedigree, was in appearance of fashionable blood—a good-looking little fellow, about 15lb. in weight, and handsome enough to win a prize on the show bench, which he has done. Bobby Troughton, who had hunted the Kendal Otter Hounds for a dozen years, said this dog Turk was the gamest and hardest terrier he ever possessed—surely a glowing testimonial for a modern show animal.

Some time ago, Mr. T. Wootton, in a pleasant correspondence I had with him, named a number of celebrated terriers, including one, called Boxer, belonging to Limpenny, "the Gypsy huntsman," and another Squire Goodamon possessed, which was said to be the only terrier that could turn an otter out of the King's Mill Gutter on the Avon. Then the late George Harris, of Kingsbridge, had some of the same sort; and the Colliers, of Culmstock, have had such with their hounds since the time they first hunted the otter.

No gamer terrier could be imagined than one which for years was the property of the late Mr. W. H. B. Schrieber, of Watford. Powderham Jack originally came from Mr. Damarell's kennel in Devonshire, but he was supposed to be Midland county bred, and here is what he did. Jack, when six years old—of course he had made the acquaintance of the "grey gentleman" long before—was sent into a badger earth in Hertfordshire about noon, and, though

unable to drive his game, remained there fighting for over six hours and a half. Then he was dug out terribly exhausted, and awfully bitten and torn—so much so in fact that for three weeks he had to be fed with a spoon held below the root of the tongue, as any liquid given in the usual way ran out through the holes the badger had made in the dog's under jaw and mouth. However, careful nursing brought him round, although Jack carried the tale-telling scars to his dying day.

On the second day after the affray Mr. Schreiber returned to the "earth" with another terrier, which in due course "marked," and by digging the end of the burrow was reached. Here the party found a large female badger dead which Jack had killed the day before. She was 26lb. in weight, and, on being skinned, her chest and her ribs were found to be broken, although outwardly she showed few marks of the dog's teeth. This is the only authenticated case of which I have record where a 16lb. terrier killed a badger nearly double his own weight in fair fight underground. No wonder that Mr. Schreiber was proud in his possession of such a dog, and though in the end blindness resulted from the injuries Jack received on that eventful day, he lived until quite recently to be respected and admired as one of the best terriers ever known. In appearance Powderham Jack was quite up to "show form;" indeed, on several occasions before his great fight, he had appeared on the bench, where he met with considerable success. On his sire's side he was descended from Jack Terry's Wasp and Broome, but his dam's pedigree was never ascertained. Anecdotes and stories of the gameness of the terrier might be continued, and although these tales are of early terriers, there is no reason to doubt that the

modern strain, with the opportunity afforded, will do his duty with equal satisfaction. But a 300*l.* dog is too valuable a commodity to place at the tender mercies of badger, fox, or otter.

Some of the earlier wire-haired terriers were remarkably savage and ill-tempered, or perhaps it was the writer's misfortune to possess such. I recollect that on a certain occasion I had one sent me from Shropshire, which originally came from the huntsman of the Albrighton hounds. Anyhow, rare good-looking dog though he seemed, his excellence was sadly marred by his detestable disposition. He was never safe, and always as willing to growl at his owner as to take a piece out of the leg of a tramp or anyone else. Entered for Darlington Show at a few pounds, if he was not sold I had promised him as a present to a friend. As it happened, he won the first prize and the special cup, and was at once claimed by a well-known admirer of the breed. Avenger (the dog's name) was a little high on the legs, 18lb. weight, straight in front and terrier-like in head, with a hard jacket, but not much of it. I need scarcely say he did not need trimming, or "faking," to make him look his best.

Owing to one cause or another, the wire-haired fox terrier has occupied longer in popularising himself than the smooth-coated one. For years he was without a class at any of the shows, and when he became so important as to be honoured by being so provided, he was relegated to the non-sporting division! Birmingham gave him his first class in 1873, nine years subsequent to the time when the smooth variety had been prominently brought forward. Some of the stud books have the wire-haired fox terrier entered amongst non-sporting dogs, sandwiched

between the Pomeranians and Bedlington terriers, and so he continued till 1875, whilst a little earlier the same reference volume mixes the wire-haired fox terriers with the Irish terriers. Here is reason for a delay in popularisation, which undoubtedly arose from the incompetence of some of the judges who were asked to give their opinions on the breed, and whose knowledge thereof was quite on a par with what it might be with regard to white elephants and crocodiles. My nerves never received so severe a shock at any show as they did at Curzon Hall in 1872, when the first prize for wire-haired terriers was withheld through "want of merit," though in the class was that reliable and undoubtedly very high-class specimen Venture, then shown by Mr. Gordon Sanderson, of Cottingham, near Hull. Mr. J. Nisbet, a reputed judge of Dandie Dinmonts, gave this foolish decision, which, however, did not lower the dog one iota in the eyes of those who knew his excellence. Mr. W. Carrick, of Carlisle, subsequently became his owner, and made him useful in the foundation of a kennel of terriers which for excellence was for a time unsurpassed.

This Venture was as good a terrier of his variety as I ever saw, without the slightest particle of bulldog appearance, built on proper lines, with a coat above the average in hardness and in denseness, and a head in length and quality of the best; it was, indeed, ill luck that the incompetence of the judge so dishonoured him by withholding the first prize and giving him but the second. Ah! but someone may say Venture was, perhaps, in bad condition —this he was not, he was as bright and fresh then as at any time of his career, which later on proved eminently successful.

Between the years 1872 and 1880, comparatively few wire-haired terriers were shown at Curzon Hall; in the former year there were but two entries, but later some dozen or so appeared about the average. Most of the best dogs during this period came from the neighbourhood of Malton, in Yorkshire. Venture, already alluded to, by Kendall's Old Tip, a well-known terrier with the Sinnington hounds, had a successful career on the show bench, and to my mind was certainly the best of his variety at that time. In 1874, however, the Stud Book only contained four other entries of wire-haired terriers, and with one exception they were owned by Mr. Wootton. The exception was Jack Denton's Chaplin, a dog that won third prize at Manchester the previous year. Wasp, first prize Manchester in 1873, has no sire or dam given, and Mr. Gordon Sanderson appears to be the only man at that day who kept the pedigrees of his terriers. The wonder was that he did so, for his favourites did not bring much money. For instance, Venture, mentioned above, had been shown in a variety or mixed class, one in which different descriptions of dogs compete against each other; and entered at thirty shillings, he was so good as to attract attention, and the man who gave seventy shillings for him was thought to have more money than sense. However, the purchaser, Mr. Holmes, of Beverley, was right, and such a dog as Venture to-day would command one hundred guineas at least.

A half-brother of the-last-named dog was called Tip, a white terrier with blue badger-pied marks on his body and head, not an unusual colour then, but seldom seen nowadays. At Liverpool Show in 1889 a dog named Carlisle Young Venture similarly marked was benched,

and the late Mr. Donald Graham, who up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1891, was one of our oldest supporters and best judges of the variety, told me it was directly descended from Tip. The latter, a peculiarly heavily muscled dog, would weigh, I fancy, hard on to 20lb., he had such a strong back and powerful bone. His head was a little too short, and his coat, though hard, was scarcely profuse enough. His small ears and determined dare-devil look out of his little dark eyes, gave an amount of character that is sadly deficient in the terrier of to-day, who possesses an advantage only on the score of neatness. After changing hands two or three times, Tip, who had been born in 1872, went into Mr. S. E. Shirley's kennels, from whence he visited the shows and did a great deal of winning, but he was always to Venture in the wire hairs what Tartar had been to Old Jock in the smooth variety—the bull terrier of the party.

From the strains of these two dogs have sprung most of the modern wire-haired terriers, but, unfortunately, so many crosses have been made with their smooth cousins, that there is little chance of to-day finding the old blood pure and uncontaminated.

It is said that Mr. Maxwell's Jester and Mr. Ward's Pickering Nailer were, about the time they flourished, the only wire-haired terriers of note which could be said to be of really pure blood. Since then I am sadly afraid this old and good strain has become so co-mingled with other families as to be entirely lost.

There appears a semblance of strangeness that the wire-haired terriers from Devonshire have not been more used for show bench purposes, and by all accounts some of them were as good in looks as they had on many occasions

proved in deeds. Those owned by the late Rev. John Russell have acquired a world-wide reputation, yet we look in vain for many remnants of the strain in the stud books, and the county of broad acres has once again distanced the southern one in the race for money. But, although the generous clerical sportsman occasionally consented to judge terriers at some of the local shows in the West, he was not much of a believer in such exhibitions. So far as dogs, and horses too, were concerned, with him it was "handsome is that handsome does," and so long as it did its work properly, one short leg and three long ones was no eye-sore in any terrier owned by this popular west country parson. How he came to obtain a strain of them at all is admirably told in his Memoir by the author of "Dartmoor Days."

"Russell had been in residence some fourteen terms, and was now, with a view to his final examination, busily employed in preparing for the schools and furbishing up his old Tiverton armour, which he was not slow to discover had grown somewhat rusty by habitual disuse and the easy conditions of his college life. His degree being of paramount importance to him the short period that now remained for getting up his books was naturally accompanied by the inevitable doubt and anxiety which even the ablest scholars are apt to feel at such a time.

"It was on a glorious afternoon towards the end of May, when strolling round Magdalen Meadow with Horace in hand, but Beckford in his head, he emerged from the classic shade of Addison's Walk, crossed the Cherwell in a punt, and passed over in the direction of Marston, hoping to devote an hour or two to study in the quiet meads of that hamlet near the charming slopes of Elsfield, or in the

deeper and more secluded haunts of Shotover Wood. But before he had reached Marston, a milkman met him with a terrier, such an animal as Russell had as yet only seen in his dreams; he halted as Actæon might have done when he caught sight of Diana disporting in her bath, but, unlike that ill-fated hunter, he never budged from the spot till he had won the prize and secured it for his own. She was called Trump, and became the progenitress of that famous race of terriers which from that day to the present have been associated with Russell's name at home and abroad, his able and keen coadjutors in the hunting field. An oil painting of Trump is still in existence, but as a copy executed by a fair and talented artist is now in my possession, and was acknowledged by Russell to be not only an admirable likeness of the original, but equally good as a type of the race in general, I will try, however imperfectly, to describe the portrait as it now lies before me.

"In the first place, the colour is white, with just a patch of dark tan over each eye and ear, while a similar dot not larger than a penny piece marks the root of the tail. The coat, which is thick, close, and a trifle wiry, is calculated to protect the body from wet and cold, but has no affinity with the long rough jacket of a Scotch terrier. The legs are straight as arrows, the feet perfect, the loins and conformation of the whole frame indicative of hardihood and endurance, while the size and height of the animal may be compared to that of a full-grown vixen fox. 'I seldom or ever see a real fox terrier nowadays,' said Russell recently to a friend who was inspecting a dog show containing a hundred and fifty entries under that denomination; 'they have so intermingled strange blood with the

real article, that if we were not informed, it would puzzle Professor Bell himself to discover what race the so-called fox terrier belongs to.' "

A most ridiculous description of how the modern fox terrier has been bred from the Italian greyhound, beagle, and smooth-coated terrier or bulldog cross follows, and of the blood of the latter Russell is said to have spoken in high terms of praise, and his opinion is at any rate worth having in this matter.

The author of the memoir continues: "The bulldog blood thus infused imparts courage, it is true, to the so-called terrier; he is matchless at killing any number of rats in a given time, will fight any dog of his weight in a Westminster pit, draw a badger heavier than himself out of his long box, and turn up a tom cat possessed even of ten lives before poor pussy can utter a wail. But the ferocity of that blood is in reality ill-suited, nay, is fatal, to foxhunting purposes, for a terrier that goes to ground and fastens on his fox, as one so bred will do, is far more likely to spoil sport than promote it; he goes in to kill, not to bolt the object of his attack.

"Besides, such animals, if more than one slip into a fox earth, are too apt to forget the game and fight each other, the death of one being occasionally the result of such encounters. Hence, Russell may well have been proud of the pure pedigree he had so long possessed, and so carefully watched over. Tartars they were, and ever have been, beyond all doubt, going up to their fox in any earth, facing him alternately with hard words and harder nibs, until at length he is forced to quit his stronghold and trust to the open for better security.

"A fox thus bolted is rarely a pin the worse for the skirmish; he has had fair play given him, and instead of being half strangled is fit to flee for his life. The hounds, too, have their chance, and the field are not baulked of their expected run.

"Russell's country was technically known as a hollow one—that is, a country in which rocky fastnesses and earths excavated by badgers abound in every direction. Consequently, on every hunting day, a terrier or two invariably accompanied him to the field, and certainly no general ever depended with more trust on the services of an aide-de-camp than he on those of his terriers. If in chase they could not always live with the pack, still they stuck to the line, and were sure to be there or thereabouts when they were wanted if the hounds threw up even for a minute.

"'I like them to throw their tongue freely when face to face with their enemy,' said Russell one day, as he stood listening to his famous dog Tip marking energetically in a long drain some six feet below the surface; 'you know then where they are and what they're about'

"Entered early, and only at fox, Russell's terriers were as steady from riot as the staunchest of his hounds, so that running together with them, and never passing over an earth without drawing it, they gave a fox, whether above ground or below it, but a poor chance of not being found by one or the other. A squeak from a terrier was the sure signal of a find, and there was not a hound in the pack that would not fly to it as eagerly as to Russell's horn or his own wild and marvellous scream. This steadiness from riot was, of course, the result of early education on one object, the fox; nor did Russell consider

it needful to train his terriers by progressive steps like others have done.

"A hundred anecdotes might be related of the wondrous sagacity displayed in chase by Russell's terriers, but as Tip's name has been already mentioned, one of his many feats will suffice to show, not merely the large amount of instinctive faculty, but the almost reasoning power with which that dog was endowed.

"Russell himself told me the story, as some thirty years ago, in going to cover, he drew my attention to a deep combe not far from Lidcote Hall, the seat of Sir Hugh, and the birthplace of poor Amy Robsart.

"'Do you see,' he said, 'that dark patch of hanging gorse hemmed in on the northern side by yonder knoll? Well, I've seen many a good run from that sheltered nook. On one occasion, however, I had found a fox, which, in spite of a trimming scent, contrived to beat us by reaching Gray's Holts, and going to ground before we could catch him. Now those earths are fathomless, and interminable as the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. They are so called Gray from the old Devonshire name signifying a badger, a number of those animals having long occupied that spot. Consequently, such a fortress once gained is not easily to be stormed even by Tip or the stoutest foe.

"'Again we found that fox a second time, and now, while the hounds were in close pursuit and driving hard, to my infinite surprise I saw Tip going off at full speed in quite a different direction.

"'"He's off, sir, to Gray's Holts. I know he is," shouted Jack Yelland, the whip, as he called my attention to the line of country the dog was then taking. That proved to be the case. The fox had scarcely been ten minutes on

foot when the dog, either by instinct, or, as I believe, by some power akin to reason, putting two and two together, came to the conclusion that the real object of the fox was to gain Gray's Holts, although the hounds were by no means pointing in that direction. It was exactly as if the dog had said to himself: "No, no; you're the same fox I know that gave us the slip once before, but you're not going to play us that trick again."

"'Tip's deduction was accurately correct, for the fox, after a turn or two in covert, put his nose directly for Gray's Holts, hoping, beyond a doubt, to gain that city of refuge once more, and then to whisk his brush in the face of his foes. But in this manœuvre he was fairly out-generalled by the dog's tactics. Tip had taken a short cut, the chord of the arc, and, as the hounds raced by at some distance off, there I saw him,' continued Russell, 'dancing about on Gray's Holts, throwing his tongue frantically, and doing his utmost by noise and gesture to scare away the fox from approaching the earths. Perfect success crowned the manœuvre, the fox, not daring to face the lion in his path, gave the spot a wide berth, while the hounds, carrying a fine head, passed on to the heather, and after a clinking run killed him on the open moor.'

"Tip scarcely ever missed a day for several seasons, never appeared fatigued, though he occasionally went from fifteen to twenty miles to covert. He died at last from asthma in the Chorley earths, Russell having dug up to him and the fox in half-an-hour, but to his master's great grief the poor old dog was quite dead. Russell looked upon his terriers as his fireside friends, the penates of his home; nor was he ever happier than when to some congenial spirit he was recording the service they had done him in

bygone days; and vast indeed was the store from which he drew so many interesting facts connected with their history. One peculiarity of Tip's, however, must not be omitted: on a hunting morning no man on earth could catch him after he had once seen Russell with his top boots on.

"Nettle, too, a prodigy of courage and sagacity, would follow no one but her master and not even him except the hounds were at his heels, knowing full well that her services were only required in connection with the hunting field. Then there was the one-eyed Nelson, a genius in his way, and in point of valour a worthy namesake of England's immortal hero. Russell had run a fox to ground near Tetcott, the seat of Sir William Molesworth, but tiers of passages one under the other rendered the earth so perfect a honeycomb that the terriers were soon puzzled, nor did the diggers know what line to follow, there was scent everywhere. Nelson at length came out, and at some distance off commenced digging at the greensward. 'Here's the fox,' said Russell, 'under Nelson's nose or I'll forfeit my head.' The dog went in again, and, marking hard and sharp under that very spot, the men broke ground and speedily came upon the fox. Russell then, with his arm bared, drew him forth, and, setting him on his legs, treated his field to as merry a ten minutes over that wild country as man's heart could ever wish to enjoy."

Terriers bearing credentials so bright and high ought surely to have become more popular than is the case, and, although occasionally one has heard of some show dog with this Devonshire blood on his grandsire's or grandam's side, the stud books do not quite reliably prove such to be the

case. One of Russell's best looking dogs was called Pussy, which he gave to Mr. T. Wootton, who eventually sold it to Mr. S. E. Shirley for 40*l.*, and the terrier which accompanies the portrait of the Rev. J. Russell at the commencement of this volume is a capital specimen of the Devonshire sportsman's strain. A dog like either Tip or Trump, if as good looking as described, would surely have been fitted for the show bench, and if a bit ragged in jacket and a trifle heavy at the shoulders such defects would not have been quite fatal to success in the eyes of the right sort of judges.

That this blood is valued highly at the present day I have every reason to believe, as I hear that a few such terriers at this moment remain in the West of England. Mr. C. G. Archer, of Trelaske, Cornwall, has owned a couple or two, and puppies from this strain now and then find their way to other parts of the country. A gentleman has communicated with me as the possessor of just such a dog as Trump, described on another page. Still, he does not find that strain as it were "nick" well with others, and he was consequently anxious to obtain some other of the Devonshire cross in order to maintain the breed in all its excellence. Mr. Archer tells me that he has had his terriers for over thirty years, first obtaining them from his friend the Rev. J. Russell, and from his uncle, Mr. Walter Radcliffe, of Warleigh Hall. The breed has been kept pure and distinct, the dogs weigh 18lb., the bitches from 15lb. to 16lb.; they are wire-haired, and in colour, white, with more or less black and tan markings, and without the slightest appearance of bulldog strain. Their owner gives them an excellent character when he says they are very hardy, inasmuch as they will go to ground anywhere, run all day with hounds, and for pluck and

endurance he has never seen their equal with either fox, otter, or badger.

Perhaps here it may be well to follow the Rev. John Russell's terriers by mentioning one or two of the similar special strains which have not been bred for show purposes, and which perhaps may be defective in some little matter of straightness of fore legs, and not so long and narrow in the head as the "show-bench man" desires. Such as have been always bred for work and reared in kennels are hardier than the usual show strain, and can do a long day's hard work and walk happily home on its conclusion. The Edwardes', near Haverfordwest, have the Sealy Ham terriers, called after the family's country seat there. This is a short-legged, long-bodied, wire-haired terrier, mostly white in colour, with black or brown or brown and black markings; sometimes, like the ordinary fox terrier, it is pure white, and from 16lb. to 18lb. in weight. It is described to be of unflinching courage and a hard biter. Such a dog ought to be useful in improving the coat and general character of the modern "wire-hair," which certainly appears to require a fillip some way or other. The late Captain Edwardes, like all his family, was a devoted admirer of these little dogs, and was usually accompanied by a couple or so, even to the extent of taking them on to the platform with him at public meetings. He claimed for them great antiquity, as having been in their family a hundred years or more, and urged their ability to kill even a full-grown otter single-handed. The latter is what no terrier ever could do or will be able to do, although statements of such a thing having taken place repeatedly reach me, but proof is never forthcoming, and on inquiry I have invariably found that sticks and stones, iron-caulkered boots, and

weapons of various kinds have done more to take the life of the poor otter than the bites of the animal for whom such a victory has been claimed. The Sealy Ham terrier is comparatively unknown out of that part of the Principality in which it is bred. It seldom appears on the show bench, although eight or nine years ago, in a class for "working terriers," Captain Edwardes exhibited one called Tip at Haverfordwest show, and the catalogue stated its pedigree was known for a hundred years, and that it was warranted to go to ground to fox, badger, and otter.

An excellent strain of wire-haired terriers is carefully bred by Mr. J. H. B. Cowley, of Highcroft, Bovingham, Hemel Hempstead. Here, again, is a short-legged, long-bodied, hard-coated dog. I know of my own experience that there is no better strain for work, and Mr. Cowley is to be congratulated and thanked for having established a variety which, even more than the Sealy Ham terrier, is likely to be used for crossing the "show dog" with advantage to the latter. Mr. Cowley's dogs are bred for doing the work for which the terrier was originally brought into the world. It is a treat to see them either making their way to the badger or fox, or in the more plebeian yet equally enjoyable diversion of rat-hunting. Their owner follows the latter as one of the "fine arts." He has all sorts of appliances in the form of nets, rods, &c., with which to catch the rats when the terriers cannot reach them, and when they have been driven about by the ferrets. Mr. Cowley can set half a dozen of his dogs to watch half a dozen different holes, some within the buildings, some outside. A rat scuttles about, bolts, and is quickly snapped up by the terrier waiting for him; another terrier only a few feet away takes no heed of this, but watches

his own hole and patiently awaits the appearance of his rodent. From the work I saw not long ago, I came to the conclusion that, in addition to being "game," these short-legged, smart little wire-hairs were exceedingly sagacious and easily kept under command—the latter about as valuable a commodity as the former.

Mr. Cowley, who usually keeps from four to six couples of fully-grown terriers in his kennels, says some of them are so game when underground that they receive a greater amount of punishment from a wild badger than would a less hard-fighting dog. Mr. Cowley obtained his first dog from Patrick, stud groom to the Old Surrey Fox-hounds, a wire-haired bitch which showed a little of the bulldog about her face and eyes. She was bred to a son of the whilom smooth-coated notability Tyrant; both were very game. Then puppies from this cross were put to a cross-bred bitch called Sting, which came out of Cornwall; she was particularly useful in every way, and directly from her are descended most of the present inmates of the kennels at Callipers. From time to time fresh blood has, however, been introduced from the hardiest strains of the modern show dog, pains always being taken to select the short-legged, low-set terriers, which are considered by Mr. Cowley to be the best for his purpose, for work underground, where he believes long legs are actually in the way. At any rate, this is his opinion. I, however, consider that in a mountainous district, where the earths are extensive and amongst the rocks, a rather long-legged dog is better than a short-legged one, as the former can scramble over the boulders better than the latter, and is generally more active. However, Mr. Cowley proceeds to say that in selecting his puppies he prefers the shorter-legged ones,

which, if they enter all right, are kept and crossed as occasion may require. No dog is, however, used unless his credentials as a worker are of the best, and his care in this has no doubt been the leading cause for the success of his strain.

"The points I try to breed for," continues Mr. Cowley, "are especially a long, powerful head, small drop ears, and weather-resisting jackets; if a little long in the back, they are none the worse for work underground, where they can turn and twist about better than a very short-coupled dog. Nearly all animals that live much underground are made thus, long in the body compared to the length of the legs, such as moles, weasels, polecats, badgers, &c.

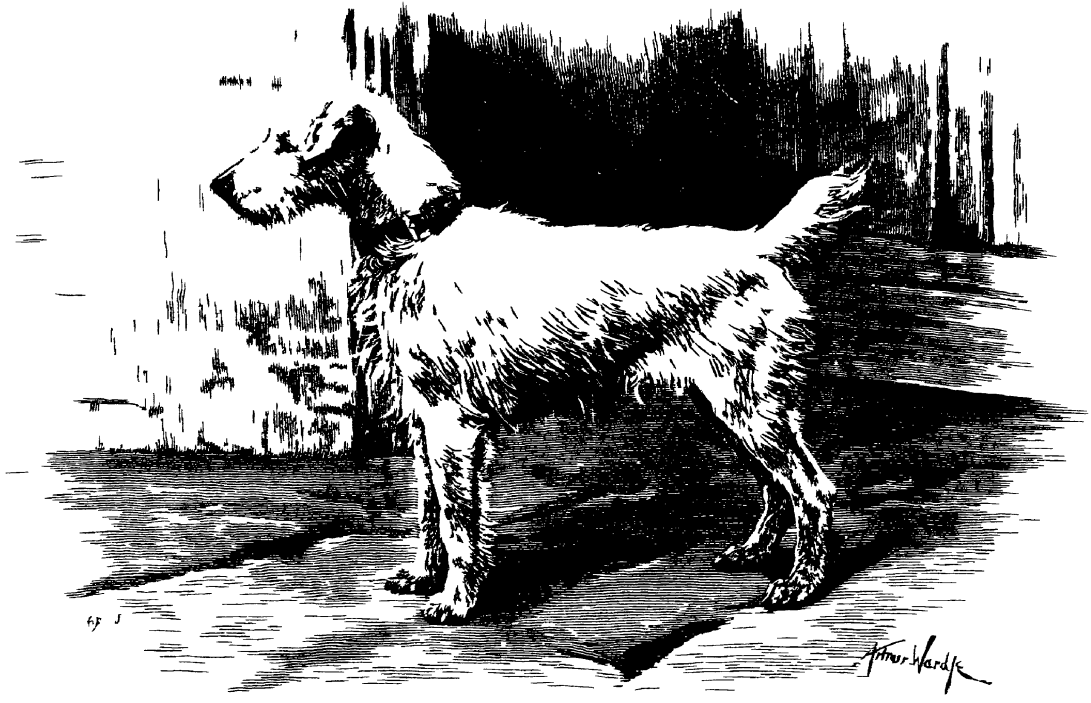
"I try to breed my terriers as straight in the legs as I can, but, like most short-legged members of the canine race—dachshunds, Basset hounds, Dandie Dinmonts, Scottish terriers, and some spaniels, to wit—it is difficult to get them perfectly straight. I would not draft an otherwise good dog because he turns his toes out. As for weight, I like 16lb. for dogs, and 14½lb. for bitches. At these weights they can possess bone enough and have their ribs sufficiently well sprung, and need not possess such exaggerated narrow fronts which a big dog must have if he is to get into an ordinary sized earth—suffering, consequently, from insufficient room for play of lungs and heart. For all work that a terrier is called upon to do, I think a 16lb. dog is the best."

So say I, and it is because there was, and is, a tendency to get our fox terriers, both rough and smooth, too big, that recourse has been had to breeding them with narrow, unnatural fronts, giving a stiltiness and stiffness to their possessors which are most objectionable features in a

terrier. Moreover, the shoulders are thus made to appear too upright.

There are doubtless other strains of working terriers in addition to such as I have already named, but none of them, so far as I am aware, have sufficient identity and character of their own to merit special recognition, and, besides, most of these local varieties are, as a rule, brown or black, or dark in colour, which is very much against them in the field of sport. Scottish terriers, Welsh terriers —indeed, any kind of terrier not white—a white strain of Scottish terriers has recently been introduced—used with a pack, are liable to be killed, hounds in their eagerness and excitement too often taking their willing little assistants for the fox or otter and acting accordingly. Many a good terrier has so met an untimely end, whilst had he been white no such fatality would have befallen him. And similar remarks apply to dark coloured terriers when used with the gun in covert, for a careless shooter is only too apt to take Scottie, or Taffy, or Paddy for what he is not, and give the poor dog a charge of the shot which was intended for the hare or rabbit.

Remarks made earlier with regard to the character of the smooth, apply equally to the wire-haired, terriers; and where the latter are not able to bolt a fox or otter, the reason is because they have never been educated so to do. Here is Mr. W. Carrick's prize dog, Carlisle Tack; look at him, and does there appear to be any reason to doubt his gameness? A terrier every inch, built on racing lines almost, without any lumber about him, and with powerful jaws; the artist having flattered him in the latter respect as he has done in coat. His weight was 17lb., he was all white in colour, was born May 5th, 1884, and in his day won many



prizes (including the fifty guinea challenge cup offered by the Fox Terrier Club) at all the leading shows. Tack was generally considered to be about the best of his variety exhibited in his day. His chief defect lay in a scantiness of coat on his sides and ribs, and down his legs, but what there was was of good, hard quality. Why the jacket was thin can easily be guessed, for his sire Trick had for his dam Patch, a smooth-coated bitch by Buffet out of Milly, who was likewise a smooth-coated bitch descended from the Trimmer family. This Patch must not be confounded with other terriers of that name, as has been the case, for she was owned by Mr. A. Maxwell, and was not the smooth bitch of Mr. Proctor's that came from an adjoining district in Durham. Tack's mother was the wire-haired bitch Lill Foiler, whose dam was said to be a grand-daughter of the Rev. J. Russell's Fuss, but whether this was the case is doubtful. Lill Foiler, too, had "smooth blood" in her veins, and possibly to the late Jester, sire of Trick, a pure terrier of the old stamp, Tack owes his quality. Indeed, Jester has been of such service in promoting the excellence of at least one side of the present generation of wire-haired terriers, that some description of him may be given.

Jester, by Pincher out of Fan, born in September, 1877, was bred by Mr. S. Rawlinson, Newton Morrell, near Darlington. There were three in the litter, all dogs, two died in puppyhood, and his sire being sold, the alliance between him and Fan was not repeated. Jester's dam came from Mr. M. Dodds, Stockton-on-Tees, son of an ex-member of Parliament for that borough, and not to be confounded with Jack Dodds, from whom the last owner of Jester, Mr. A. Maxwell, Croft, purchased his favourite. Jack Dodds is brother to George Dodds, for many years

huntsman to the Hurworth, and who, in his time, had charge of the late Mr. T. Wilkinson's otter hounds at Neasham. It is very curious that with such a dog, and one that has produced such stock, the pedigree cannot be traced any further than given here. His sire Pincher was a prize winner on many occasions, and, between 1869-71, was, with the late Mr. Donald Graham's Venom, considered the best specimen of the day.

Jester, up to his twelfth year, was as strong on his feet as ever, and hardly possessed a broken or cankered tooth in his head. His constitution thus must have been thoroughly sound. He was not shown until five years old, when he won first prize at Knightsbridge, on the occasion of the Fox Terrier Club's Show being held there, and later he scored further successes, never being exhibited without some card of honour. Weighing 18lb., Jester had a coat like pin wire, plenty of it down his sides and legs, even to his feet, which were thickly padded and close; he excelled, too, in the colour of his eyes, and the ears were small and well carried. He died when he was over fourteen years old, and has a memorial erected to his memory at Croft, near Darlington.

Prior to the introduction of the Jester blood, and so early as 1876, a strain was developing, which came from a terrier called Broom, shown by Mr. Henry Lacey, of Manchester, in 1875 and later, and although this was a dog I never liked, and looked a commoner (he had no pedigree whatever, and could not even boast of being sprung from an eminent North Yorkshire strain like Jester could), his influence remains to this day, and many of his descendants have proved as good terriers as man could desire, *i.e.*, so far as looks are concerned.

A short *résumé* of the connecting links between the best wire-haired terriers from that time until the present may be interesting, and from Broom to Mr. G. F. Richardson's Bramble, who took rank as one of the best of her variety, is not a great leap. Her size was her one fault, she being a well-made, strongly backed bitch, scaling well on to 20lb. weight. She was a grand-daughter of Shirley's Tip, and following her may be mentioned Young Broom, who, though by no means a good one to look at, has likewise left his mark in another direction, by being the sire of Mr. Colmore's (Burton-on-Trent) Turk. Then there pops in Jack Terry's (Nottingham) Pincher, and this animal, though moderate in appearance, through Gyp became the grandsire of Burton Wild Briar. Mr. Lindsay Hogg's (Middlesex) Topper, a successful terrier on the bench, is a common enough name in modern pedigrees, as is that of his sire Sir W. Johnstone's Topper, the latter through Mr. Richardson's Splinter. The year after Mr. Hogg's dog had made his *début*, Birch and Thorn appeared, and some breeders consider that the fine terrier-like expression, lovely eyes, and general quality possessed by Brittle (a dog that went to America, but when the property of Mr. Reginald F. Mayhew in this country most successful on the bench) are inherited from this Thorn (who may be better known as Spike), and which in turn Brittle had so often transferred to his progeny.

With the exception of Cleveland Laddie (one of the fine charactered Yorkshire strains), Badger, and Brush, few good terriers were produced for some time, until possibly 1880, when Balance, Oakleigh Topper, Teazle, Toiler, Victor, Bundle, Nellie II., and Nellie III. (important as regards Vora's pedigree), and Balance were all introduced

to the show bench. Such an array of wire-haired terriers had not previously been seen; and Teazle was, perhaps, all round, as good a dog as has been produced since, but he was too big. From this period the wire-haired terrier became able to compete in quality, if not in quantity, with his more elegantly coated cousins, but not until some years later did the time arrive when, at York Terrier Show in 1888, the judges were able to place a team of the wire-haired variety over one of smooths for uniformity of type, excellence, and quality, and those who favoured the former were jubilant at the victory. Such competitions were not long continued, and now the Fox Terrier Club discourages the wire-haired and smooth fox terriers being pitted against each other.

Coming to more modern celebrities must be mentioned that excellent dog Briggs, once owned by Mr. F. Waddington, Bishop Auckland, which, after becoming the champion of the day, was sold to the present Lord Lonsdale, and ultimately, on account of his disputed pedigree, proved the hero of one of the most celebrated canine law cases of our time. No one needed a better looking dog than Briggs, for, handsome and workmanlike, he possessed the once orthodox richly coloured black and tan head and a white body; was game, had plenty of coat of the best texture, and his constitution was robust and good. His breeding and pedigree are unknown to me, nor do the Kennel Club Stud Books throw any light upon the subject.

Mr. F. H. Field's (later Lord Lonsdale's) Miss Miggs has been said to be, by some good judges, the best of all the wire-haired fox terriers of any time; and indeed there was little fault to find with her even if she were 19lb. weight, which her traducers said was the case. Possibly

she could gallop faster than Briggs, for she was leggier and not so deep in the chest, and her less gaudy markings lent to her a gamer and hardier appearance than the "great assize trial" dog possessed. Miss Miggs had a sister, too, called Mischief, an earlier litter, almost as good as herself; and Mr. Carrick's Vora, with her well-shaped head and perfection in character, must not be forgotten. This was a bitch not quite so straight on her fore legs as she might be, but one of the workmanlike sort; so was that charming little dog, Mr. J. W. Corner's Eskdale Tzar, a special favourite of mine, and, though not more than 15lb. weight, he looked able to do anything that could be required of him, and his beautifully dark eyes, bright, determined look out, hard coat and equality of build and form made him a difficult dog to beat anywhere.

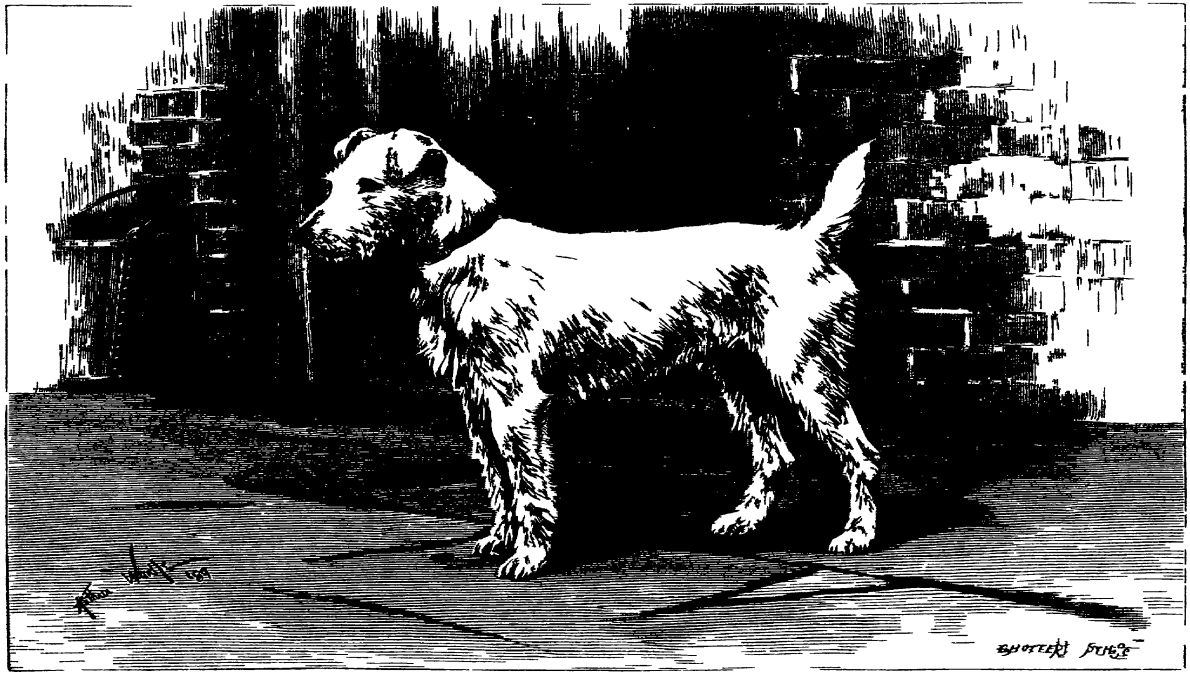
About this period I, from time to time, judged several excellent classes of wire-haired terriers at Darlington and other shows in the north, and was much struck with the extraordinary character some of the, so-called, commoner bred dogs possessed. They might be a little wide in front, or wrong a little one way or another, still there was no getting over the fact that they were terriers. Occasionally it became somewhat difficult to award the prizes, for a wide chest or one crooked leg, a sprung toe, lightish bone, softish coat, biggish ears, might be possessed in turn by some of the best animals. Character with me always had its effect, and a dog that looks game and determined is pretty well sure to be so. A softish coated dog, Mr. M. Harrison's Ajax, which I gave some prizes to, I again met, this time away in Dorsetshire, at the Sherbourne Hound Show in 1885, where, exhibited under the name of Lynx by Moss, Lord Portman's huntsman, he took the

first prize for terriers that had run with hounds. On inquiry I found he was good at his work, and in every way a credit to the north-country strain from which he sprang. He was always about the place when reynard required shifting from his stronghold, and could drive him with but little trouble.

North Star (afterwards Sam Weller), another good one, but a bad shower, and requiring trimming I should say, did as well in the south as in the north, being for a year or two often in the prize lists. This dog had an abundance of coat, but such celebrities as Timothy Foiler formed one of a galaxy not so well off in this respect. Trick, another of Mr Carrick's, was a good sort of dog, though a little common in appearance, and showing, to one with even half an eye to character, that he was a little bit of the "creole" as crossed between the two varieties.

About the end of 1883 Lord Lonsdale purchased a number of the best wire-haired terriers, which he kept in kennels, with his hounds, at Blankney, near Lincoln. The lot included Briggs, for which 200*l.* was paid; Miss Miggs and Vora, a hundred guineas each; Snowball and Sam Weller, 200*l.* the couple; which with Bundle, then an old bitch, constituted the team, she being bought for 42*l.*

Although I have already mentioned a number of tip-top terriers from the border city, another dog equal to any was awaiting us at the Kennel Club's Show, which took place in February, 1889, at the Alexandra Palace. This was a white puppy called Carlisle Tyro, just about the right size for his age, 17lb. in weight, and allowed to be the best of his kind seen, at any rate of late years, by Tack (whose portrait is given elsewhere) from Vice. Tyro was



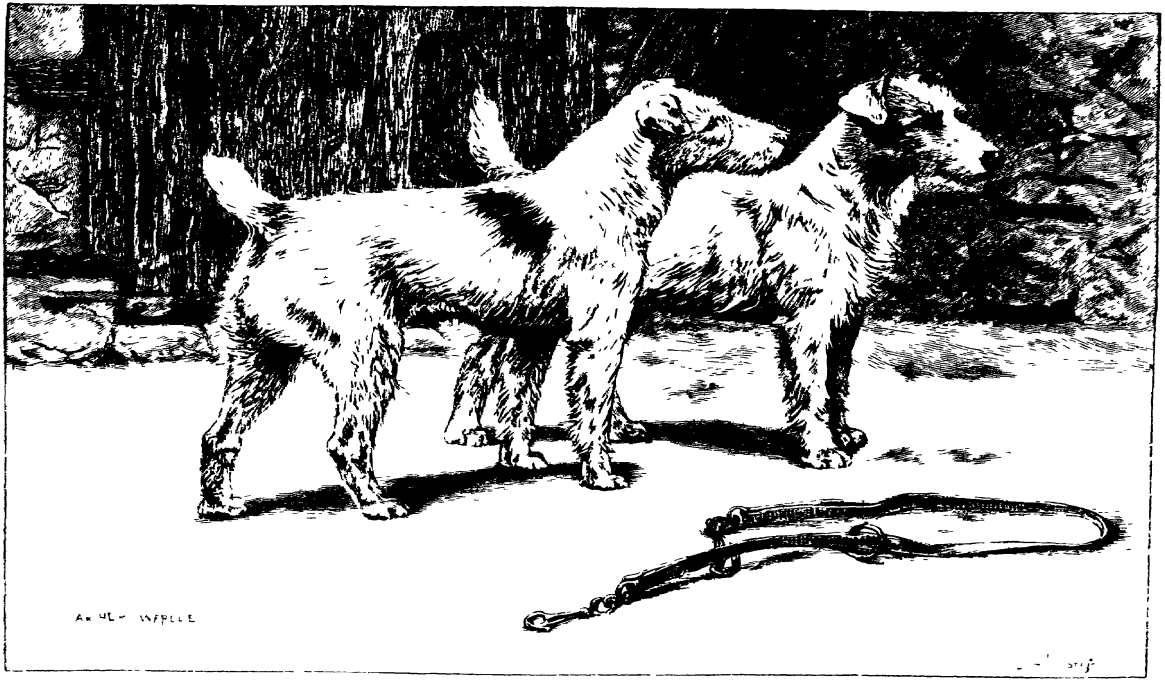
CARLISLE BRO

pupped on February 29th, 1888, thus being well on to twelve months old when he first appeared on the show bench. This initial success was unprecedented, for, not only did he win first prize in the puppy class, with that right good judge Mr. Harding Cox officiating, but also secured leading honours in the open dog class, in the one for novices, and the produce stakes too, which brought in altogether 17*l.*, not a bad stroke of business by any means for a youngster. In addition to these money prizes Tyro also beat all other wire-haired for the Fifty Guinea Challenge Cup and the extra Twenty-five Guinea Trophy for the best of all the fox terriers, rough and smooth, in the aforesaid produce stakes. This young dog's winnings were considerably over 90*l.* Tyro took after his sire in beauty and keenness of expression, but was a little stronger in jaw, possessed smaller ears, and excelled him in quantity of coat; in the latter lay Tack's greatest fault. Tyro's shoulders and loins, too, were powerful, his stern was neatly set on, his stifles were well turned, and his fore legs and feet were very good, though he at times stood not quite straight on them, which fault, if it were one, prevented his having that wooden and stiff appearance nearly all the absolutely straight-legged terriers possess. I should have liked Tyro a little better had the pads of his feet been thicker, and had he had more hair down his legs. Still, the latter cannot be expected in a terrier bred as he was with smooth-coated strains in the parentage of both his sire and dam. The wonder is that his coat was as perfect as was the case.

Tyro's successful show bench career was brought to an untimely and unexpected termination in the summer of the same year that had introduced him to the public.

Exhibited at the Kennel Club's Show held at Olympia in July, he was awarded the Challenge Cup and other prizes by the judge, Mr. A. Maxwell—himself a well-known popular and highly-successful breeder of wire-haired terriers. On the day following the one on which the prizes had been announced, Mr. Maxwell made a further examination of Tyro, with the result that he formally protested against the dog, on the grounds that the ears had been tampered with for the purpose of making them hang or drop properly. The matter came before the committee of the Kennel Club in due course, the protest was sustained, the dog disqualified, and all his honours were taken from him. Nor did an appeal and a subsequent re-opening of the matter four months later result in any further light being thrown on the proceedings There were marks on the dog's ears, but it was stated they arose from scratches made by pig iron, amongst which the puppy had been reared at Barrow-in-Furness. Mr. Carrick was so much aggrieved at the decision of the Kennel Club in the matter that he immediately announced his intention of never exhibiting his terriers again, a decision by which he still abides.

With the disqualification of Tyro, Mr. C. W. Wharton's Bushey Broom was awarded the Challenge Cup. This was a very good terrier indeed, and a much improved one since he had made his first appearance on the show bench as Hermit. Then his nose had more than an inclination to be flesh-coloured, but it gradually darkened with increasing age, and at the time he took the Challenge Cup there was no fault to find with him in this particular, and little in any other. An all white dog, built very much on the lines of Carlisle Tack, weighing 17lb., he was only beaten by the Carlisle dogs in length of head. Bushey Broom's coat was



JACK ST. LEGER AND CHARNWOOD MARION.

hard, and fairly dense; his neck, shoulders, and front were quite good, so were his feet and ears. Moreover, his expression was keen and terrier-like, and whenever Mr. Wharton's dog was in the class there was always a struggle as to whether he or an opponent secured the chief trophy. Bushey Broom was not quite two years old when he won this challenge cup. Mr. W. R. Mann had bred him, Mr. Wharton purchased him for 25*l.*; and he was very cheap at the money, for his pedigree was good, his sire being Oakleigh Hornet, by Foiler Broad—Cleveland Terra, a grand-daughter of Topper's, whilst his dam Whinblossom was by Teazle—Nettle. Later, Bushey Broom was sold to Mr. H. L. Hopkins for 150*l.*, and continued his public career until by accident he lost one of his legs.

At the Crystal Palace Company's first and only show, held in October, 1889, Mr. Harry Jones introduced a wire-haired puppy, bearing the somewhat odd name of Jack St. Leger, by Knavesmire Jest—Jeannie Deans, by Raffle—Deacon Diamond: rather an odd pedigree for the hard-coated, game-looking puppy which Jack St. Leger was then. A terrier of an old-fashioned stamp, short legged and long bodied, he excelled in the length of his head and strength of his jaw. But all round he was an extra special sort of terrier, strong in bone, powerful in loin, and looking all over a thorough worker. Still, I believe that his shorter legs and longer body than those possessed by the whilom crack Tack should always place him below that excellent representative. The high opinion expressed of Jack St. Leger was amply maintained when he won three first prizes and the cup at the National Exhibition at Birmingham in December, 1891, he having in the meantime become the property of Mr. A. E. Clear, of Maldon, Essex. Jack continued his victorious

career, and proved himself the Birmingham champion a second time by taking chief honours there in 1894.

Pickering Nailer, of considerable merit in many respects, like most of those bred in the district implied by his name, was considered too big—I did not think him 20lb. weight—to please fashionable and fastidious modern taste, but he possessed a great recommendation, to the like of which no other modern representative lays claim. He was said to contain not even the most remote cross of the smooth variety, which may or may not be correct. Those who know his breed do not doubt the truth of this, but for aught we know Old Jester can lay a similar claim, for we are not aware that he contained any of the smooth-coated strains. Nailer was sire of several more than fair animals, Mr. Maxwell's Miss Taylor being the best of them. Brittle (for long resident in the United States), already mentioned as one of our leading wire-hairs, born in the midlands, had one of the hardest of coats, and no dog of his day excelled him in head, ears and correctness of size. A little wideness at the shoulders and fore legs and shortness in neck I may say were about his chief defects. Cavendish, Jack Frost, Barton Marvel, Jack's Yarn, Liffey, Dr. Beatty's Foiler, Tees Nap, Tees Topper, Lord Edward, Dirleton Nettle, and Master Broom, deserve special mention, but before all will come the acknowledged champion bitch of her day, Mr. Sutcliffe's Quantock Nettle. Since her *début* at the Kennel Club Show as a puppy in 1887, where she was exhibited by her breeder, Mr. H. A. W. Aylesbury, Bishop's Lydeard, up to her retirement three or four years later, she was scarcely ever beaten by one of her own sex, and, with the exception of the rather large size of her ears, little fault could be found with her. Built much on the lines of Briggs, though

on shorter limbs and longer in body, her chest was unusually deep, she stood on straight legs, and was unusually powerful for an animal of her size. She was a daughter of Trick's from Lady Hazel, by Filbert—Lady Relish, by Raby Pickle.

An oddly-named terrier was the above-named Filbert, previously known as Pulborough Jumbo, a black-headed, determined looking, rather leggy dog, who, from being entered in a catalogue at something like 7*l.*, came to be sold for 100*l.* He did considerable winning in his day (about 1886-7), and a person, who told me he was his breeder, related some strange stories as to its career. Jumbo was a cross-bred dog, said the man, and should have been drowned as a puppy; somehow he escaped that fate, as he did a second time when the cord was around his neck. Mr. Nutt got hold of him, showed him successfully, and then sold him as stated. Some dogs, like some human beings have their ups and downs in this life, but Jumbo was a commoner in appearance, though a game-looking terrier, and I need scarcely say that his pedigree is not to be found in the stud book.

Another good dog was the late Mr. E. Welburn's Prompter, whose wins included that of the Fox Terrier Club's challenge cup, but the sensational wire-haired terrier of 1894 was undoubtedly the young dog Roper's Nutcrack, which Mr. E. Welburn introduced at Manchester, where, after winning all before him under Mr. Doyle, was claimed by Sir Humphrey de Trafford at the catalogued price of 150*l.* This dog was bred at Penrith, but his blood was not fashionable, for which a terrier is not much the worse. He was rather heavily built, and, to my mind, did not possess the character shown by such dogs as Tack, Jack

St. Leger, and others already alluded to. Something of the type of the latter was a young bitch Mr. Luke Turner showed at the Kennel Club's Show in October of the same year in which Nutcrack came into prominence. This was a tan-marked terrier called Charnwood Marion, who made a most successful *début*, and, although not in the best of form for the bench, pretty easily disposed of most of her formidable opponents. How good she was will be easily seen from her portrait on a preceding page.

But I am perhaps rather anticipating, for there are other "cracks" to note which made an earlier opening—Mr. Clear's Cribbage, who went to America, and his Jigger, to wit, both of the highest class. Then Cauldwell Nailer had done quite his full share of winning—a dog which was purchased for about 20*l.* by Mr. Thurnall—and afterwards went to Mr. Harding Cox for about six times that sum. Mr. A. Mutter, of Wandsworth, as soon as Lord Edward had retired, brought out another extra good terrier in the form of the pugilistically named Tipton Slasher. This is one of the stamp of terriers after my own heart, and I do not think any the worse of him for the brindled mark he has on his head or face. At Guildford Show in 1894 it was hard lines that he was not awarded the special for the best sporting dog in the place, and for the best fox terrier, for he had won in a very good class, and was, in my humble opinion, a much better terrier than the smooth bitch of Mr. Gillett's which was placed over him. Even at the Fox Terrier Show at Cheltenham, in November, 1901, Tipton Slasher, looking very well, was an easy winner in the class for veterans, he then being nearly ten years old.

Mr. F. Baguley, of Wyck Hall, Gloucester, sometimes

brought to the shows wire-haired terriers of character and possessing the right type, his Daylesford Brush being particularly noteworthy. Mr. Izod's Valuer and Velocity have likewise made names for themselves, and so have Mr. S. A. Moore's Rustic Marvel, Mr. T. Watson's Pollok Tina, Mr. Mutter's Surrey Janet (sent to Canada); more than useful was Mr. Thurnall's Cauldwell Scorcher; and worthy of note were Mr. Beacall's Sunfield Frost, Mr. Bartle's Scorcher, Sir H. de Trafford's Barton Witch, and Mr. Corner's Rydale Pattern, who went to America for about 20*l.*, the cheapest terrier which was ever exported, and a marked contrast to Surrey Janet, who realised more than five times that sum. Mr. T. Pearse's Wellingboro' Teaser, bred by Mr. Bartle, was also a good dog, and so was his Briar Clinker.

At the Fox Terrier Club show in 1894 there was such a collection of wire-haired terriers as had not been seen for many years; several excellent young dogs made their *début*, and special attention was called to the representatives from the kennels of Mr. C. Bartle, of Wellingboro', and of Mr. S. Hill, of Sheffield. The first-named had for some years shown an excellent type of terrier, which, like others of their race, contained some cross with the smooth variety. Still, in appearance they do not indicate such a strain, having hard, close coats, and with a fair amount of wire hair on their legs. Some of Mr. Bartle's terriers have been rather light in bone, but this cannot be said of his puppy Wellingboro' Judy, who came out at the show in question. She won pretty well all before her, and made a keen struggle with Roper's Nutcrack for the 50-guinea challenge cup. It is quite possible that Judy is one of the dozen best wire-haired terrier bitches we have

seen, and in proof of this it may be stated that after the show she was purchased by Mr. J. H. Kelly for 125*l.* Mr. S. Hill had at that time perhaps as strong a kennel of "wire-hairs" as any man, and for the most part its inmates were of his own breeding, his Meersbrook Bristles, Lordship, Magpie, and Sereneness being two couples of terriers which as bred by the exhibitor have, we fancy, not previously been excelled. Unfortunately, most of these terriers were disqualified for having their coats artificially "crispened" by the use of magnesia, an episode which caused considerable excitement at the time. Mr. Hill's strain of "Meersbrooks" is still to be found in most of the best terriers being shown now in 1902.

On previous pages I have given the particulars as to the formation of certain kennels of smooth-coated fox terriers, and perhaps some little information as to what has been done with the wire-haired variety may not be without interest. Mr. Enoch Welburn, who died very unexpectedly and much regretted early in 1902, has already been mentioned as an admirer of the wire-haired fox terrier, and as the owner of some of our very best specimens of late years the following particulars of two or three of them will go to prove that no little amount of skill and judgment are required to enable a man to make a good selection. Take the dog Prompter, for instance, bred by Mr. W. Beecroft, of Malton. Mr. Welburn noticed him at Pickering in 1890, where he did not get into the money, owing, doubtless, to bad condition. The dog was then called Little Joe. Mr. Welburn saw good in him, and three days later became his owner for 12*l.* At Knaresborough a month later Mr. Maxwell awarded him the honours as the best fox terrier in the show, and, after other successes, his owner had the

extraordinary offer of "a carriage and pair of horses" for the dog, which was refused. A short time before, Mr. Welburn had purchased from Mr. C. W. Wharton his champion Bushey Broom for 150*l.* on behalf of Mr. H. L. Hopkins, who had also heard a favourable account of Prompter. Finally Mr. Hopkins gave Bushey Broom and 70*l.* for the "new dog," who thus in reality was sold for the equivalent of 220*l.*, which is doubtless the most money ever paid for a terrier of this variety.

Mr. Welburn next purchased two brothers called Propeller and Prompter, with which he won many prizes, the latter at Gloucester, under Mr. Vicary, being placed over Mr. Toomer's Russley Toff, a dog which later as D'Orsay attained such celebrity, and about whom I have already written. The owner of the Beverley Fox Terrier Kennels did not find any more similar plums until the commencement of 1893, when at Derby he came across Roper's Nutcrack, in such bad condition that Mr. Pim failed to give him any prize at all. However, Mr. Welburn purchased the dog for 20*l.* from Mr. Holmes, of Sunderland, got it into condition, and entered it successfully under Mr. James Taylor at St. Helens, then at Manchester under Mr. Doyle, both in 1894. At the latter show Nutcrack attracted considerable attention, and several good offers were made for him, one especially by Mr. Rufus Mitchell. Then Sir Humphrey de Trafford stepped in and claimed Nutcrack at his catalogue price of 150*l.*, and, after winning a large number of minor prizes, attained his zenith by securing the 50*l.* challenge cup at the Derby Fox Terrier Show, though later at Birmingham he was defeated by Jack St. Leger.

Most of these terriers of Mr. Welburn's, all of them in fact, like pretty well most other leading wire-hairs of the

present day, had a considerable dash of "smooth-coated blood" in them. Bred by Mr. Warwick, of Penrith, Roper's Nutcrack was by Ashton Trumpeter, by Ashton Trumps, by Pitcher; his dam is without pedigree, but she is said to have come from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was anything but up to show form. Prompter's dam Moss was a good little bitch, very much after the stamp of the late Jack Frost, but even more cobbily built, and his sire Little Swell was by Halifax Swell, by Mr. Luke Turner's Spice.

As stated early in this chapter, the wire-haired terrier has made great progression towards popularity during the past half dozen years, greater care and pains being taken in mating and crossing the various strains. With his increasing popularity his value as a marketable commodity has increased, and at the time I am writing there are a dozen dogs whose owners would not take a couple of hundred pounds apiece for them. Some exhibitors are contented to purchase the best terriers, whilst others try to breed them. Perhaps the most notable dog of all is Go Bang, who, after doing yeoman service for Mr. G. Raper in this country, was sold to Mr. G. M. Carnochan, of New York, for the record price for any terrier of 500*l.* What Go Bang is in the flesh will be seen from the drawing on the adjoining page, where he appears in conjunction with his son Hands Up, a shapely, handsome terrier, bred by Mr. Reginald Mayhew in New York. The latter is of particular interest as, after being shown successfully in his native country, Hands Up was sent over to England, and, following his quarantine for the stipulated period of four months, appeared at various shows. He was not successful in quite coming out at the top, but was always in the prize lists. Personally I considered him a very good terrier,



especially in coat and general contour, well balanced throughout, and it was generally acknowledged that the enterprise and risk his owner ran in sending such a valuable dog a long voyage were not fully appreciated. Hands Up was not more than 18lb. in weight, thus not too big, and all a terrier, bright and expressive.

Go Bang in show form is 17½lb. in weight, and so nice in shape and with so few faults that it would be only a matter of opinion as to whether he is not the best wire-haired fox terrier ever bred. He was somewhat heavily marked, and, I am told, required a minimum amount of trimming. This is on account of the smooth cross which permeates his blood.

To what extent this is to be found in Go Bang will be seen from his pedigree as follows: Sire, Meersbrook Bristles (wire)—Norman's Jess (wire). The pedigrees of the sire and dam of Jess are not known. Bristles was by Knavesmere Jest (wire) out of Meersbrook Cissy (smooth), whose sire and dam, Meersbrook Monarch and Melody, were both smooth; and Monarch was by Bacchanal (smooth) out of Freya (smooth). Raby Mixture and Wasp, sire and dam of Melody, were likewise smooth-coated fox terriers. Knavesmere Jest was by Young Jester (wire) out of Meg. II. (smooth), by Old Jester (wire)—Venom (smooth. Young Jester's sire was Old Jester (wire), his dam Twine also being a wire-haired terrier.

Go Bang, whelped in 1894, bred by Mr. Norman, a draper in Sheffield, had many admirers when a mere puppy, 50*l.* being offered and refused for him. At eight months old Mr. J. H. Kelly succeeded in becoming his owner for 150*l.*, and later Mr. Raper got him from Mr. Kelly for 200*l.* In the hands of Mr. Raper Go Bang won the 50-guinea

challenge cup on seven occasions, upwards of 200 first prizes and as many specials, some of the latter being for the best dog in the show. His present owner, Mr. G. M. Carnochan, of Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York, paid, as already stated, 500*l.* for Go Bang, who has won whenever shown in his adopted country, and a stud fee equivalent to 10*l.* is obtained for his services. No doubt his sire Meersbrook Bristles was an extraordinary stud dog, but his son All Bristles must have run him hard, for during the season of 1887 he sired Matchmaker, sold for 250*l.* by auction (now in Toronto); Microbe, for which Mr. Philipson paid the 110 guineas in cash and Roper's Nutcrack, who was now in the sere and yellow, but good enough still to fetch 30*l.*; Barton Mortgagee, another of All Bristles' sons, realised 100*l.*, and later Mr. Raper paid 100*l.* for Raby Matchbox. The four latter were by All Bristles—Oronsay Marvel.

Amongst other notable dogs of the day the Duchess of Newcastle's Cackler of Notts must be named, and, although he had won most of the highest honours any of his race could attain, at Cheltenham in November, 1901, he was relegated to the v.h.c. division. Mr. S. E. Shirley, the judge, thought him too big, and maybe he is a size or two large, but in other ways—in coat, form, &c.—he is a superb dog, even now in his prime.

Perhaps it would be as well to write a few words as to this latest of all fox terrier shows, as it was one of the best. It seemed odd that both judges, Mr. S. E. Shirley, who made the awards in wire-hairs, and Mr. W. S. Glynn in smooths, ended in giving the four highest places to terriers on the small side. The wire-haired dog which won the championship was a cobby, low set little fellow, 17lb. weight—

Mr. F. Redmond's Don't Go Bang, all white, hard in coat, a workman to look at, not absolutely straight in front, and lacking the style the show judge has of late taken into consideration. Whilom champions were put in back positions; there was much wailing, but not much fault finding, and when in placing the winner for the challenge cup Mr. Shirley went for Mr. Enfield's Dusky Reine, a murmur of applause was heard round the ring side. She is less than the dog, has not so much coat, but is handsomer and more symmetrical. It is strange that both these terriers, as well as Miss Hatfeild's Dusky Cackler, second in the open class, should be bred by Mr. F. Redmond, whose successes as an owner of smooth-coated fox terriers are, to say the least, phenomenal. Whether this fancy of these two modern judges for smaller terriers than have been winning of late will have any influence in the future cannot be stated now, but that many of our so-called best dogs have been over-sized is scarcely a matter of opinion. It may be interesting to note in this connection that Dusky Reine had been sold by her breeder for 15*l.* after she had been refused at the same money by a well-known exhibitor who would perhaps scarcely like his name mentioned here. A few weeks later at Birmingham Dusky Reine was beaten by Sir H. de Trafford's old bitch Donington Flirt, when Mr. Redmond judged, although Flirt at the Cheltenham show in good form received but a card of honour—an honest proof of the difference of opinion judges may hold.

Other good dogs just now are Mr. R. Philipson's King Elf, a somewhat sensational purchase of Mr. E. Welburn's, and by many persons considered the best wire-haired dog of to-day. He is hardly that, though of distinctly high quality. His sire, Royston Remus, bred by Mr. Howard,

and successfully shown by Mr. Pitt-Pitts (but now the property of Mr. Cheadle), is, or rather was, a high-class terrier, a great winner, but he has gone off, and was always a bit short in his neck. Raby Top Knot we have already mentioned; and perhaps the best headed fox terrier, smooth or wire-haired, I ever saw was Matchmaker, which Mr. Raper showed with such great success, and then sent to America in exchange for a couple of hundred pounds. This dog was by no means perfect in body and shoulders, but his head was of extreme length, beautifully moulded and thoroughly that of a terrier, with keen, sparkling, almond-shaped eyes, so desirable to give character and expression to a dog of his variety.

Sir H. de Trafford's Donington Flirt—one of our very best bitches, with a coat like pin wire, and as straight now at five years old as she was when a puppy—has won a great many prizes during her career; in size being exactly what is required, and she is a terrier all over. Mr. J. W. Swingler's Barkby Ben, Mr. Thurnhall's Cauldwell Scorcher, the Duchess of Newcastle's Cackler and Christopher of Notts, Mr. Bartle's Wellingboro' Conqueror and Boxer, and Mr. C. McNeil's Donington Judy are all of the highest class. Nor must such typical terriers as Mr. R. Philipson shows—Knock Out, Microbe, Appleby Jane, and Westoe Ben—be forgotten, as all are great winners whenever they appear. About the best group of wired-haired terriers I ever saw—for quality, not for numbers—was at Birmingham in 1898, when the open class contained Go Bang, Matchmaker, Knock Out, Royston Remus, Meersbrook Lordship, Tarras Gaffer, Grove Bristles, and Barkby Ben, the first name being placed top.

Allusion has been made to some of the wired-haired

terriers which have gone to America. They had proved so successful that arrangements were made by Mr. G. M. Carnochan, New York, to match two terriers of his own breeding against any two that Mr. G. Raper, Gomersal, could produce from his kennels. Other exhibitors later on had dogs of theirs included in the match, which came off in the quarantine station at Beddington, near Croydon, in August of last year. The location was made imperative as the American dog—only one had been brought over—was confined there by order of the Board of Agriculture. The Duchess of Newcastle, Mr. Roland Philipson, Mr. Francis Redmond, and Messrs. Mason and Wood were the other competitors who sent dogs to join in the match. There was a certain amount of mystery as to the identity of the puppies brought across the Atlantic, rumour crediting Mr. Carnochan with possession of a brace by Go Bang far ahead of anything in this country. Once again rumour was wrong, for the proprietor of the Riversdale-on-Hudson kennel had but one American-bred puppy fit to show; the other had been purchased in England within the last few weeks and was not therefore eligible to compete. As a matter of fact, Mr. Carnochan paid forfeit in his second match, although showing his English puppy, just for the fun of the thing.

Mr. Philipson also paid forfeit, having nothing to produce. There were two matches, Mr. W. Pitt Pitts judging the first, whilst, on being pressed by the exhibitors, Mr. F. Redmond consented to make the awards in the second contest, in which he was not, of course, interested. In the first match Mr. Carnochan's nomination, Cairnsmuir Get There, was opposed by the Duchess of Newcastle's Commodore of Notts and Mr. F. Redmond's Dusky Cackler. The

contest lay between the two English puppies, the American youngster, although typical in head, being flat-sided, weak in jaw, and very plain in hind quarters, and, after a very short scrutiny, Mr. Pitt-Pitts declared in favour of Dusky Cackler; the Duchess of Newcastle's nomination, the best known of the trio, being the runner up. Mr. Redmond was then called upon to pass an opinion on the next lot, these being Messrs. Mason and Wood's Gomersal Star, Mr. G. Raper's Raby Holdfast, and Mr. Carnochan's Just in Time, a puppy not eligible to compete, as previously stated. Gomersal Star, a well grown dog, excellent in front, possessed of good legs and feet, but inclined to be stilty, was declared the winner from Raby Holdfast. As a somewhat remarkable match, and one likely to remain unique, I think it of sufficient interest to note here.

The question of trimming, or preparing for show, the coats of wire-haired terriers has always been a sore point, and few of the variety are now taken into the ring without having some of their coat pulled out or attended to in some other way. It may be at the shoulders, to prevent an appearance of width in front, or on the face or ears; but a careful observer and one skilled in the art of dog trimming can easily detect where the operator has been at work. The following is what Mr. George Raper, one of the most skilful judges and at present one of the largest breeders of wire-haired fox terriers, has to say on the subject of preparing them for the show bench:

"So far as regards "washing" *versus* cleaning by the aid of such substances as whiting, magnesia, or dried flour, the latter may be required in the case of a young dog, but I always "wash" my dogs the day prior to the show. I see they are thoroughly dried and hand-rubbed, so that the coat regains its usual lustre.

"I dare say to a certain degree this may tend to soften the jacket, but what you lose in that respect you gain in appearances, for a well washed and groomed dog looks ten per cent. better than the one that has been cleaned by other methods.

"There is much in the general treatment of coats; a dog can be presented in sound coat if due attention be paid to it. There is no occasion for the coat to be so rough or ragged as to give the dog an unpleasant appearance.

"Suppose, for instance, I purchased a "shaggy" coated dog whose coat was full of dirt, matted, &c., and the least combing would almost bring it all away. I should at once remove all the old coat; in fact, clear all the coat away that was not in a healthy condition. When this was done the dog would appear more like a smooth-coated dog than a wire-haired one, but if his coat naturally were of fair texture he would in the course of a month be fit to exhibit, and his jacket, if it had had regular and proper grooming, would look spic and span.

"Carelessness and neglect are in many instances accountable for the unsightly manner in which dogs are presented before the judge. They may be natural, but for a dog to be allowed perfect freedom, say, on a farm, to find his own bed, sleep in any dirty place, never to be washed or groomed, to anyone that cares the least for his dog's comfort such procedure would scarcely be considered according to "Cocker," however it might be to the rules of nature. You might say of yourself that you are in the most natural condition—if you never wash, comb your hair, or take any means whereby you can smarten your appearance—and so you are.

"If the coat of a rough-haired fox terrier is sound, all that

is needed from day to day is for the dog's coat to be thoroughly combed with a steel or metal comb, the teeth of which are not long or yet of wide gauge; wider in the teeth, but somewhat similar to a small tooth comb. This will remove the loose or dead hair; and, as we know the hair on a dog's body does not all grow at the same time, there is always a certain amount—less or more—of perfectly new hair, while other portions begin to lose life or deaden, hence come out with the least combing or friction. A good brushing is also necessary, for this tends to keep the skin clean and in a healthy condition, hence the coat grows strong, for the young hair is not choked or injured by the dirty condition of both the skin and coat—which it is bound to be if the coat is only groomed once a month or so.

"My readers will gather from the above remarks that I specially make reference to dogs that naturally grow sound and hard hair. In the case of strains that are naturally soft in their coats, and grow—as usually they do—an undue quantity of undercoat, the same treatment may be adopted, but you cannot possibly present them with a sound (not hard) natural coat, because the greater amount of top coat that is groomed away leaves you the softer under jacket. I know of no means by honest treatment that can be taken to harden the hair, hence my often repeated reasons for finding fault with those judges who do not make allowance for texture of coat. They keep complaining about bad coats, yet by continually placing soft-coated dogs in the prize list encourage in the ring what they condemn outside.

"With reference to my own kennel, I have for the last half dozen years never admitted any strain—I specially

refer for breeding—that came from a soft-coated family. I could name several champions that I would not have used with a view to establishing a race of true wire-haired fox terriers if I had been paid to do so. I can show ten terriers, at the time I write this, that have sound natural coats, and there is not a single wire-hair that I am breeding from that has not a fair percentage of smooth blood in it.

"Knavesmere Jest, sire of Meersbrook Bristles, had not a really good jacket, but he was well bred, and in the production of Meersbrook Bristles he was given a smooth bitch, so that Matchmaker, by All Bristles ex Oronsay Value (also smooth), has but 25 per cent. of wire blood in him, yet even from smooth bitches he produces 50 per cent. of wire-hairs. Both Richmond Victoria and Matchless are out of Hallgarth Vic, by Flass Forager, by Claude Duval—Flass Folly, smooth on both sire and dam's side. Then Raby Top Knot, the puppy that won his championship at Harrogate at seven months old, and was runner up for the 500-guinea Dholpore Challenge trophy already alluded to, is another illustration of my argument, for he in reality cannot have above 10 to 15 per cent. of wire-haired blood in him, yet he has a perfect coat. For my own use I keep any good smooth and wired-haired bred bitches. Such generally have bull-terrier like coats, very short and close.

"I have, so far as my kennel is concerned, enough material to attain the object I have in view; in fact, with a air amount of luck I can almost guarantee the coats of all that are rough coated being correct in length, hardness, and texture, and I may add such do not require much more attention than the smooths."

Mr. Raper concludes his practical and valuable remarks by stating that were judges to pay more attention to the

hardness of the coats, much of the objectionable practice of trimming would disappear.

So much for the wire-haired fox terrier as he is found in this country A.D. 1902, and the best of the bench winners have been or are still owned by Mr. W. Carrick (brother to Mr. J. C. Carrick, once master of the Carlisle Otter Hounds), the late Mr. Donald Graham, Mr. Harding Cox, Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Lindsay Hogg, Mr. R. F. Mayhew (now in America), Mr. A. Maxwell, Mr. J. W. Corner, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Mr. A. Damarell, Mr. S. E. Shirley, Mr. Percy Reid, Mr. J. G. Pim, Mr. A. E. Clear, Mr. C. W. Wharton, Mr. Mark Wood, Mr. F. H. Field, Mr. F. W. Fellowes, Mr. Jack Terry, Mr. H. A. W. Aylesbury, Mr. M. Hazlerigg, Mr. F. H. Colmore, Mr. M. Rickaby, Mr. T. Wootton, Messrs. Pease, Mr. S. Castle, Mr. S. Hill, Mr. W. Thurnall, Mr. A. Mutter, Mr. W. Beeby, Mr. C. Murray, Mr. G. Raper, Mr. Ronald Philipson, Mr. F. Redmond, Mr. C. Houlker, Mr. J. W. H. Swingler, Mr. H. H. Enfield, Mr. S. Gratrix, Mr. Welsh, Mr. Pitt-Pitts, Mr. A. E. Hill, Mr. W. B. Brunby, Messrs. Mason and Wood, and others.

Nor must those ladies who admire and keep wire-haired terriers be omitted. Allusion has already been made to some of those kept by the Duchess of Newcastle, who may be said to have a very strong team. Mrs. Bennett Edwards has also occasionally shown some nice dogs ; Miss Hatfeild's are well known winners, so are Mrs. G. Raper's ; and the terriers of Miss O. Roche, Mrs. Rodney Mundy, and Mrs. Holmes may be mentioned in the same connection.

I think this chapter contains abundant proof of the comparative modern manufacture of the wire-haired fox terrier as he is to be seen now, but whether the general cross between smooth and wire-haired varieties has had

altogether the desired effect of improvement is a matter of opinion. Most people think it has, and quote the increase in the classes as evidence. For myself, I have a leaning to the old dogs, pure and unadulterated, whose coats were hard and crisp, required no pulling and singeing, and whose ears were small and well carried, without the interposition of artificial means.

The Fox Terrier Club has adopted a standard for wire-hairs, as follows:—

"This variety of the breed should resemble the smooth sort in every respect except the coat, which should be broken. The harder and more wiry the texture of the coat is, the better. On no account should the dog look or feel woolly, and there should be no silky hair about the poll or elsewhere.

"The coat should not be too long, so as to give the dog a shaggy appearance, but at the same time it should show a marked and distinct difference all over from the smooth species.

| Points. | |
|---|---|
| Head and ears | 15 |
| Neck | 5 |
| Shoulders and chest | 15 |
| Back and loin | 10 |
| Hind quarters | 5 |
| Stern | 5 |
| Legs and feet | 20 |
| Coat | 10 |
| Symmetry and character | 15 |
| Total | 100 |

Disqualifying Points.

1.—Nose white, cherry, or spotted to a considerable extent with either of these colours.

2.—Ears prick, tulip, or rose.

3.—Mouth much undershot or much overshot."

The above description is by no means satisfactory, especially so far as allowance for coat is concerned. The points for an actually distinguishing characteristic are far too few, a correct coat is worth 20 points, and an absolutely soft one should be a disqualification. But there are some people who cunningly override this by changing the name of our wire-haired fox terrier and dubbing him a "rough-coated" fox terrier, which is certainly more ingenious than ingenuous. Personally, I would far rather own a white terrier with a "spotted" or "cherry-coloured" nose, and a hard close coat, than I would one with a black nose and a soft coat. When this list of points was first issued, no disqualification was suggested in case the dog was "overshot" or "pig-jawed," to which I drew attention at the time, and it is pleasant to find that this suggestion of mine was adopted. However, it is to be supposed that descriptions of dogs, like the animals themselves, can never be perfect to all alike, and one honest judge's opinion is pretty much as good as another honest judge's—if the public can only be brought to believe so.

It is no more than human nature that there is difference of opinion as to the merits or otherwise of a terrier. That which may be considered an almost fatal fault by one person, by another may be thought of little detriment. Some judges — men, too, who bear a deservedly high reputation as such—will put a terrier out of the prize list if it be even a trifle crooked on his fore legs or slightly heavy at the shoulders; whilst another dog, narrow behind and weak in loins—to my idea a far more serious failing—is considered pretty well all right so long as its fore legs are set on as straight as rulers. As a fact,

there are judges who have recently gone to extremes in awarding honours to these so-called "narrow-fronted" terriers. Such have been produced at a sacrifice of power and strength. Most of these very narrow chested dogs move stiffly, are too flat in the ribs; they are deficient in breathing and heart room, and can never be able to do a week's hard work in the country, either with hounds or round about the badger earths or rabbit burrows.

A *sine quâ non* with some people appears to be a long lean head, perhaps not quite so long and lean a one as that engraved near the end of this volume, still a head and jaw long enough, figuratively writing, to "reach to the bottom of a pint pot." There is danger, too, in an exaggeration in this direction, for, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the longest and narrowest heads, greyhound-like in shape, are found on that stamp of terrier fittest for coursing matches.

I fancy, whatever has been said to the contrary, that three people could not be got who, acting thoroughly in independence of each other, would judge alike a class of a score of dogs, especially if the quality were pretty even. It is even unlikely that the same two would select the same animal for leading honours. It is possible they might do this, but highly improbable. Fancy goes for a great deal, and we never yet had a couple of dogs, or other animals, brought together which were absolutely alike. They may resemble each other, have a family appearance possibly, but exact counterparts of each other never.

This difference of opinion is occasionally noted, but as many judges in the ring lean towards the decisions of

each other just in the same way more mighty magnates do in the Law Courts and elsewhere, it seems less common than otherwise would be the case. One judge may prefer one type, another judge another. It is the duty of all admirers of the fox terrier to give and take a little from each other, for only by so doing can their favourites be produced to that perfection we are all desirous of seeing attained. A general uniformity of excellence must be the guide in the show ring, and that man is the just judge who makes his awards most nearly in accordance with this rule, and is not led away by a long, narrow head beautifully coloured, or abnormally straight fore legs, and these remarks apply to the rough and smooth varieties alike.





# CHAPTER VI.

GENERAL TREATMENT—REGISTRATION—STUD BOOKS—FORMING A KENNEL—BREEDING AND REARING PUPPIES—TRAINING AS COMPANIONS AND AS HOUSE DOGS—CHILDREN AND DOGS—PREPARING FOR THE SHOW—SIMPLE AILMENTS — REMEDIES — POISONS — "TRIMMING"—GENERAL REMARKS ON DOG SHOWS.

SOME little instruction as to the ordinary treatment of the fox terrier may be of use, though it is not my intention to deal with the matter more than in a general manner. In the first place he who is desirous of becoming an exhibitor of high class specimens, or keeping such for other purposes, had best, as a commencement, rest contented with a very small team, and those he cannot actually keep at home must be put out to walk with suitable householders. The reason for this has been already stated. The cost varies according to the locality, and is usually from one shilling to two shillings and sixpence per week for each dog. In order to obtain what he requires, if the would-be purchaser has no skilled friend from whom to ask advice as to selection, he must visit the shows, see what he likes and act accordingly. Or he may place himself

unreservedly in the hands of some respectable dealer (and there are such), who will supply his requirements. When the purchaser has secured his few terriers, he cannot do better than make companions of them as much as possible, and allow them to run about. Constant chaining up sours the temper, spoils the limbs, and injures the constitution.

If new names are to be given, such must be registered with the Kennel Club in London, the fee being one shilling per dog. The name selected, if not previously adopted, then becomes the sole property of the owner, so far as the shows held under Kennel Club rules are concerned. If the dogs are not intended for exhibition, there is no occasion for this registration, excepting, perhaps, where pedigrees are likely to be of use in the future. The Fox Terrier Club supports a Stud Book confined entirely to fox terrier pedigrees, which is published by Mr. L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C. I am afraid that in times to come the multiplicity of Stud Books will be found somewhat confusing, and we must not forget that we are catering for future generations as well as for ourselves.

Even a novice, with a good brood bitch, an equally good dog, and, by judicious selection of sires, after the first generation, may soon form a kennel from which prize-winners can be produced. But let him begin in a small way. As the bitch is more or less out of order when she has reared her pups, being thin in coat and condition, it is not well to show her until about two months after the pups have left her. Nor would I advise breeding from the same bitch more than once in a year, though it may be easy to get two litters of pups from her in the twelve months. The bitch usually has her family about sixty-two days after the service, but the exact time varies.

When pupping let her be as quiet as possible, allow her to take exercise up to the very last, and if she refuses to eat her meals for two or three days prior to her labour being near, lose no time in seeking suitable advice. During labour allow her milk, water, and good broth; and feed well on the same things, with the addition of bread and meat, up to the time she ceases to suckle. A strong, healthy bitch can rear four or five puppies easily. The latter usually have their tails "docked" or shortened when about a week old, and, although it was once customary to do this by the kennel man, or someone else, biting off the portion, the amputation is now performed in a more civilised fashion by the aid of a pair of scissors or of a sharp knife. The hair being turned back, the flesh, &c., is quickly cut all round without going through the cartilage; then, with a quick twist and pull, you draw out what appears to be a longish white cord or sinew adhering to the piece of tail so taken off. Cutting right through in the ordinary way very often makes an unsightly flat surface at the end of the stern; but when the sinew is properly drawn, the tail rounds off, and the hair grows almost as it would have done had the docking not taken place. There is little pain to the creatures, not much blood flows, the licking of the sore places by the dam soon heals the wounds, and the portion of the caudal appendage is not missed. Sometimes there are dew claws to be removed, which may be done at the same time as the tails are amputated.

The puppies are, of course, born blind, but see at about ten days old. A little later they may be taught to lap milk, and by so doing thus early, the strain on the constitution of the dam is much lessened, and the young ones,

now growing strong, do not pull their mother about more than is actually necessary. When six weeks old they should be weaned, and, as this is done, a little opening and cooling medicine is of service to the dam. In sending the puppies to walk it is advisable, if possible, to have two at the same place. The one keeps the other out of mischief, they play and romp together, and are actually less trouble than if "walked" separately. Provide the person who is to rear them with some magnesia, and order a little to be given to the pups in milk every fortnight; also instil into the "walker" the necessity of regularity in the time of feeding, and, in the first instance, the meals should be given six times daily. Little and often must be the motto here, which, if carried out in all cases, would do away with many of the weedy, "big-bellied" little creatures usually so delicate from the time of their birth until their early death, and always a trouble and annoyance to their owners. Instructions must also be given as to sending for the owner when signs of illness of a serious kind are apparent. With the puppies it is customary to hand over half a dozen alterative puppy pills, such as are made by Spratt's Patent, with orders to give one whenever a pup appeared sickly or dull. Several years' experience convinced me of their efficacy in minimising the more virulent attacks of distemper. I consider that washing puppies is injurious to them, and by causing a chill may lead to fatal complications. Whenever they are troubled with fleas or other vermin, a good dusting with Keating's insect destroyer will be found safer than washing, no more disagreeable, and less troublesome.

As the young terriers grow older they require more food; three or four meals a day will now be sufficient,

and from the very first a dry bone to gnaw at and to play with invariably does them good, and at five months old, or even a little earlier, are an absolute necessity in assisting to loosen the puppy teeth and so preparing the way for the ordinary canines. Scraps of all kinds are the best food for the pups when approaching maturity; before that time bread and milk and scraps from the house are to be recommended, but the milk must be new and well boiled. Many persons are in favour of giving an occasional basin of butter-milk, which in any case can do no harm, and certainly clears the bowels. The puppy biscuits and specially prepared meal manufactured by Spratt's Patent are excellent in their way, and I have found them extremely useful, convenient, and strengthening for young dogs.

If there is a tendency in the ears of the puppies not to lay down or drop properly, nature may be assisted by continually taking the youngster on the knee, and with the fingers working the ears into a proper position. It is also customary to fix them down with strong adhesive plaster, and enterprising tradesmen advertise what they call "ear pads," which are said to suit their purpose admirably. It seems that this sort of thing is allowed, but a custom, by no means unusual now, and quite common during the earlier epoch of dog showing, of cutting or breaking the cartilage of the ear, is considered to be fraudulent. Surely here we have a distinction without much difference.

All puppies much undershot—that is, where the under teeth project in front of the upper ones—should be destroyed. If the malformation is not great, during the time the teeth are growing, continual pushing them back by the gums may be of avail in making them become level.

I had a case of this kind in which the cottager at whose house the puppy was being reared, took so much pains that when fully grown the teeth were as level as possible; yet, when commencing to push away the puppy teeth, the appearance of being undershot was very apparent. Puppies very much overshot, or "pig-jawed," may be treated in a similar fashion.

Cleanliness is not to be forgotten; dry bedding and as much fresh air as possible. At three months old the juvenile terrier may have a collar occasionally put on him, and a little later get him accustomed to the sight and rattle of a chain. Many dogs never take kindly to a "lead" because they are spoiled in their training. Produce the chain or cord when you are taking him for a run out in the country. He likes this, and in a short time will have sense to associate the appearance of the "lead" with the long-wished-for ramble, and behave accordingly. If you try to initiate your young dog into chain and collar discipline by fastening him to a table leg or anything else handy, he will struggle and pull, make himself uneasy, do no end of mischief, and in the end shrink from the chain, when it is produced again, with as much horror as he would from the whip or stick by which he has been corrected. I have myself won more than one prize in the show ring with a comparatively inferior puppy because he was smart on the chain, and did not dangle his little piece of tail between his legs.

If you wish to keep your terrier in the house and make him useful in that respect, care must be taken not to overfeed him; and, at any rate until he gets fully grown and knows "what is what," never neglect to allow him a run outside the last thing at night—this will instil into him the

desirability of cleanliness. So far as chastisement is concerned, never thrash or rate a dog unless you are sure he knows what such punishment is for. As a fact, it does all the harm and not an iota of good to punish a dog half an hour after a fault has been discovered. The penalty must always expeditiously and promptly follow the crime. Never strike a dog with a stick, a birch rod is better, and a whip best of all. Neither is, however, necessary, and a strong word spoken at the proper time is in eight cases out of ten a better remedy than a thrashing would be. Any dog ought to be well kept under the command of his owner, otherwise it is a nuisance. Never bully or annoy your canine companion, or it will resent such useless interference; give him as much exercise as possible, bearing in mind the fact that any dog requires more exercise than he obtains by the exertion of wagging his tail.

Terriers and house dogs generally have much more sense than many people give them the credit of possessing. It is funny to see a dirty little boy in the street, or even one well dressed and who should know better, spy some unfortunate dog as it runs along some distance away from his master. The lad, probably fancying the dog has gone astray and is lost, picks up a stone and pretends to throw at the animal; or maybe he waves his stick at it, and, in the absence of either, he will content himself with grinning or "pulling a face" at the poor quadruped. Then the fun comes in; the dog snarls, growls, and goes for his natural enemy, the "small boy," who bolts, and perhaps runs home to his parents crying and bearing a sad tale as to some mad dog or other. There is no doubt that an ordinary terrier can distinguish from a person's features, or from his general demeanour, his disposition to the canine race, and of

course it is but natural for the quadruped to act accordingly —he has not yet learned the art of dissembling, though his master or mistress may be past masters therein.

Parents ought never to allow their children to strike the dog, nor to take a bone, or anything else which he is eating, out of his mouth. He may put up with such treatment once or twice, but in the end will be sure to prove his aggrievement by angry growls and the use of his teeth. Fox terriers, as a rule, are usually fond of children, but they are only like other varieties of their race and cannot put up with too much pulling about and ill-treatment. Some time ago I was out fishing, accompanied by a favourite terrier—one which delighted to romp with the youngsters, and was, as a fact, amiability itself. The inevitable "small boy," stick in hand, came along, and, as Jack stood back from the river, that boy made a switch at him. Jack growled, raised his bristles, and walked around that "small boy" in a manner which was simply delightful to me. The stick was dropped, arms fell limp by the side, Jack still growling and showing his teeth; so I called him up, chid him gently, and the "small boy" walked away, forgetting to pick up his plaything. He then began blubbering, so I wound up my line, and talked to the boy, instilling into him the advice that in future he should not attempt to molest little dogs which were not interfering with him. Jack no doubt gave a lesson that its recipient would never forget.

Do not omit to reward the man (or his wife or children) who has walked the puppies that turn out well, either as winners or otherwise. Some of our most extensive breeders—almost all of them have their puppies out at walk —hold periodically puppy shows on the same plan that masters of hounds do. An independent judge is selected,

and he awards prizes not only to the cottagers or other persons who have the best young terriers, so far as outward appearance goes, but other prizes to those whose dogs are in the best health, cleanliest, and in the nicest condition. This plan answers well, and is to be recommended to those admirers of the terrier who keep a large kennel; and there are many fanciers in this country who breed from fifty to nearly a couple of hundred puppies annually.

If at six months old or so the puppy is very crooked in his fore legs, possesses enormous ears, is likely to grow into a twenty-four pound dog, or has any other failing sufficiently exaggerated as to quite spoil his appearance, destroy him at once, as perhaps you have done others earlier on. Inferior dogs are not worth the cost of rearing, and the country already contains plenty of such without more being added to the number. By no means is it a bad plan to give your four or five months old puppies a slight dose of newly ground areca nut, from 10 to 20 grains, according to their age, especially if you have found, or suspect, worms present. When you have decided to do this, be careful to have the stomach empty by keeping the patient without food of any kind for twelve or fourteen hours. Then, following the nut, in two hours administer a dessert-spoonful of castor oil and buckthorn. These are simple remedies, and in fully grown terriers the fasting must be enforced for twenty-four hours, 25 grains of the areca nut and 2 grains of santonine administered in milk, or made up into a bolus, followed by a tablespoonful of the castor oil mixture. If the dog is inclined to vomit after having the nut given him, it is advisable to tie his mouth up and fasten him by the collar in such a position that he cannot lower his head until nearing the time when the medicine is

expected to take effect. A vermifuge may even be given when the puppies are on their dam, if worms are suspected. Half a grain of santonine in a teaspoonful of olive oil, administered two or three times at intervals of as many days, will be found free from danger to everything but the worms. Thymol in small quantities has been recommended as a vermifuge, but I have never used it, so cannot write of its effects. Puppies at six weeks old may be given one grain in a capsule of oil shortly before a meal. A correspondent in the *Field* recommended it strongly, especially for delicate breeds, such as bulldogs. Older animals will require two or more grains.

At from four to six months old, during dentition, or when younger, perhaps when older, distemper may appear, and this often fatal complaint is always to be dreaded. Many complications can ensue, but if the puppy has been reared according to the directions thus shortly given, in ninety cases out of a hundred the attack will be slight. If very severe, the veterinary surgeon should be called in to see the sick animal; but ordinary cases will be cured by the remedies advertised by Spratt's Patent, which—so easy to administer—should be kept handy for cases of emergency. I may say that during some ten years or so, when I bred and kept fox and other terriers of "blue blood," I never lost a single animal from distemper, and the only one severely attacked was the well-known dog Nimrod after he had won second prize as a puppy at one of the London shows. I need scarcely say that the instructions I am now giving my readers were rigorously carried out.

Chorea, or "St. Vitus's dance," repeatedly follows distemper, and, excepting in mild cases, is incurable. The usual medicines recommended are arsenic, sulphate of

zinc, and nux vomica. I prefer Easton's Syrup, which is composed of strychnine, quinine, and iron. Give half a teaspoonful in the food twice daily, gradually increasing the quantity till it is quadrupled. Let the patient lie in a warm, dry place, free from draughts, and his food must be light and nourishing. Massage, sea baths, and galvanism have been recommended as useful in cases of chorea.

Remedies for a cough are numerous, this, perhaps, as good as any: Opium and ipecacuanha, each 8 grains; gum ammoniacum, squill pill, and licorice, each 30 grains; powdered rhubarb, 16 grains; make into thirty-six pills, and give one night and morning. Linseed tea, made strong, into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed, is an exceedingly good remedy, giving a tablespoonful three or four times a day.

Mange of one kind or another is likely to occur through negligence; and, as prevention is far better than cure, cleanliness, with regular exercise and dietary, minimise the chances of such an outbreak. A useful remedy for eczema or red mange, one which can easily be compounded by the local chemist, is as follows:—Olive oil and oxide of zinc, each 1 ounce; tincture of arnica, 3 drachms; water 8 ounces; to be gently applied to the sore places about three times daily. The ointment, green iodide of mercury one part, lard seven parts, is likewise good, and may be said to be almost infallible as a cure in certain cases of mange, though care must be taken that the patient licks none of it off. A little of this arsenical ointment ought to be well rubbed on the sore places on alternate days. A dose of Epsom salts, about as much as will lie on a shilling, each morning in addition to either will hasten recovery. Another simple and

excellent remedy for "skin disease" is composed of 6 ounces solution of sulphate of iron; water, 1 pint; the affected parts to be fomented therewith twice daily. Fowler's solution of arsenic may be prescribed with great advantage in the case of mange, and so long as ordinary care be observed there is little or no danger in giving even comparatively large quantities. It must, however, always be taken with the meals, and the most successful results are gained by gradually increasing the dose. Thus commence with, say, three drops a day sprinkled on the food, adding one drop daily until ten drops are given. If there appear unusual signs of listlessness in the dog, and his eyes show a slight pink tinge, discontinue the drops altogether for a week, and then recommence with the minimum dose. This treatment carefully followed will cure even the most obstinate cases; but the solution should never be given for more than ten to twelve days consecutively.

A mixed, wholesome diet, including only a fair proportion of meat, is best whilst the dog is under the influence of the medicine. For more virulent mange, or what may simply be called true mange, the following will be found curative: Sweet oil and sulphur, each 8 ounces, and oil of tar and mercurial ointment, each half an ounce. This must be applied at intervals of three days, and two or three applications ought to effect a cure. Clean bedding must not be forgotten in cases of skin disease.

Canker in the ear is a common ailment, often brought on by damp and neglect, always troublesome to cure if allowed to run too long without being attended to. The early symptoms are easily discernible by the animal affected shaking his head and rubbing his ears with his paws. Of course he may do this from the presence of some foreign

substance having accidentally got into the ear, which, however, seldom happens. If canker is appearing, a slight redness or inflammation will be seen on examining the inside of the ear, whilst the outside will likewise be found unduly warm, even feverish. Wash the ear out carefully with lukewarm water, allowing it to freely enter the passages, which is easily done by holding the head on one side. In an hour after doing this, having let the ear dry without allowing the patient to shake his head, apply some of the following lotion (in the same manner as the water had been used) three times daily: Alum, half an ounce; vinegar, 1 ounce; water, 8 ounces. Follow these directions carefully and a cure will result. The latter will possibly be hastened by morning doses of Epsom salts, and light food, bread and scraps from the house being the best regimen. Another useful recipe is the following:—Olive oil, 8 ounces; glycerine, half an ounce; carbolic acid, quarter of an ounce; Goulard's extract, 2 ounces. Care must be taken that the various ingredients are thoroughly mixed and the bottle well shaken before the preparation is applied, which must be done in the manner previously described. Where there are outward sores dress them daily with zinc ointment and ointment of yellow basilicon, using each on alternate days.

Jaundice or "yellows" (inflammation of the liver) is a common ailment, which, unfortunately, is particularly fatal in its character where dogs are concerned. The symptoms are easily recognised, the yellowness in most cases being first apparent in the eyes or under the fore legs. Calomel is the usual remedy, a pill containing 2 grains and 1 grain of opium being given every six hours. Mustard plaisters over the region of the liver are to be recommended. Food

during treatment: broths, and bread and milk well boiled. I would, however, recommend, in cases of such a serious nature, counsel from a skilled veterinary surgeon, or, if there is not one handy, have recourse to the remedies as advertised by Spratt's Patent, which I have heard highly recommended.

Sore eyes are sometimes troublesome, and a capital lotion used night and morning is cold tea, made fairly strong, of course without milk and sugar. Zinc lotion, as obtained from the neighbouring chemist, may be found useful. An excellent eyewash is as follows:—Sulphate of zinc, 10 grains; laudanum, 30 drops; rose water, 3 ounces. Sometimes an ordinary running or watering of the eyes will be relieved by fomenting them night and morning with lukewarm milk and water. In more serious cases, when fears are entertained as to loss of sight from accident or other causes, special advice must be sought. In no case of sore eyes attempt to relieve them without careful examination to see whether any little piece of grit or other foreign substance is present. This must, of course, be removed.

Sore feet are occasionally troublesome, usually taking the form of "gatherings," or eruptions, between the toes. If there are inflammatory symptoms, bread and bran poultices must be used. When the inflammation has subsided, the sores may be dressed with zinc, or any other healing, ointment. An excellent lotion, to be applied by means of a sponge or soft rag, is made as follows:—Extract of lead, 2 drachms; tincture of arnica, 1½ drachms; water, 1 pint. Use repeatedly. Until the sores are quite healed, allow as little exercise as possible, do not feed too freely, and a cooling aperient will be found useful.

Some people appear to have difficulty in giving a dog medicine. As a fact, the ordinary quadruped likes it about as well as the ordinary juvenile biped. Some powders may be given with the food; pills and most liquids must be forced down the dog's throat. The mouth has to be opened, and this is best done by the owner, who holds his dog between his knees, the hind legs on the ground. A second party puts the medicine down the throat of the dog, which being done the mouth is closed until the dose is swallowed. This may be assisted by rubbing his neck, pinching his ears, or even by giving a biscuit. All dogs have a peculiar power of vomiting anything they do not like — a faculty which they often bring into use where drugs are concerned. In such cases, immediately the medicine has been taken the patient must have his head tied up, by means of a chain and collar, in such a way that he cannot lower it. So he must remain until a sufficient time for operation has elapsed.

Castor oil and other capsules are to be obtained which may be particularly useful, especially where small dogs such as terriers are concerned. It must, however, not be forgotten that the stomach of the dog is delicate, and care should be taken in the administration of medicine of any kind, and it ought not to be given unless actually required. In most cases a "hot nose" and general "out of sorts" appearance will disappear under the influence of a dessertspoonful of castor oil. Some people wrongly dose their dogs monthly, no doubt acting on a principle similar to that which prompted old Squeers to give his unfortunate pupils at Dotheboys Hall their weekly allowance of brimstone and treacle.

One of the dangers to which dogs are liable is the careless use of poisons when laid with the intention of destroying rats and mice. The subject of emetics likely to be of use in all cases where poisons of various kinds have been taken, mineral and otherwise, is beyond the scope of this book. If you suspect your dog has obtained poison, and a chemist or surgeon (veterinary or otherwise) cannot be reached in a few minutes, seek to empty the stomach by administering that most useful emetic, luke-warm water, and follow this by giving milk and the white of eggs, or boiled flour and milk, or butter, lard, fat, or olive oil. Of course, if you have tartar emetic or sulphate of zinc handy, give a dose of either immediately. Castor oil later on will likewise be beneficial, and, if great exhaustion is apparent, brandy or wine or strong beef tea may be given. The poisons to which dogs are most liable are arsenic, phosphorus, and strychnine, the effects of the latter being marked by frequent twitchings, contraction of the limbs, cramp, &c. Arsenic poisoning may, as a rule, be detected by swelling and apparent violent pains in the bowels, accompanied by purging, unusual feverishness, and an unnatural thirst. The symptoms of poison from phosphorus are a peculiar listlessness and giddiness, vomiting, and an aroma from the mouth not altogether unlike the smell of garlic or of lucifer matches.

As I have said so much about the simpler ailments from which fox terriers, like other dogs, are so often sufferers, my remarks may be made more complete by a slight reference to rabies, of which I was reminded by receiving, in my connection with *The Field*, the following note from "R. J." (King's Lynn):—"I was out shooting only last

Wednesday with a small spaniel, an excellent one, and who appeared very well then. On Thursday morning I noticed a great weakness in her hind legs, and later on a most copious discharge of mucus, which hung in lengths of three or four inches on each side of the mouth, and which was so tenacious that I could hardly wipe it off. She had also a great difficulty in swallowing anything. On Friday I sent it to a man who has had great experience with dogs. It had not been at his place long before it was seized with a violent fit, and would doubtless have bit him had he been unprepared. It had several more fits, and yesterday it was destroyed. In the summer it had a habit of snapping at flies, and I noticed several times last week it would go into corners and snap in the same way, although no flies were about. On the Saturday and Sunday morning it took no notice of me, and did not seem to recognise me. I should much like to know your opinion of the case. Was it general paralysis, do you think? The dog had had distemper." Here was a case of rabies in the most pronounced form, which an expert would recognise without any difficulty.

Professor Sir G. T. Brown says, "The history of the case proves beyond all doubt that an experienced sportsman may not only observe the symptoms, but realise their character so well as to be able to describe them with as much accuracy of detail as would be expected of a practised canine pathologist, without entertaining the least suspicion that he was dealing with a rabid dog. The mischief which the animal may have done would be in some measure compensated if every sportsman and owner of dogs in the kingdom could commit 'R. J.'s' letter to memory, or, at least, hang a copy of it in some conspicuous

place for the benefit of himself and his friends." Such being the opinion of one of our most eminent veterinary surgeons, I thought I could not do better than act on his suggestion and republish the note and his comments in the most conspicuous place over which I had control.

This volume is not intended to deal fully with the diseases and ailments of dogs, and readers who wish to know more about them may with advantage study "Stonehenge on the Dog in Health and Disease," and Professor Woodroffe Hill's "Diseases of the Dog." If lower-priced volumes than these be required I can recommend the shilling work, "The Diseases of Dogs," published by L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, London. Then excellent remedies for the various disorders are nowadays made up in handy forms by several firms, and those of Spratt's Patent, 24 and 25, Fenchurch-street, London, already mentioned, I have found to be especially useful and successful. Their dog medicine chest, or portable surgery, is the handiest and cheapest thing of the kind which can be imagined. This enterprising company likewise issue, at the modest price of sixpence, a useful handbook, "The Common Sense of Dog Doctoring," which ought to have a corner in any house where a dog is kept, and no domicile should be without at least one specimen of the canine race, who will earn his living as a watch dog and as an agreeable companion.

There is a possibility, though not a probability, that the fox terrier bitch when she has pupped may die, or be too ill to suckle her family. Then a foster mother must be procured, whose pups having been destroyed, she should be allowed to become a little distended with milk, and one of the fox terriers placed with her and put to suckle. In

nine cases out of ten she will take kindly to her foster child, and may be left with it, the others being placed with her immediately afterwards; when she has been seen to lick and clean them all alike, the adoption may be considered complete. The same when a puppy or two are put to her amongst her own offspring, and which may be done when your well-bred bitch has a more numerous litter than she can suckle. Puppies can, of course, be reared with ordinary milk given through the instrumentality of a child's feeding bottle; but this is a troublesome method, and one never practised excepting when the puppies, of unusual value, have been left orphans by the death of their mother, and when a foster parent cannot be obtained. Spratt's Patent have provided what is considered to be a good substitute for milk, in the form of an "orphan puppy food," which is convenient when the supply of milk from the dam is not sufficient for her family. There are two or three people who make a speciality of providing foster mothers, and their address can usually be found in *Our Dogs*, an excellent penny paper dealing entirely with canine matters.

With a possibility of the bitch, when in a certain condition, getting loose and contracting a cross-bred or mongrel alliance, care may be taken when such puppies are born in selecting one or more to keep with the bitch. Cases of superfœtation are not uncommon in the dog, and there may be mongrels and pure terriers born in the same litter. I was told of a particularly good fox terrier which a friend of mine desired to purchase. She, however, being a great favourite in the house, could not be parted with, and her owner said, "She is, no doubt, very nice to look at, but unfortunately her dam is a spaniel, and all her brothers and sisters are spaniels, too!"

Still another instance. The bitch Venom, grand-dam of some of my best terriers, after being mated with a fox terrier dog, formed a morganatic alliance with a Skye terrier. All the pups, with one exception, were Skye terriers, or, at any rate, half-bred ones. The exception was a white bitch with a lemon-marked head. Her life was the one saved, but merely to keep with the dam as a matter of kindness. At four weeks old she was sold for half-a-crown, and ultimately developed into one of the best bitches of the day—Nellie by name—who, in due course, had at least one illustrious family, an individual of which sold for more than 100*l.*, and all in that same litter which produced this "century puppy" became prize winners and notabilities.

Such cases as the above show the amount of luck there may be in breeding terriers as in anything else. The bitch Jess (8037), by Grip—Patch, from which most of Mr. A. H. Clarke's best terriers are descended (Result included), through her alliance with Brockenhurst Rally, was sent to me on approval just before Mr. Clarke bought her. She did not appear to me a likely model from which to produce champions, so, after keeping her a couple of days, she was returned. Had she better pleased me I would never have even dreamed of putting her to Rally. Thus, if Jess had come into my possession, the champion of his time, Result, would never have been born.

The fox terrier reared and brought up on the lines suggested, if he be good enough to make his *début* on the show bench, will require little or no further preparation; he goes well in the chain (which must be about a yard long, with a swivel and spring at each end, a swivel in the middle, and each link so wide that the springs can be

fastened therein), is smart and lively, free from disease, and a good wash the day before he has to appear on exhibition should be all that he requires. A tub in which he can stand up to his belly, lukewarm water, some good soap, willing hands, and in ten minutes he is ready to be well dried, and when taken out of the tub let the terrier give himself a hearty shake. A little powder blue in the water produces a good blue-white, which is better than the yellower hue; and about an hour after drying the animal, hand-rub him well, and, if his coat is in good form, the end of each hair will sparkle and shine, and add quite an extra point to a chance of winning first prize. In commencing to wash the dog, do so, in the first instance, at his hind quarters, and do not touch the head and face until the very last. The reason for this is obvious in the fact that no dog likes his head and eyes and ears being soused in water, be it hot or cold, or even intermediary between the two.

*Apropos* of "powder blue." Some years ago I had a white fox terrier entered for a local show, and, being engaged until late in the evening preceding the exhibition, was unable to get home to superintend the washing. However, when I did arrive, there was Gripper lying upon the arm-chair seemingly as white as snow, clean and sweet as willing hands could make him. My housekeeper, being fond of the dog, had "tubbed" him herself. Next morning, at seven o'clock, he had a run out, when, to my amazement, a blue shade appeared through the jacket, and, turning back the hairs, there was the skin of the little terrier as blue almost as though it had been painted! Of course, an overdose of the powder had been used, and I need scarcely say Gripper did not appear in the show ring that day.

A wire-haired fox terrier requires a little more attention than the smooth one, and it is the custom to trim and pluck the former to make him appear to the best advantage. Mr. Raper on a previous page gives his valuable and practical judgment on the coats of wire-haired terriers My experience is that considerable skill and experience are required to trim some of the wire-hairs properly, and without being disqualified for overdoing the thing or working clumsily, especially in the manner in which the hair is pulled off the face in front of the eyes Then some strains require the jacket taken off the body by plucking, singeing, or burning; others have their jackets made crisper or harder by artificial means, alum being frequently utilised for such purposes. Such procedure is more or less unfair, and it is much to be regretted that the Kennel Club has proved its inability to put a stop to the practice. Indeed, this "faking" or trimming, by whatever name it is known, has come to such a pass that a disruption was very nearly caused between the members of the Fox Terrier Club—those who kept the smooth variety being, of course, opposed to the practice. Whether such trimming will continue with the little check it occasionally receives time alone will show; but so long as it is tacitly allowed, which is the case in almost all instances, I do not in justice see why the owners of black and tan terriers should be disqualified for pulling any brown or white hairs out of their dogs, as they undoubtedly would be were they discovered to have done so. Surely in these cases what is sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander.

The only method by which such malpractices are to be stopped is by drawing a hard-and-fast rule as to what constitutes this faking and over-trimming; and tacit consent

having allowed a certain degree of latitude with some varieties, the difficulty of dealing with the abuse is considerably increased. Some competent person ought to be appointed whose duty it would be to make examinations and to lay objections, and not leave the latter, as is the case now, to the judge or to interested parties.

An attempt to attain neatness and prettiness in the show dog is sometimes made by cutting the whiskers of bull terriers, black and tan terriers, and white English terriers, which is always allowed. By so doing, a perky and smart appearance is given to the dog, and so it became the fashion to do the same with fox terriers. Happily, so far as regards the breed of which I write, the custom has now almost lapsed, though occasionally one does come across a smooth fox terrier robbed of these useful appendages with which Nature had provided him.

But to return to the washing of terriers. A continual course of tubbing softens the coat of both varieties, and to remedy this in the one, various means are resorted to, as also for making a naturally soft coat feel harder and crisper than it really is. Here, again, "faking" crops in, but how to "fake" is not a gospel I intend to preach, and I mention it as one of the weaknesses in the system of modern canine exhibitions. And, after all, the best preparation for the show is to wash the dog the day before he is to be exhibited, and carefully and thoroughly dry him.

That dog shows have done a great deal towards the popularisation of the fox terrier there is little doubt, and, when in a meditative mood, one is inclined to wonder why English sportsmen were so long in discovering him. Indeed, since the first dog show which took place at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in June, 1859, exhibitions have

advanced as quickly as the railways did, and now over a hundred and fifty of one kind or another are held during each year, some of which are confined entirely to that variety of dog to whose merits I have endeavoured to do justice. Canine gatherings have naturally their defects, but, so long as honourably conducted, they must continue to possess an improving influence on "dogdom" generally.

There was a time when many of our best dogs were in the hands of those who kept them solely for the purposes of profit, and whether that profit was obtained by sale, rat-killing, or fighting, made little matter, so long as the money came to hand. The only shows were those held in public-house parlours; and to be known as the owner of half a dozen terriers was tantamount to being considered "fast," and having a liking for low company. Thus, no doubt, was derived the expression "going to the dogs." All this is altered now

Well-bred terriers and other varieties have become fashionable, and it is almost as difficult to find a house without a dog as guard and companion as it is to find one without a cat to kill the mice. Dog shows have provided pure-bred animals, and the fox terrier has proved himself the most popular of all. His colour is white, and so the careful housewife can readily see when her pet requires tubbing, and his short coat carries less filth than that of the Skye terrier or any of his Scottish, Welsh, or Irish cousins. I do not know where we should have been with our dogs had not the shows been introduced when they were. Mongrels would, no doubt, have continued in favour, and certainly there could have been little incentive for breeders to take the trouble they now do in the production of the most perfect specimens. Let grumblers rail as they will, I

believe that dog shows have, like other institutions, their place and duty in this world, and their absence would be lamented. Individuals are about who decry them; some for one reason, some for another.

A few so-called humanitarians allege that distinct cruelty is perpetrated upon that dog who, entered for an exhibition, is compelled to recline amid luxurious straw, and fastened by chain and collar for one, two, or three days, as the case may be, to be gazed upon by a curious portion of the British public. Others say that such shows have caused the dog's appearance to be improved at the expense of his utility. In some few cases the latter has no doubt been the case, but this is not general. As to the former complaint, were those who make it better acquainted with their subject, they would know that before the era of shows thousands of dogs were kept in the cellars of our large towns, their duty being to kill rats at the instigation of their owners, or to fight with each other when sufficient money was forthcoming to provide a "stake" for the purpose. The fox terrier has attained a higher position than this, and is now kept in good health by fresh air and exercise, in order that his jacket remains clean and fresh, and so give its owner a chance of taking honours at the neighbouring shows. Such exhibitions have undoubtedly increased the value of the dog, and accordingly he is now better treated than at any previous part of his history.

I have heard it stated that dog shows do not improve the tempers and dispositions of our terriers. That may be the case or not (most likely not), for I have not yet come across a fox terrier with a kindly, pleasant disposition, whose finest traits had become mythical after competition in the show ring. As a rule, a terrier takes very

# CHAPTER VII.

## THE FOX TERRIER CLUB—ITS OFFICERS, JUDGES, AND RULES—OTHER CLUBS AND THEIR JUDGES.

ALLUSION has already been made to the Fox Terrier Club, which, established in 1876, only two years later than the Kennel Club, and the year following the earliest of all specialist clubs, those for bulldogs, Dandie Dinmonts, and Bedlington terriers, it has continued progressive, and done much to promote the objects for which it was first formed. At the present time it has a balance in the bank of over 600*l.* to its credit. The number of members in December, 1901, was 107, notwithstanding the entrance fee and rather high annual subscription; still, both are required to at any rate prevent undue strain upon the funds during its own periodical exhibition. There is no doubt that the continued and well sustained high value of the fox terrier is due in a great degree to the Fox Terrier Club. The committee have time after time looked after its interests in every way, and the valuable prizes provided from the funds will, so long as they are continued, always make their favourite much sought after.

Earlier in the volume I alluded to the custom of one man being at the same time, not of necessity at the same show, both judge and exhibitor. He will judge at one show and exhibit at another. The Fox Terrier Club is an influential body, quite representative, and *sans reproche*, cannot they arrange amongst themselves to have judges who, at any rate for the season, are not exhibitors? The public would like some such method, for, however much above suspicion a man may be, the unsuccessful exhibitors have grounds for grumbling when they find one day Mr. Smith judging Mr. Jones's dogs and giving them prizes, and another day Mr. Jones judging Mr. Smith's favourites and reciprocating the award of honours. This, I consider, is one of the most unsatisfactory arrangements in connection with the dog show epoch. The present office-bearers are as follows:

Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. J. C. Tinné, Bashley Lodge, Lymington, Hants, who has occupied the position since 1881, previous secretaries being Mr. Harding Cox, the founder of the club in 1876; Mr. Russel Earp, who resigned in 1880; and Mr. Percy C. Reid, who resigned in 1881.

Perhaps it may be interesting to give the names of the judges who have officiated at the various club shows since their establishment, they are as follows:—

| Date. | Place. | Judge for Smooths. | Judge for Wire-hairs. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1877 | Lillie Bridge . . ... | Mr. T. Bassett ... | Mr. T. Bassett. |
| 1881 | Oxford ... ... ... | Mr. J. A. Doyle ... | Mr. Doyle. |
| 1882 | Oxford ... ... ... | Mr. T. Bassett ... | Mr. Bassett. |
| 1883 | Oxford ... ... ... | Mr. F. Redmond .. | Mr. Beckh. |
| 1884 | Knightsbridge Riding School ... ... ... | Mr. Bassett | Mr. F. H. Field. |
| 1885 | Oxford ... ... ... | Mr. J. A. Doyle ... | Mr. F. H. Field. |
| 1886 | Oxford ... ... ... | Mr. R. Vicary ... | Mr. T. Bassett. |

| Date. | Place. | Judge for Smooths. | Judge for Wire-hairs. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1887 | Floral Hall, Leicester | Mr. C. E. Longmore | Mr. P. C. Reid. |
| 1888 | Westminster Aquarium ... ... | Mr. J. J. Pim ... ... | Mr. J. B. Dale. |
| 1890 | Central Hall, Holborn ... ... ... | Mr. A. H. Clarke ... | Mr. P. Reid. |
| 1891 | Oxford ... ... ... | Mr. Longmore ... | Mr. A. Maxwell. |
| Feb., 1892 | Oxford ... ... ... | Mr. F. E. Evelyn ... | Mr. F. H. Field. |
| Nov., 1892 | Oxford ... ... ... | Mr. J. J. Pim ... . | Mr. P. Reid. |
| 1893 | Wolverhampton ... | Mr. Evelyn ... ... | Mr. Reid. |
| 1894 | Derby ... ... ... | Mr. J. B. Dale - | Mr. J. J. Pim. |
| 1895 | Derby ... ... .. | Mr. J. J Pim . | Mr. C. Wharton. |
| 1896 | Oxford ... .. ... | Mr. J. B. Dale ... | Mr. A. Maxwell. |
| 1897 | Brighton ... ... ... | Mr. A. H. Clarke . | Mr. Field. |
| 1898 | Cheltenham Winter Gardens ... ... | Mr. J. J. Pim ... | Mr. C. Reid. |
| 1899 | Derby ... ... ... | Mr. A. Maxwell ... | Mr. S. Castle. |
| 1900 | Cheltenham Pitville Pump Room ... | Mr. S. Castle . . | Mr. A. Maxwell. |
| 1901 | Cheltenham Winter Gardens ... ... | Mr. R. S. Glynn ... | Mr. S. E. Shirley |

In addition to the above exhibitions, special shows have taken place in connection with various produce stakes, the first of these being at Aldridge's in 1879, when Mr. Doyle was the judge; the others were at Aldridge's in 1880, at the Barbican in 1883-4-5, and at the Fylde Club Show on various occasions, and at the Kennel Club. The judges at the first-named were Mr. F. Burbidge, Mr. E. M. Southwell, and Mr. Redmond officiated on two occasions.

The Rules of the Club, revised 1900, are as follows:—

1.—The name of the Club shall be "THE FOX TERRIER CLUB," its object being to promote the breeding of fox terriers; to define precisely, and publish a definition of the true type, and to urge the adoption of such type on breeders, judges, dog show committees, &c., as the only recognised and unvarying standard by which fox terriers ought to be judged, which may be uniformly accepted as the sole standard of excellence, in breeding and in awarding prizes of merit to fox terriers; and (by giving prizes, supporting shows, and taking other steps) to do all in its power to protect and advance the interest of the breed.

2.—The club shall consist of an unlimited number of ordinary members, and of such honorary members as may be elected in pursuance of the provisions of Rule 3. The names and addresses of all members shall be kept by the honorary secretary in a book, which shall be open to the inspection of members at reasonable times. Any respectable person, favourable to the objects of the club, is eligible for admission as an ordinary member. Each candidate for admission as an ordinary member must be proposed by one member and seconded by another member, either orally or in writing sent to the honorary secretary. The power of electing ordinary members shall be vested solely in the committee formed as provided by Rule 7, and a candidate shall come up for election at the meeting of the committee held next after he has been so proposed and seconded, or in the case of a candidate proposed and seconded at a meeting of the committee, then at such meeting. The committee shall decide by ballot whether a candidate who has been proposed and seconded shall be elected or not, and unless there be two black balls, the candidate shall be declared to be elected a member of the club, and notice in writing of his election shall be sent by post to such candidate.

3.—Honorary members of the club may be elected only from amongst persons of note in the United Kingdom, or officials of fox terrier clubs in any part of the world outside the United Kingdom. Candidates for admission as honorary members must be proposed and seconded in the same manner as provided by rule 2 in the case of ordinary members. The committee alone shall have power to decide whether any candidate for admission as honorary member is qualified as above provided for election as such, and upon the decision of a majority of the committee that such a candidate is so qualified, he shall be declared to be elected an honorary member of the club, and his name shall not be submitted to any ballot.

4.—The annual subscription for each ordinary member shall be two guineas, payable on the 1st January in each year, and the entrance fee shall be two guineas. Anyone failing to pay his subscription by the 31st January in any year, or failing to pay his

entrance fee and subscription within two calendar months after notice of his election has been sent to him, shall be deemed to be "a member in arrear," and shall have notice given to him by the honorary secretary; and if his subscription or entrance fee be still unpaid by the time that the annual report of the past year is issued, his name shall be inserted in a list of members in arrear. If his arrears be unpaid on the 31st March next following, his name shall be struck off the list of members, and he shall cease to be a member. No member in arrear shall be entitled to any of the privileges of Membership.

5.—Meetings of the club in addition to the annual meeting hereinafter provided for may be held, as occasion shall require, for the transaction of business. A meeting shall be specially convened by the honorary secretary on receipt of a written requisition, signed by not less than ten members, stating the object of such meeting, to be lodged with the honorary secretary at least a fortnight previous to the date fixed for such meeting to take place.

6.—A meeting of the club shall have full power to transact any business relating to the club which it may think fit; to arbitrate in disputed matters; and to deal with any questions not provided for by the Rules for the time being.

7.—A meeting of the club shall have full power to expel any member of the club whose membership shall be considered to have become undesirable, or no longer conducive to the interest of the club, or unacceptable to some of the members of the club, or for any reason whatsoever, provided only that at least a fortnight's notice in writing shall be given by the honorary secretary to the member whom it is proposed to expel, stating the grounds upon which, and the date and place for the meeting at which it is proposed to expel him; and that such member may be present at such meeting, and shall, if present, be allowed to speak upon any matter affecting his proposed expulsion; but such expulsion shall be carried by a majority of not less than three-fourths of the members present. An expelled member shall be entitled to the return of his subscription for the then current year, but shall have no other claim against the club, or the committee, or any member or members thereof respectively by reason of such expulsion.

8.—All the concerns of the club, and all arrangements for its management, shall—save as otherwise expressly provided by the rules for the time being—be conducted by a committee, consisting of twenty-one elected members, and the honorary secretary and the honorary treasurer, who shall be ex-officio members of the committee. Of the elected members, seven—being the seven who shall then have been longest in office—shall retire at the annual general meeting in each year, and their places shall be filled by election at that meeting, but the retiring member shall be re-eligible. For the purposes of this rule, the length of office of an elected member shall be calculated from the date of his last election. A casual vacancy among the elected members may be filled by the committee, and the person elected shall retire at the time when the member whom he succeeds would have retired, had he continued in office. The committee shall hold meetings when necessary, such meetings to be convened by the honorary secretary, by not less than three clear days' notice. At any meeting of the committee three members shall form a quorum. The committee shall have power to appoint sub-committees for any special purpose.

9.—An annual general meeting of the club shall be held at such time during the annual club show in the autumn, or, in the event of a show not being held, at such time, and, in either event, at such place, as the committee may decide, for the purpose of receiving the annual statement of accounts (duly audited) made up from the 1st July to 30th June (such statement of accounts having been circulated amongst members not later than 1st October) and for the election of members of committee, honorary secretary, and honorary treasurer, and for the transaction of any other business.

10.—The minutes of the last preceding meeting of the club shall be read at the commencement of, and be approved and confirmed by, the next subsequent similar meeting. Every question to be decided at a meeting of the club, shall be decided by the majority of those present, and voting by show of hands, but in the case of an equal division of votes, the chairman shall have a second or casting vote. Notice of meeting shall be sent by post

to each member at least seven clear days previous to the date fixed for such meeting to take place, and with the notice shall be sent an agenda paper or list of the business to be transacted. If any member shall desire to bring forward any business other than that in the agenda he shall first ask the leave of the meeting so to do, and the chairman shall then put the question to the meeting whether any such business be proceeded with, and the question shall be decided by the meeting. But no alteration in or addition to the rules of the club shall be made except at a general meeting, and fourteen clear days' notice in writing of any proposed alteration or addition shall be given to the honorary secretary, such notice to be signed by the proposer and seconder. At any meeting of the club five members shall form a quorum.

11.—The accidental omission to give notice to any member of any meeting of the club or of the committee, and the non-receipt by any member of any such notice, shall not affect the validity of the proceedings at such meeting.

12.—The question of giving prizes or cups at shows shall be decided by the committee, who shall stipulate that the show be held under the rules of "The Kennel Club," and shall satisfy themselves as to the classes and prizes, as well as to the efficiency of the judge. The committee shall place in the hands of the honorary secretary, and shall from time to time revise, a list of such judges as it approves.

13.—All expenses incurred by the honorary secretary and honorary treasurer for, or on behalf of the club, shall be defrayed out of the funds of the club. An annual report, together with the rules, the names of members, of the committee, and of the honorary secretary and honorary treasurer, and the annual statement of accounts duly audited, shall be printed and supplied to each member, not later than the 31st of December.

14.—The under-mentioned challenge cups shall be offered for competition not less than twice, nor oftener than four times each year. They shall be perpetual challenge cups.

I.—Grand challenge cup, value 50 guineas, for smooth fox terriers.

II.—Grand challenge cup, value 50 guineas, for rough fox terriers.

15.—The club shall, at such times as the committee may decide, give four special prizes, to be competed for by terriers, born during the previous calendar year; thus the terriers competing in 1900 shall have been born in 1899, exhibited by their breeders, who must be members of the club.

The special prizes shall be:

I.—Ten guineas for the best smooth dog.
II.—Ten guineas for the best smooth bitch.
III.—Ten guineas for the best rough dog.
IV.—Ten guineas for the best rough bitch.

16.—Although the club will not necessarily withhold its support from shows at which there is competition between smooth-haired and wire-haired fox terriers, the abolition of such competitions is recommended whenever practicable.

17.—Any member may withdraw from the club on giving notice in writing to the honorary secretary—such member retiring to have no claim whatever on the club—provided always that such member shall be liable for his subscription for the current year in which he gives such notice.

Following in importance what may be called the parent club, comes that which takes its name from an important sporting district of Lancashire, "The Fylde." This club held its initial show at Blackpool in May, 1882, at which Mr. W. Arkwright, of Sutton Scarsdale, was the judge, and since then it has held exhibitions at which the following gentlemen made the awards:—

Preston, May, 1883, Mr. J. A. Doyle, smooth; Mr. Hayward Field, wire hairs. Preston, February, 1883, Mr. Rawdon B. Lee, smooth and wire hairs. Blackpool, May 1884, Mr. L. P. C. Astley, smooth and wire hairs. Poulton-le-Fylde, February, 1884, Mr. L. P. C. Astley, smooth and wire hairs. Manchester, December, 1884, Dr. Emms, smooth and wire hairs. Preston, July, 1885, Mr. F. Redmond, smooth;

Mr. Donald Graham, wire. Blackpool, April, 1893, Mr. A. Ashton, smooth and wire. Blackpool, April, 1894, Mr. J. J. Pim, smooth and wire. Blackpool, April, 1895, Mr. A. Ashton, smooth; Mr. A. Maxwell, wire. Lytham, May, 1896, Mr. J. J. Pim, smooth; Mr. Percy Reid, wire. Lytham, April, 1897, Mr. A. Maxwell, smooth; Mr. C. McNeill, wire. Lytham, April, 1898, Mr. R. Vicary, smooth; Mr. J. J. Pim, wire. Lytham, May, 1899, Mr. A. Ashton, smooth; Mr. W. Thurnall, wire. Blackpool, May, 1900, Mr. A. H. Clarke, smooth; Mr. J. J. Pim, wire; and at Blackpool in May, 1901, Mr. R. Vicary judged smooths, and Mr. W. S. Glynn, wire hairs.

The London Fox Terrier Club has been quite progressive during the past few years, and has held various shows of its own with considerable success. They, with their judges, have been as follows:—

Long's Repository, Kensington, June, 1888, Mr. J. C. Tinné. Croydon, March, 1889, Mr. A. H. Clarke, smooths; Mr. Lindsay Hogg, wire hairs. Stratford, March, 1890, Mr. J. R. Whittle, smooths; Mr. C. W. Wharton, wire hairs. Beckton, 1891, Mr. J. R. Whittle. Royal Aquarium, Westminster, May, 1896, Mr. R. Vicary. Royal Aquarium, 1897, Mr. F. Redmond. Royal Aquarium, May, 1898, Mr. Sidney Castle, smooths; Mr. F. H. Field, wire hairs. Royal Aquarium, May, 1899, Mr. R. Vicary, smooths; Mr. Lindsay Hogg, wire hairs. Royal Aquarium, 1900, Mr. J. B. Dale, smooths; Mr. W. S. Glynn, wire hairs. Crystal Palace, May, 1901 Mr. A. H. Clarke, smooths; Mr. A. E. Clear, wire hairs. The shows held by this club from 1893 to 1895 inclusive—there were four of them (two being in 1893)—took place in conjunction with other exhibitions, the judges being Mr. R. Vicary, Mr. J. J. Pim,

Mr. F. Redmond, Mr. J. A. Doyle, Mr. G. Raper, and Mr. S. Castle.

The particulars of the various clubs are as follows:—

FOX TERRIER CLUB (established 1876).—Entry fee, two guineas; annual subscription, one guinea. IRISH (established 1880).—Entry fee, 10*s.* 6*d.*; annual subscription, 10*s.* 6*d.* FYLDE, THE (established 1882).—Entry fee, two guineas; annual subscription, one guinea. ISLE OF WIGHT AND NEW FOREST (established 1884).—Entry fee, 10*s.* 6*d.*; annual subscription, 10*s.* 6*d.* LONDON (established 1887).—No entry fee, annual subscription, 10*s.* 6*d.* NORTH OF ENGLAND (re-established 1902).—Entry fee, half a guinea; annual subscription, one guinea. SCOTTISH (established 1886).—No entry fee, annual subscription, one guinea. SHEFFIELD AND HALLAMSHIRE (established 1885).—Entry fee, one guinea; annual subscription, 10*s.* 6*d.* SHROPSHIRE (established 1885).—Entry fee, one guinea; annual subscription, one guinea. SOUTHDOWN (established 1878).—Entry fee, one guinea; annual subscription, one guinea. YORK (established 1890).—Entry fee, one guinea; annual subscription, one guinea.







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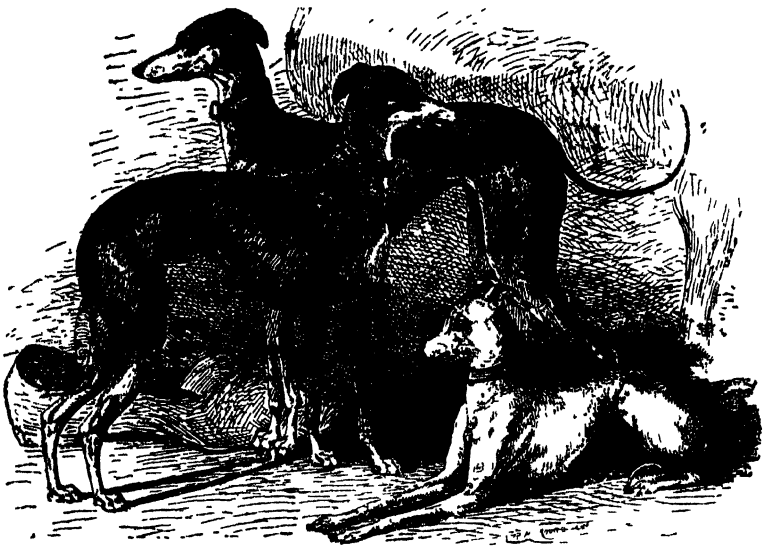
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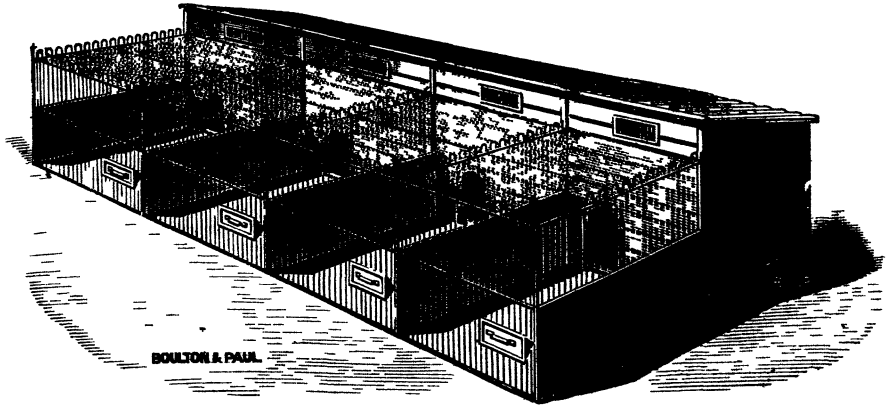
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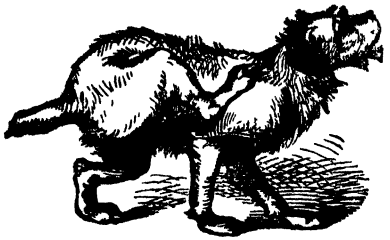

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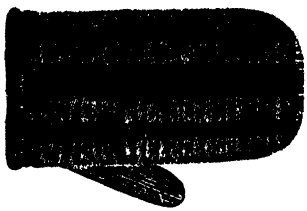
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